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THE

WORKS

OF

BEN JONSON.

THE

WORKS

OF

BEN JONSON,

IN NINE VOLUMES.

WITH NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY,

AND A BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR,

BY W. GIFFORD, ESQ.

16881

The Muses' fairest light in no dark time;
The wonder of a learned age; the line
Which none can pass; the most proportion'd wit,
To nature, the best judge of what was fit;
The deepest, plainest, highest, clearest pen;
The voice most echo'd by consenting men;
THE SOUL WHICH ANSWER'D BEST TO ALL WELL SAID
BY OTHERS, AND WHICH MOST REQUITAL MADE.

CLEVELAND.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

CONTAINING

SEJANUS.
THE FOX.
THE SILENT WOMAN.

LONDON:

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1816.

46881

SEJANUS

HIS

FALL.

SEJANUS.] This "Tragedy" was first acted in 1603 by the company at the Globe; and Shakspeare, Burbadge, Lowin, Hemings, Condel, Philips, Cooke, and Sly, had parts in it. Though much applauded by the fashionable part of the audience, it proved "caviare to the general," and experienced considerable opposition. *Sejanus* was not published till 1605; when it appeared, in quarto, without a dedication, but accompanied by several copies of commendatory verses. Subsequently it seems to have acquired some degree of popularity: Jonson says that it had outlived the malice of its enemies, when he republished it in folio, in 1616; and it was one of the first plays revived after the Restoration. *Sejanus* is not divided into scenes in any of the editions; it has neither exits nor entrances; and is, upon the whole, the most involved and puzzling drama, in its internal arrangement, that was ever produced. The motto both to the quarto and folio is the same:

Non hîc centauros, non gorgonas, harpyiasque
Invenies: hominem pagina nostra sapit.

It is taken from Martial, and had already furnished the groundwork for the admirable prologue to *Every Man in his Humour.*

TO THE

NO LESS NOBLE BY VIRTUE THAN BLOOD,

ESME LORD AUBIGNY.[1]

MY LORD,

IF ever any ruin were so great as to survive, I think this be one I send you, The Fall of Sejanus. It is a poem, that, if I well remember, in your lordship's sight, suffered no less violence from our people here,[2] *than the subject of it did from the rage of the people of Rome; but with a different fate, as, I hope, merit: for this hath outlived their malice, and begot itself a greater favour than he lost, the love of good men. Amongst whom, if I make your lordship the first it thanks, it is not without a just confession of the bond your benefits have, and ever shall hold upon me,*

Your Lordship's most faithful honourer,

BEN. JONSON.

[1] See Epig. 127.

[2] ——*suffered no less violence from our* people, *&c.*] The opposition made to *Sejanus* (of which Jonson here puts his patron in mind) is noticed in a poem by Fennor, which appeared about the time of this Dedication, 1616.

——" Sweet poesie
" Is oft convict, condemn'd and judged to die,
" Without just triall by a *multitude*,
" Whose judgments are illiterate and rude.
" Witnesse *Sejanus*, whose *approved* worth
" Sounds from the calme South to the freezing North.
" With more than human art it was bedewd,
" Yet to the *multitude* it nothing shewd.
" They screwed their scurvy jawes, and lookt awry.
" Like hissing snakes adjudging it to die;
" When wits of *gentry* did *applaud*," &c.

TO THE

READERS.

THE following and voluntary labours[3] *of my friends, prefixed to my book, have relieved me in much whereat, without them, I should necessarily have touched. Now I will only use three or four short and needful notes, and so rest.*

First, if it be objected, that what I publish is no true poem, in the strict laws of time, I confess it: as also in the want of a proper chorus; whose habit and moods are such and so difficult, as not any, whom I have seen, since the ancients, no, not they who have most presently affected laws, have yet come in the way of. Nor is it needful, or almost possible in these our times, and to such auditors as commonly things are presented, to observe the old state and splendor of dramatic poems, with preservation of any popular delight. But of this I shall take more seasonable cause to speak, in my observations upon Horace his Art of Poetry, which, with the text translated, I intend shortly to publish.[4] *In the mean time, if in truth of argument, dignity of per-*

[3] *The following and voluntary labours of my friends,*] Commendatory copies of verses, which the reader will find in the first volume: they amount to eight, of which Whalley reprinted but two. This address is only in the quarto, 1605.

[4] The learned world has reason to regret the loss of those *observations*, to which Jonson frequently alludes. They were burnt in the fire which consumed his study, as appears from the *Execration upon Vulcan:*

"All the old Venusine in poetry
"And lighted by the Stagyrite, could spy,
"Was there made English," &c.

sons, gravity and height of elocution, fulness and frequency of sentence, I have discharged the other offices of a tragic writer, let not the absence of these forms be imputed to me, wherein I shall give you occasion hereafter, and without my boast, to think I could better prescribe, than omit the due use for want of a convenient knowledge.

The next is, lest in some nice nostril the quotations might savour affected, I do let you know, that I abhor nothing more; and I have only done it to shew my integrity in the story, and save myself in those common torturers that bring all wit to the rack; whose noses are ever like swine spoiling and rooting up the Muses' gardens; and their whole bodies like moles, as blindly working under earth, to cast any, the least, hills upon virtue.

Whereas they are in Latin, and the work in English, it was presupposed none but the learned would take the pains to confer them; the authors themselves being all in the learned tongues, save one, with whose English side I have had little to do. To which it may be required, since I have quoted the page, to name what editions I followed: Tacit. Lips. in quarto, Antwerp. edit. 1600. Dio. folio, Hen. Steph. 1592. *For the rest, as* Sueton. Seneca, *&c. the chapter doth sufficiently direct, or the edition is not varied.*

Lastly, I would inform you, that this book, in all numbers, is not the same with that which was acted on the public stage; wherein a second pen had good share: in place of which, I have rather chosen to put weaker, and, no doubt, less pleasing, of mine own, than to defraud so happy a genius of his right by my loathed usurpation.[5]

[5] *Defraud so happy a genius of his right by my loathed usurpation.*] The genius here alluded to undoubtedly was Shak-

Fare you well, and if you read farther of me, and like, I shall not be afraid of it, though you praise me out.

Neque enim mihi cornea fibra est.[6]

But that I should plant my felicity in your general saying, good, *or* well, *&c. were a weakness which*

speare, who was also a performer in the play; but, I believe, posterity wishes that Jonson had rather have let them stood with some note of distinction, than have substituted his own in their room, from a false point of modesty, or to render the whole more uniform and of a piece. WHAL.

In evil hour did Jonson write the manly passage to which Whalley's note refers. It has drawn upon him a world of obloquy from the commentators of Shakspeare, couched in language, which the vocabulary of Billingsgate must have been narrowly ransacked to supply. "Mean," "haughty," "malignant," "envious," "ungrateful," "treacherous," &c. &c. are among the gentlest epithets which the righteous indignation of these gentlemen can afford. "He affirms, *with a sneer*," (says one of them,) "that he would not join his inferior matter to that of the great poet; but wrote over again those *scenes* which had been wrought into the piece by his pen. Who does not wish that Shakspeare had put as high a value upon his true brilliants, as Ben upon his jewels of paste, and preserved the rejected scenes? I have had some little suspicion that Shakspeare's part might possibly be that alone which *escaped* public censure; as the play was *universally* exploded." And thus Shakspeare is honoured!

Whalley wishes that Jonson had marked the lines furnished by Shakspeare; but this, besides being a most invidious mode of distinction, was directly contrary to the established practice of the times. But why must the poet's assistant be Shakspeare? I know that all the critics are positive on the subject: but of this I make no great account; having had frequent opportunities of observing that where Jonson is to be condemned, it is not thought at all necessary to establish the validity of whatever tends to criminate him.

Why might not Chapman or Middleton be intended here? they, like Shakspeare, were living in habits of kindness with

[6] This is from Persius, as are the allusions in the following line: the conclusion is from Horace.

the better sort of you might worthily contemn, if not absolutely hate me for.

BEN. JONSON;

and no such,

Quem
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.

the poet: they wrote in conjunction with him; they were both men of learning; and no great violation seems offered to language (at least no greater than courtesy would excuse) in terming them *happy geniuses*. Beaumont was perhaps too young; but Fletcher, who loved Jonson, and was greatly beloved in his turn, was extremely well qualified to assist him; and, not to keep the reader in suspense, was, in my opinion, the person actually meant.—Shakspeare seems to be almost the last eminent writer to whom our author would look for assistance on the present occasion: *Sejanus* is entirely founded on the Greek and Latin historians, who are carefully quoted in the margin of the first copy: and the author values himself on the closeness with which he has followed his originals. Shakspeare, as Jonson well knew, derived all his knowledge of Roman story from translations, and this was scarcely sufficiently accurate or extensive to induce our author to solicit his aid in the production of his meditated Tragedy, which he certainly intended to be "a palmarian work," as to its fidelity. The author to whom Jonson alludes as being "in English," is Tacitus, whose Annals (the only work from which an unlearned reader could derive any knowledge of the subject of this Tragedy) were translated by one Grenaway, a few years before.

Enough, perhaps, on the subject—yet I am still inclined to ask, What is Jonson's offence? and (even supposing, for the sake of argument, that Shakspeare was really the person meant,) why has he been visited with such severity? He speaks of his coadjutor with respect, and of himself with modesty; he addresses those who were well acquainted with the play as it was acted, and who, if the cause of poetry had sustained any very serious loss by his alterations, were not unlikely to have reproached him with it. That he should be anxious to render a drama which seemed condemned, by its want of popularity, to

the closet of the learned, uniform and of a piece, is by no means singular; and it may be fairly questioned, whether it was not altogether as honourable in the author to take on himself the demerits of the whole, thus made his own, as to purloin a portion of fame from the secret appropriation of what the critics are now pleased to assure us, was the only valuable part of the piece.

As Jonson is very profuse in his explanatory references, I have contented myself with bringing them back, (for Whalley omitted them altogether,) and again left the play, as the author left it, to the "judgment of the learned." I can much easier excuse Whalley for suppressing Jonson's notes, and taking the merit of his quotations, than for introducing the names of Simpson, Seward, and Grey, the opprobrium of criticism, with fulsome compliments to their ingenuity, for discovering allusions which Jonson himself had pointed out more than a century before. The whole of this officious impertinence is now removed.

THE

ARGUMENT.

ÆLIUS Sejanus, son to Seius Strabo, a gentleman of Rome, and born at Vulsinium; after his long service in court, first under Augustus; afterward, Tiberius; grew into that favour with the latter, and won him by those arts, as there wanted nothing but the name to make him a co-partner of the empire. Which greatness of his, Drusus, the emperor's son, not brooking; after many smothered dislikes, it one day breaking out, the prince struck him publicly on the face. To revenge which disgrace, Livia, the wife of Drusus (being before corrupted by him to her dishonour, and the discovery of her husband's counsels) Sejanus practiseth with, together with her physician called Eudemus, and one Lygdus an eunuch, to poison Drusus. This their inhuman act having successful and unsuspected passage, it emboldeneth Sejanus to further and more insolent projects, even the ambition of the empire; where finding the lets he must encounter to be many and hard, in respect of the issue of Germanicus, who were next in hope for the succession,[7] he deviseth to make Tiberius' self his means, and instils into his ears many doubts and suspicions, both against the princes, and their mother Agrippina; which Cæsar jealously hearkening to, as covetously consenteth to their ruin, and their friends. In this time, the better to mature and strengthen his design, Sejanus labours to marry Livia, and

[7] *For the succession.*] These words, wanting in the quarto of 1605, were added in the folio, 1616, to complete the sense.

WHAL.

worketh with all his ingine, to remove Tiberius from the knowledge of public business, with allurements of a quiet and retired life; the latter of which, Tiberius, out of a proneness to lust, and a desire to hide those unnatural pleasures which he could not so publicly practise, embraceth: the former enkindleth his fears, and there gives him first cause of doubt or suspect towards Sejanus: against whom he raiseth in private a new instrument, one Sertorius Macro, and by him underworketh, discovers the other's counsels, his means, his ends, sounds the affections of the senators, divides, distracts them: at last, when Sejanus least looketh, and is most secure; with pretext of doing him an unwonted honour in the senate, he trains him from his guards, and with a long doubtful letter, in one day hath him suspected, accused, condemned, and torn in pieces by the rage of the people.[8]

[8] *By the rage of the people.*] After this, the quarto has the following: "This do we advance, as a mark of terror to all "traitors, and treasons; to shew how just the heavens are, in "pouring and thundering down a weighty vengeance on their "unnatural intents, even to the worst princes; much more to "those, for guard of whose piety and virtue the angels are in "continual watch, and GOD himself miraculously working."

This seems to have been added, in compliment to K. James, on the discovery of the *powder-plot*. WHAL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Tiberius.
Drusus senior.
Nero.
Drusus junior.
Caligula.
Lucius Arruntius.[9]
Caius Silius.
Titius Sabinus.
Marcus Lepidus.
Cremutius Cordus.
Asinius Gallus.
Regulus.
Terentius.
Gracinus Laco.
Eudemus.
Rufus.
Sejanus.
Latiaris.
Varro.
Sertorius Macro.
Cotta.
Domitius Afer.
Haterius.
Sanquinius.
Pomponius.
Julius Posthumus.
Fulcinius Trio.
Minutius.
Satrius Secundus.
Pinnarius Natta.
Opsius.

Tribuni.
Præcones.
Flamen.
Tubicines.
Nuntius.
Lictores.
Ministri.
Tibicines.
Servi, &c.

Agrippina.
Livia.
Sosia.

The *SCENE*, Rome.

9 Lucius *Arruntius*, *&c.*] I have added the cognomen or pronomen to many of the characters, as a necessary help for the English reader, since Jonson, without noticing the circumstance, sometimes uses the one, and sometimes the other, as suits the conveniency of his verse.

SEJANUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A State Room in the Palace.

Enter SABINUS *and* SILIUS, *followed by* LATIARIS.

Sab. Hail, [a]Caius Silius!
Sil. Titius [b]Sabinus, hail!
You're rarely met in court.
Sab. Therefore, well met.
Sil. 'Tis true: indeed, this place is not our sphere.
Sab. No, Silius, we are no good ingiuers.
We want their fine arts, and their thriving use
Should make us graced, or favour'd of the times:
We have no shift of faces, no cleft tongues,
No soft and glutinous bodies, that can stick,
Like snails on painted walls; or, on our breasts,
Creep up, to fall from that proud height, to which
We did by slavery,[c] not by service climb.
We are no guilty men, and then no great;

[a] *De Caio Silio, vid. Tacit.* Lips. edit. quarto. *Ann.* Lib i. pag. 11. Lib. ii. p. 28 *et* 33. This, together with every succeeding note marked by the letters of the alphabet, is from the pen of Jonson.

[b] *De Titio Sabino, vid. Tacit.* Lib. iv. p. 79.

[c] *Tacit. Ann.* Lib. i. p. 2.

We have no place in court, office in taste,
That we can say,[d] we owe unto our crimes:
We burn with no black secrets,[e] which can make
Us dear to the pale authors; or live fear'd
Of their still waking jealousies, to raise
Ourselves a fortune, by subverting theirs.
We stand not in the lines, that do advance
To that so courted point.

Enter SATRIUS *and* NATTA *at a distance.*

Sil. But yonder lean
A pair that do.
Sab. [*salutes Latiaris.*] Good cousin [f]Latiaris.—
Sil. Satrius Secundus,[g] and Pinnarius Natta,[h]
The great Sejanus' clients: there be two,
Know more than honest counsels; whose close breasts,
Were they ripp'd up to light, it would be found,
A poor and idle sin,[i] to which their trunks

[i] *A poor and* idle *sin,*] That is, barren, unprofitable. The word is so used by Shakspeare,

"Of antres vast, and desarts idle." *Othello.*

So in the first chapter of *Genesis*, "The earth was without form, and *void*," is rendered in the Saxon, "The earth was ẏðæl."
WHAL.

Mr. Pope changed idle for *wild*, at which Dr. Johnson expresses his surprise. Mr. Malone taxes the editor of the second folio (where Pope found the word) with ignorance of Shakspeare's meaning; and *idle* is triumphantly reinstated in the text. It does not seem to have occurred to the commentators that *wild* might add a feature of some import, even to a desert; whereas, *sterile* leaves it just as it found it, and is

[d] *Juv. Sat.* i. v. 75. [e] *Juv. Sat.* iii. v. 49, &c.
[f] *De Latiari, cons. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 94, *et Dion.* Step. edit. fol. Lib. lviii. p. 711. [g] *De Satrio Secundo, et* (h) *Pinnario Natta, leg. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 83. *Et de Satrio cons. Senec. Consol. ad Marciam.*

Had not been made fit organs. These can lie,
Flatter, and swear, forswear, deprave,[i] inform,
Smile, and betray; make guilty men; then beg
The forfeit lives, to get their livings; cut
Men's throats with whisperings; sell to gaping suitors
The empty smoke, that flies about the palace;
Laugh when their patron laughs; sweat when he sweats;
Be hot and cold with him; change every mood,
Habit, and garb, as often as he varies;
Observe him, as his watch observes his clock;[2]
And, true, as turquoise in the dear lord's ring,[3]
Look well or ill with him:[k] ready to praise

(without a pun) the *idlest* epithet which could be applied.—Mr. Pope, too, had an ear for rhythm; and as his reading has some touch of Shakspeare, which the other has not, and is besides better poetry, I should hope that it will one day resume its proper place in the text. *Idle*, in the line above quoted, signifies, not "barren, unprofitable," but trifling, insignificant. It would be a sin of a very paltry nature indeed, which had not engaged their attention, and been deemed worthy of their practice. In other words, no vice has escaped them.

[2] *Observe him as his* watch *observes his clock.*] Steevens, who is supported by Whalley, maintains that this line refers to the figure of a *watchman*, which was placed on the dial-plate of our ancient clocks, with a lantern and pole to point out the hour. I have many doubts whether such a personage was ever so employed; but none as to the fallacy of the explanation. The speaker alludes to the pocket-watch, which, in Jonson's days, was not so independent of correction as at present, but was constantly regulated by the motion of the clock, at that time the more accurate machine of the two.

[3] *And true, as* turquoise *in the dear lord's ring,*
Look well or ill with him:] Alluding to the fable of the turquoise, which is said to change its colour, as the wearer is in good or bad health. To this supposed quality of the stone, our old writers have innumerable allusions: "*Turcois* is a com-

[i] *Vid. Sen. de Benef.* Lib. iii. cap. 26.
[k] *Juv. Sat.* iii. ver. 105, &c.

His lordship, if he spit, or but p— fair,
Have an indifferent stool, or break wind well;
Nothing can 'scape their catch.
Sab. Alas! these things
Deserve no note, conferr'd with other vile
And filthier flatteries,[l] that corrupt the times;
When, not alone our gentries chief are fain
To make their safety from such sordid acts;
But all our consuls,[m] and no little part
Of such as have been prætors, yea, the most
Of senators,[n] that else not use their voices,[*]
Start up in public senate, and there strive
Who shall propound most abject things, and base.
So much, as oft Tiberius hath been heard,
Leaving the court, to cry,[o] O race of men,
Prepared for servitude!—which shew'd that he,
Who least the public liberty could like,
As lothly brook'd their flat servility.
Sil. Well, all is worthy of us, were it more,
Who with our riots, pride, and civil hate,

passionate stone—if the wearer of it be not well it changeth colour and looketh pale and dim; but increaseth to his perfectnesse as the wearer recovereth to his health." Swan's *Speculum mundi.*

Again,

"Or *faithful turquoises*, which heaven sent
"For a discovery not a punishment;
"To shew the ill, not make it, and to tell,
"By their pale looks, *the bearer was not well.*"
Cartwright.

[*] *Senators, that else not use their voices.*] The poet has here added the word *Pedarii.* It is the classical expression for those who never spoke in the senate, but only went over to the side for which they voted: hence they were said *pedibus ire in sententiam.* WHAL.

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[l] *Vid. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. i. p. 3.
[m] *Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iii. p. 69.
[n] *Pedarii.*
[o] *Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iii. p. 69.

Have so provok'd the justice of the gods:
We, that, within these fourscore years, were born
Free, equal lords of the triúmphed world,[s]
And knew no masters, but affections;
To which betraying first our liberties,
We since became the slaves to one man's lusts;
And now to many:[p] every minist'ring spy
That will accuse and swear, is lord of you,
Of me, of all our fortunes and our lives.
Our looks are call'd to question,[q] and our words,
How innocent soever, are made crimes;
We shall not shortly dare to tell our dreams,
Or think, but 'twill be treason.
Sab. Tyrants arts
Are to give flatterers grace; accusers, power;
That those may seem to kill whom they devour.

Enter CORDUS *and* ARRUNTIUS.

Now, good Cremutius Cordus.[r]
Cor. [*salutes Sabinus.*] Hail to your lordship!
Nat. [*whispers Latiaris.*] Who's that salutes your cousin?
Lat. 'Tis one Cordus,
A gentleman of Rome: one that has writ
Annals of late, they say, and very well.

[s] *Equal lords of the triumphed world,*] i. e. The Roman empire. The expression is fine, and gives us an admirable idea of what every private citizen of Rome esteemed himself, in the times of the republic. WHAL.

[p] *Lege Tacit. Ann.* Lib. i. p. 24. *de Romano, Hispano, et cæteris, ibid. et* Lib. iii. *Ann.* p. 61 *et* 62. *Juv. Sat.* x. v. 87. *Suet. Tib.* cap. 61.

[q] *Vid. Tacit. Ann.* i. p. 4, *et* Lib. iii. p. 62. *Suet. Tib.* cap. 61. *Senec. de Benef.* Lib. iii. cap. 26.

[r] *De Crem. Cordo, vid. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 83, 84. *Senec. Cons. ad Marciam. Dio.* Lib. lvii. p. 710. *Suet. Aug.* c. 35. *Tib.* c. 61. *Cal.* c. 16.

Nat. Annals! of what times?
Lat. I think of Pompey's,[s]
And Caius Cæsar's; and so down to these.
Nat. How stands he affected to the present state?
Is he or Drusian,[t] or Germanican,
Or ours, or neutral?
Lat. I know him not so far.
Nat. Those times are somewhat queasy to be touch'd.[6]
Have you or seen, or heard part of his work?
Lat. Not I; he means they shall be public shortly.
Nat. O, Cordus do you call him?
Lat. Ay. [*Exeunt Natta and Satrius.*
Sab. But these our times
Are not the same, Arruntius.[u]
Arr. Times! the men,
The men are not the same: 'tis we are base,
Poor, and degenerate from the exalted strain
Of our great fathers. Where is now the soul
Of god-like Cato? he, that durst be good,
When Cæsar durst be evil; and had power,
As not to live his slave, to die his master?
Or where's the constant Brutus, that being proof
Against all charm of benefits, did strike
So brave a blow into the monster's heart

[6] Queasy *to be touch'd.*] Nice, tender, delicate. Thus Shakspeare:

"And I have one thing of a *queasy* question."
King Lear, A. II. S. 1.

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[s] *Suet. Aug.* cap. 35.
[t] *Vide de faction. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. ii. p. 39 *et* Lib. iv. p. 79.
[u] *De Lu. Arrun. isto vid. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. i. p. 6. *et* Lib. iii. p. 60. *et Dion. Rom. Hist.* Lib. 58.

That sought unkindly[7] to captive his country?
O, they are fled the light! Those mighty spirits
Lie raked up with their ashes in their urns,
And not a spark of their eternal fire
Glows in a present bosom. All's but blaze,
Flashes and smoke, wherewith we labour so,
There's nothing Roman in us; nothing good,
Gallant, or great: 'tis true that Cordus says,
"Brave Cassius was the last of all that race."

[*Drusus passes over the stage, attended by Haterius, &c.*

Sab. Stand by! lord Drusus.
Hat. The emperor's son! give place.
Sil. I like the prince well.
Arr. A riotous youth;[y]
There's little hope of him.
Sab. That fault his age
Will, as it grows, correct. Methinks he bears
Himself each day, more nobly than other;
And wins no less on men's affections,
Than doth his father lose. Believe me, I love him;
And chiefly for opposing to Sejanus.[x]
Sil. And I, for gracing his young kinsmen so,[z]

[7] Unkindly *to captive his country?*] i. e. *unnaturally;* for the word *kind* signifying nature, with its compounds and derivatives, was thus used by the writers of that age. WHAL.

"Let any *candid judge*," says one of the commentators," "compare *Sejanus* with the third-rate tragedies of Shakspeare, and he will find it *far* inferior to the worst of them." The critic had probably just got up from this speech of Arruntius, when he exhibited so notable a specimen of his own *candour* and *judgment*.

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[x] *Lege de Druso Tacit. Ann.* Lib. i. p. 9. *Suet. Tib.* c. 52. *Dio. Rom. Hist.* Lib. lvii. p. 699.
[y] *Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iii. p. 62.
[z] *Vid. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 74.
[a] *Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 75, 76.

The sons[b] of prince Germanicus:[c] it shews
A gallant clearness in him, a straight mind,
That envies not, in them, their father's name.
Arr. His name was, while he lived, above all envy;
And, being dead, without it. O, that man!
If there were seeds of the old virtue left,
They lived in him.
Sil. He had the fruits, Arruntius,
More than the seeds:[d] Sabinus, and myself
Had means to know him within; and can report him.
We were his followers, he would call us friends;
He was a man[s] most like to virtue; in all,
And every action, nearer to the gods,
Than men, in nature; of a body as fair
As was his mind; and no less reverend
In face, than fame:[e] he could so use his state,
Tempering his greatness with his gravity,

[s] *He was a man, &c.*] Jonson has borrowed the noble character which Paterculus hath given Cato, and applies it with great propriety to Germanicus. *Homo virtuti simillimus, et per omnia ingenio diis quam hominibus propior*, l. 2. c. 35. His references to the Roman historians are chiefly brought as vouchers for the facts alluded to, or the descriptions which he gives of the persons concerned. When he borrows the sentiment or thought, he is frequently silent; and particularly, he takes no notice of being here indebted to Paterculus. WHAL.

Whalley should have read a few lines farther. Jonson refers expressly to the passage.

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[b] *Nero, Drusus, Caius, qui in castris genitus, et Caligula nominatus. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. 1.

[c] *De Germanico cons. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. i. p. 14. *et Dion. Rom. Hist.* Lib. lvii. p. 694.

[d] *Vid. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 79.

[e] *Tacit. Ann.* Lib. ii. p. 47, *et Dion. Rom. Hist.* Lib. lvii. p. 705.

As it avoided all self-love in him,
And spite in others. What his funerals lack'd
In images and pomp, they had supplied
With honourable sorrow, soldiers' sadness,
A kind of silent mourning, such, as men,
Who know no tears, but from their captives, use
To shew in so great losses.
Cor. I thought once,
Considering their forms, age, manner of deaths,
The nearness of the places where they fell,
To have parallel'd him with great Alexander:[e]
For both were of best feature, of high race,
Year'd but to thirty, and, in foreign lands,
By their own people alike made away.
Sab. I know not, for his death, how you might wrest it:
But, for his life, it did as much disdain
Comparison, with that voluptuous, rash,
Giddy, and drunken Macedon's, as mine
Doth with my bondman's. All the good in him,
His valour, and his fortune, he made his;
But he had other touches of late Romans,
That more did speak him:[f] Pompey's dignity,
The innocence of Cato, Cæsar's spirit,
Wise Brutus' temperance; and every virtue,
Which, parted unto others, gave them name,
Flow'd mix'd in him. He was the soul of goodness;

[e] *I thought once——*
To have parallel'd him with great Alexander:] This observation comes with great decorum of character from the mouth of Cordus: but Tacitus, from whom it is taken, assigns no particular person as the author of the parallel: *Erant qui formam, ætatem, genus mortis, ob propinquitatem etiam locorum in quibus interiit, magni Alexandri fatis adequarent*, Annal. l. 2. c. 73. WHAL.

[f] *Vid. apud Vell. Paterc.* Lips. 4to. p. 35—47, *istorum hominum characteres.*

And all our praises of him are like streams
Drawn from a spring, that still rise full, and leave
The part remaining greatest.
Arr. I am sure
He was too great for us,[g] and that they knew
Who did remove him hence.
Sab. When men grow fast
Honour'd and loved, there is a trick in state,
Which jealous princes never fail to use,
How to decline that growth, with fair pretext,
And honourable colours of employment,
Either by embassy, the war, or such,
To shift them forth into another air,
Where they may purge, and lessen; so was he:[h]
And had his seconds there, sent by Tiberius,
And his more subtile dam, to discontent him;
To breed and cherish mutinies; detract
His greatest actions; give audacious check
To his commands; and work to put him out
In open act of treason. All which snares
When his wise cares prevented,[i] a fine poison
Was thought on, to mature their practices.

Enter SEJANUS *talking to* TERENTIUS; *followed by* SATRIUS, NATTA, &c.

Cor. Here comes Sejanus.[k]
Sil. Now observe the stoops,
The bendings, and the falls.

[g] *Vid. Tacit.* Lib. ii. *Ann.* p. 28 *et* p. 34. *Dio. Rom. Hist.* Lib. lvii. p. 705.

[h] *Con. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. ii. p. 39. *de occultis mandatis Pisoni, et postea* p. 42, 43, 48. *Orat. D. Celeris. Est Tibi Augustæ conscientia, est Cæsaris favor, sed in occulto, &c. Leg. Suet. Tib.* c. 52. *Dio.* p. 706.

[i] *Vid. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. ii. p. 46, 47. Lib. iii. p. 54. *et Suet. Cal.* c. 1 *et* 2.

[k] *De Sejano vid. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. i. p. 9. Lib. iv. *princip. et per tot. Suet. Tib. Dio.* Lib. lvii. lviii. *et Plin. et Senec.*

Arr. Most creeping base!
Sej. [*to Natta.*] I note them well: no more.
Say you?
Sat. My lord,
There is a gentleman of Rome would buy——
Sej. How call you him you talk'd with?
Sat. Please your lordship,
It is Eudemus,[1] the physician
To Livia, Drusus' wife.
Sej. On with your suit.
Would buy, you said——
Sat. A tribune's place, my lord.
Sej. What will he give?
Sat. Fifty sestertia.[m]
Sej. Livia's physician, say you, is that fellow?
Sat. It is, my lord: Your lordship's answer.
Sej. To what?
Sat. The place, my lord. 'Tis for a gentleman
Your lordship will well like of, when you see him;
And one, that you may make yours, by the grant.
Sej. Well, let him bring his money, and his name.
Sat. 'Thank your lordship. He shall, my lord.
Sej. Come hither.
Know you this same Eudemus? is he learn'd?
Sat. Reputed so, my lord, and of deep practice.
Sej. Bring him in, to me, in the gallery;
And take you cause to leave us there together:
I would confer with him, about a grief——
On. [*Exeunt Sejanus, Satrius, Terentius, &c.*
Arr. So! yet another? yet? O desperate state
Of groveling honour! seest thou this, O sun,
And do we see thee after? Methinks, day
Should lose his light, when men do lose their shames,

[1] *De Eudemo isto vid. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 74.
[m] *Monetæ nostræ* 375 *lib. vid. Budæum de asse*, Lib. ii. p. 64.

And for the empty circumstance of life,[q]
Betray their cause of living.
Sil. Nothing so.[n]
Sejanus can repair, if Jove should ruin.
He is now the court god; and well applied
With sacrifice of knees, of crooks, and cringes;
He will do more than all the house of heaven
Can, for a thousand hecatombs. 'Tis he
Makes us our day, or night; hell, and elysium
Are in his look: we talk of Rhadamanth,
Furies, and firebrands; but it is his frown
That is all these; where, on the adverse part,
His smile is more, than e'er yet poets feign'd
Of bliss, and shades, nectar ———
Arr. A serving boy!
I knew him, at Caius' trencher,[o] when for hire
He prostituted his abused body
To that great gormond, fat Apicius;
And was the noted pathic of the time.
Sab. And, now,[p] the second face of the whole world!
The partner of the empire, hath his image
Rear'd equal with Tiberius, born in ensigns;
Commands, disposes every dignity,
Centurions, tribunes, heads of provinces,
Prætors and consuls; all that heretofore
Rome's general suffrage gave, is now his sale.
The gain, or rather spoil of all the earth,
One, and his house, receives.

[q] *And for the empty circumstance of life,*
Betray their cause of living.]
Et propter vitam, vivendi perdere causam. Juv. Sat. viii. v. 84.

[n] *De ingenio, moribus, et potentia Sejani, leg. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 74. *Dio Rom. Hist.* Lib. lvii. p. 708.
[o] *Caius divi Augusti nepos. Cons. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 71, *et Dio.* Lib. lvii. p. 706.
[p] *Juv. Sat.* x. v. 63, &c. *Tacit, ibid. Dion. ibid. et sic passim.*

Sil. He hath of late
Made him a strength too, strangely, by reducing
All the prætorian bands into one camp,
Which he commands: pretending that the soldiers,
By living loose and scatter'd, fell to riot;
And that if any sudden enterprize
Should be attempted, their united strength
Would be far more than sever'd; and their life
More strict, if from the city more removed.
Sab. Where, now, he builds what kind of forts he please,
Is heard to court the soldier by his name,
Woos, feasts the chiefest men of action,
Whose wants, not loves, compel them to be his.
And though he ne'er were liberal by kind,[a]
Yet to his own dark ends, he's most profuse,
Lavish, and letting fly, he cares not what
To his ambition.
Arr. Yet, hath he ambition?
Is there that step in state can make him higher,
Or more, or any thing he is, but less?
Sil. Nothing but emperor.
Arr. The name Tiberius,
I hope, will keep, howe'er he hath foregone
The dignity and power.
Sil. Sure, while he lives.
Arr. And dead, it comes to Drusus. Should he fail,
To the brave issue of Germanicus;
And they are three:[q] too many—ha? for him
To have a plot upon?
Sab. I do not know
The heart of his designs; but, sure, their face
Looks farther than the present.

[a] *He ne'er were liberal* by kind.] By nature. See p. 19. WHAL.

[q] *Nero, Drusus, et Caligula.—Tacit. ibid.*

Arr. By the gods,
If I could guess he had but such a thought,
My sword should cleave him down from head to heart,
But I would find it out: and with my hand
I'd hurl his panting brain about the air
In mites, as small as atomi, to undo
The knotted bed——
Sab. You are observ'd Arruntius.
Arr. [*turns to Natta, Terentius, &c.*] Death! I dare tell him so; and all his spies:
You, sir, I would, do you look? and you.
Sab. Forbear.

SCENE II.

(The former Scene continued.)

A Gallery discovered opening into the State Room.

Enter SATRIUS *with* EUDEMUS.

Sat. Here he will instant be: let's walk a turn;
You're in a muse, Eudemus?
Eud. Not I, sir.
I wonder he should mark me out so! well,
Jove and Apollo form it for the best. [*Aside.*
Sat. Your[1] fortune's made unto you now, Eudemus,
If you can but lay hold upon the means;
Do but observe his humour, and—believe it—
He is the noblest Roman, where he takes—

[1] *Lege Terentii defensionem. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. vi. p. 102.

Enter SEJANUS.

Here comes his lordship.
Sej. Now, good Satrius.
Sat. This is the gentleman, my lord.
Sej. Is this?
Give me your hand, we must be more acquainted.
Report, sir, hath spoke out your art and learning:
And I am glad I have so needful cause,
However in itself painful and hard,
To make me known to so great virtue.—Look,
Who is that, Satrius? [*Exit Sat.*]—I have a grief, sir,
That will desire your help. Your name's Eudemus?
Eud. Yes.
Sej. Sir?
Eud. It is, my lord.
Sej. I hear you are
Physician to Livia,[4] the princess.
Eud. I minister unto her, my good lord.
Sej. You minister to a royal lady then.
Eud. She is, my lord, and fair.
Sej. That's understood
Of all their sex, who are or would be so;
And those that would be, physic soon can make them:
For those that are, their beauties fear no colours.
Eud. Your lordship is conceited.[3]
Sej. Sir, you know it.
And can, if need be, read a learned lecture
On this, and other secrets. 'Pray you, tell me,

[3] *Your lordship is conceited.*] Merry, disposed to joke. So in *Every Man in his Humour*, "You are conceited, sir." WHAL.

[4] *Germanici soror, uxor Drusi. Vid. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 74.

What more of ladies, besides Livia,
Have you your patients?
Eud. Many, my good lord.
The great Augusta,[t] Urgulania,[u]
Mutilia Prisca,[x] and Plancina;[y] divers—
Sej. And, all these tell you the particulars
Of every several grief? how first it grew,
And then increased; what action caused that;
What passion that: and answer to each point
That you will put them?
Eud. Else, my lord, we know not
How to prescribe the remedies.
Sej. Go to,
You are a subtile nation, you physicians!
And grown the only cabinets in court,[z]
To ladies privacies. Faith, which of these
Is the most pleasant lady in her physic?
Come, you are modest now.
Eud. 'Tis fit, my lord.
Sej. Why, sir, I do not ask you of their urines,
Whose smell's most violet, or whose siege is best,[4]
Or who makes hardest faces on her stool?
Which lady sleeps with her own face a nights?

4 *Whose* siege *is best*,] This word which was growing out of use in Jonson's time, is found in Barclay's *Eclogues:*

"For sure the lord's *siege* and the rural man's
"Is of like savour."———

It is also used by Shakspeare, *Tempest*, A. II. S. 2, where it is well explained by Steevens.

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t *Mater Tiberii. vid. Tacit. Ann.* 1, 2, 3, 4, *moritur* 5. *Suet. Tib. Dio. Rom. Hist.* 57, 58.

u *Delicium Augustæ. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. ii. *et* iv.

x *Adultera Julii Posthumi. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 77.

y *Pisonis uxor. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. ii. iii. iv.

z *Vid. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 74. *et Plin. Nat. Hist.* Lib. xxix. c. 1.

Which puts her teeth off, with her clothes, in court?
Or, which her hair, which her complexion,
And, in which box she puts it? These were questions,
That might, perhaps, have put your gravity
To some defence of blush. But, I enquired,
Which was the wittiest, merriest, wantonnest?
Harmless intergatories, but conceits.——
Methinks Augusta should be most perverse,
And froward in her fit.
Eud. She's so, my lord.
Sej. I knew it: and Mutilia the most jocund.
Eud. 'Tis very true, my lord.
Sej. And why would you
Conceal this from me, now? Come, what is Livia?
I know she's quick and quaintly spirited,
And will have strange thoughts, when she is at leisure:
She tells them all to you.
Eud. My noblest lord,
He breathes not in the empire, or on earth,
Whom I would be ambitious to serve
In any act, that may preserve mine honour,
Before your lordship.
Sej. Sir, you can lose no honour,
By trusting aught to me. The coarsest act
Done to my service, I can so requite,
As all the world shall style it honourable:
Your idle, virtuous definitions,
Keep honour poor, and are as scorn'd as vain:
Those deeds breathe honour that do suck in gain.
Eud. But, good, my lord, if I should thus betray
The counsels of my patient, and a lady's
Of her high place and worth; what might your lordship,
Who presently are to trust me with your own,
Judge of my faith?

Sej. Only the best, I swear.
Say now that I should utter you my grief,
And with it the true cause; that it were love,
And love to Livia;[a] you should tell her this:
Should she suspect your faith? I would you could
Tell me as much from her; see if my brain
Could be turn'd jealous.
Eud. Happily, my lord,
I could in time tell you as much and more;
So I might safely promise but the first
To her from you.
Sej. As safely, my Eudemus,
I now dare call thee so, as I have put
The secret into thee.
Eud. My lord——
Sej. Protest not,
Thy looks are vows to me; use only speed,
And but affect her with Sejanus' love,[b]
Thou art a man, made to make consuls. Go.
Eud. My lord, I'll promise you a private meeting
This day together.
Sej. Canst thou?
Eud. Yes.
Sej. The place?
Eud. My gardens, whither I shall fetch your lordship.
Sej. Let me adore my Æsculapius.
Why, this indeed is physic! and outspeaks
The knowledge of cheap drugs, or any use
Can be made out of it! more comforting
Than all your opiates, juleps, apozems,
Magistral syrups, or——Be gone, my friend,
Not barely styled, but created so;
Expect things greater than thy largest hopes,

[a] *Cons. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 74.
[b] *Tacit. ibid.*

To overtake thee: Fortune shall be taught
To know how ill she hath deserv'd thus long,
To come behind thy wishes. Go, and speed.
[*Exit Eudemus.**
Ambition makes more trusty slaves than need.
These fellows,[c] by the favour of their art,
Have still the means to tempt; oft-times the power.
If Livia will be now corrupted, then
Thou hast the way, Sejanus, to work out
His secrets, who, thou know'st, endures thee not,
Her husband, Drusus: and to work against them.
Prosper it, Pallas, thou that better'st wit;
For Venus hath the smallest share in it.

Enter TIBERIUS *and* DRUSUS, *attended,*

Tib. [*to Haterius, who kneels to him.*] We not[d] endure these flatteries; let him stand;
Our empire, ensigns, axes, rods and state
Take not away our human nature from us:
Look up on us, and fall before the gods.
Sej. How like a god speaks Cæsar!
Arr. There, observe!
He can endure that second, that's no flattery.
O, what is it, proud slime[5] will not believe

* *Exit* Eudemus.] Sejanus plays on the vanity of this man, with singular cunning and dexterity.

5 *O, what is it proud slime, &c.*]

——— "*nihil est quod credere de se*
"*Non possit, cum laudatur Diis æqua potestas?*
Juv. Sat. iv.

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c *Eud. specie artis frequens secretis. Tacit. ibid. Vid. Plin. Nat. Hist.* Lib. xxix. c. 1. *in criminat. medicorum.*

d *De initio Tiberii principatus vid. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. i. p. 23, Lib. iv. p. 75. *et Suet. Tib.* c. 27. *De Haterio vid. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. i. p. 6.

Of his own worth, to hear it equal praised
Thus with the gods!
Cor. He did not hear it, sir.
Arr. He did not! Tut, he must not, we think meanly.
'Tis your most courtly known confederacy,
To have your private parasite redeem
What he, in public, subtiley will lose,
To making him a name.
Hat. Right mighty lord—— [*Gives him letters.*
Tib. We must make up our ears 'gainst these assaults
Of charming tongues;[e] we pray you use no more
These contumelies to us; style not us
Or lord, or mighty, who profess ourself
The servant of the senate, and are proud
T' enjoy them our good, just, and favouring lords.
Cor. Rarely[f] dissembled!
Arr. Prince-like to the life.
Sab. When power that may command, so much descends,
Their bondage, whom it stoops to, it intends.
Tib. Whence are these letters?
Hat. From the senate.
Tib. So. [*Lat. gives him letters.*
Whence these?
Lat. From thence too.
Tib. Are they sitting now.
Lat. They stay thy answer, Cæsar.
Sil. If this man
Had but a mind allied unto his words,
How blest a fate were it to us, and Rome!
We could not think that state for which to change,

[e] *Cons. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. ii. p. 50, *et Suet. Tib.* c. 27 *et* 29.
[f] *Nullam æque Tiberius ex virtutibus suis quam dissimulationem diligebat. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 95.

Although the aim were our old liberty:
The ghosts[g] of those that fell for that, would grieve
Their bodies lived not, now, again to serve.
Men are deceived, who think there can be thrall
Beneath a virtuous prince: Wish'd liberty[f]
Ne'er lovelier looks, than under such a crown.
But, when his grace[h] is merely but lip-good,
And that, no longer than he airs himself
Abroad in public, there, to seem to shun
The strokes and stripes of flatterers, which within
Are lechery unto him, and so feed
His brutish sense with their afflicting sound,
As, dead to virtue, he permits himself
Be carried like a pitcher by the ears,
To every act of vice: this is a case
Deserves our fear, and doth presage the nigh
And close approach of blood and tyranny.
Flattery is midwife[i] unto prince's rage:
And nothing sooner doth help forth a tyrant,
Than that and whisperers' grace, who have the time,
The place, the power, to make all men offenders.
Arr. He should be told this; and be bid dissemble
With fools and blind men: we that know the evil,
Should hunt the palace-rats,[k] or give them bane;

[f] *Wish'd liberty, &c.*]

" ———*Nunquam libertas gratior exstat,*
" *Quam sub rege pio.*" Claud de laud. Stil. Lib. iii.

[g] *Bruti, Cassii, Catonis, &c.*

[h] *Vid. Dio. Hist.* Lib. lvii. *de moribus Tiberii.*

[i] *Tyrannis fere oritur ex nimia procerum adulatione in principem. Arist. Pol.* Lib. v. c. 10, 11. *et delatorum auctoritate. Leg. Tacit. Dio. Suet. Tib. per totum. Sub quo decreta accusatoribus præcipua præmia. Vid. Suet. Tib.* c. 61. *et Sen. Benef.* Lib. iii. c. 6.

[k] *Tineas soricesque Palatii vocat istos Sex. Aurel. Vict. et Tacit.*

Fright hence these worse than ravens, that devour
The quick, where they but prey upon the dead:
He shall be told it.
Sab. Stay, Arruntius,
We must abide our opportunity;
And practise what is fit, as what is needful.
It is not safe t' enforce a sovereign's ear:
Princes hear well, if they at all will hear.
Arr. Ha, say you so? well! In the mean time, Jove,
(Say not, but I do call upon thee now,)
Of all wild beasts preserve me from a tyrant;
And of all tame, a flatterer.
Sil. 'Tis well pray'd.
Tib. [*having read the letters.*] Return the lords this voice, We are their creature,
And it is fit a good and honest prince,
Whom they, out of their bounty, have instructed[l]
With so dilate and absolute a power,
Should owe the office of it to their service,
And good of all and every citizen.
Nor shall it e'er repent us to have wish'd
The senate just, and favouring lords unto us,
Since their free loves do yield no less defence
To a prince's state, than his own innocence.
Say then, there can be nothing in their thought
Shall want to please us, that hath pleased them;
Our suffrage rather shall prevent, than stay
Behind their wills: 'tis empire to obey,
Where such, so great, so grave, so good determine.
Yet, for the suit of Spain,[m] to erect a temple
In honour of our mother and our self,
We must, with pardon of the senate, not

Hist. Lib. i. p. 233, *qui secretis criminat. infamant ignarum, et quo incautior deciperetur, palam laudatum, &c.*

[l] *Vid. Suet. Tib.* c. 20. *et Dio. Hist.* Lib. lvii. p. 696.

[m] *Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 84 *et* 85.

Assent thereto. Their lordships may object
Our not denying the same late request
Unto the Asian cities: we desire
That our defence for suffering that be known
In these brief reasons, with our after purpose.
Since deified Augustus hindered not
A temple to be built at Pergamum,
In honour of himself and sacred Rome;
We, that have all his deeds[a] and words observed
Ever, in place of laws, the rather follow'd
That pleasing precedent, because with ours,
The senate's reverence, also, there was join'd.
But as, t' have once received it, may deserve
The gain of pardon; so, to be adored
With the continued style, and note of gods,
Through all the provinces, were wild ambition,
And no less pride: yea, even Augustus' name
Would early vanish, should it be profaned
With such promiscuous flatteries. For our part,
We here protest it, and are covetous
Posterity should know it, we are mortal;
And can but deeds of men: 'twere glory enough,
Could we be truly a prince. And, they shall add
Abounding grace unto our memory,
That shall report us worthy our fore-fathers,
Careful of your affairs, constant in dangers,
And not afraid of any private frown
For public good. These things shall be to us
Temples and statues, reared in your minds,
The fairest, and most during imagery:
For those of stone or brass, if they become
Odious in judgment of posterity,
Are more contemn'd as dying sepulchres,
Than ta'en for living monuments. We then
Make here our suit, alike to gods and men;

[a] *Cons. Strab.* Lib. vi. *de Tib.*

The one, until the period of our race,
To inspire us with a free and quiet mind,
Discerning both divine and human laws;
The other, to vouchsafe us after death,
An honourable mention, and fair praise,
To accompany our actions and our name:
The rest of greatness princes may command,
And, therefore, may neglect; only, a long,
A lasting, high, and happy memory
They should, without being satisfied, pursue:
Contempt of fame begets contempt of virtue.
Nat. Rare!
Sat. Most divine!
Sej. The oracles are ceased,
That only Cæsar, with their tongue, might speak.
Arr. Let me be gone: most felt and open this!
Cor. Stay.
Arr. What! to hear more cunning, and fine words,
With their sound flatter'd ere their sense be meant?
Tib. Their choice of Antium,[o] there to place the gift
Vow'd to the goddess[p] for our mother's health,
We will the senate know, we fairly like;
As also of their grant[q] to Lepidus,
For his repairing the Æmilian place,
And restoration of those monuments:
Their grace[r] too in confining of Silanus
To the other isle Cithera, at the suit
Of his religious[s] sister, much commends
Their policy, so temper'd with their mercy.
But for the honours which they have decreed
To our Sejanus,[t] to advance his statue

[o] *Tacit.* Lib. iii. p. 71. [p] *Fortuna equestris, ibid.*
[q] *Tacit. ibid.* [r] *Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iii. p. 170.
[s] *Torquata virgo vestalis, cujus memoriam servat marmor Romæ.*
Sid. Lips. comment. in Tacit. [t] *Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iii. p. 71.

In Pompey's theatre, (whose ruining fire
His vigilance and labour kept restrain'd
In that one loss,) they have therein out-gone
Their own great wisdoms, by their skilful choice,
And placing of their bounties on a man,
Whose merit more adorns the dignity,
Than that can him; and gives a benefit,
In taking, greater than it can receive.
Blush not, Sejanus,[a] thou great aid of Rome,
Associate of our labours, our chief helper;
Let us not force thy simple modesty
With offering at thy praise, for more we cannot,
Since there's no voice can take it. No man here
Receive our speeches as hyperboles:
For we are far from flattering our friend,
Let envy know, as from the need to flatter.
Nor let them ask the causes of our praise:
Princes have still their grounds rear'd with themselves,
Above the poor low flats of common men;
And who will search the reasons of their acts,
Must stand on equal bases. Lead, away:
Our loves unto the senate.

[*Exeunt Tib. Sejan. Natta, Hat. Lat. Officers, &c.*

Arr. Cæsar!

Sab. Peace.

Cor. Great Pompey's theatre[x] was never ruin'd
Till now, that proud Sejanus hath a statue
Rear'd on his ashes.

Arr. Place the shame of soldiers,
Above the best of generals? crack the world,
And bruise the name of Romans into dust,
Ere we behold it!

[a] *Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 74—76.
[x] *Vid. Sen. Cons. ad. Marc.* c. 22.

Sil. Check your passion;
Lord Drusus tarries.
Dru. Is my father mad,[y]
Weary of life, and rule, lords? thus to heave
An idol up with praise! make him his mate,
His rival in the empire!
Arr. O, good prince.
Dru. Allow him statues,[z] titles, honours, such
As he himself refuseth!
Arr. Brave, brave Drusus!
Dru. The first ascents to sovereignty are hard;
But, entered once, there never wants or means,
Or ministers, to help the aspirer on.
Arr. True, gallant Drusus.
Dru. We must shortly pray
To Modesty, that he will rest contented—
Arr. Ay, where he is, and not write emperor.

Re-enter SEJANUS, SATRIUS, LATIARIS, Clients, &c.

Sej. There is your bill, and yours; bring you your man. [*to Satrius.*]
I have moved for you, too, Latiaris.
Dru. What!
Is your vast greatness grown so blindly bold,
That you will over us?
Sej. Why then give way.
Dru. Give way, Colossus! do you lift? advance you?
Take that![a] [*Strikes him.*
Arr. Good! brave! excellent, brave prince!

[y] *Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 76. [z] *Tacit. ibid.*
[a] *Tacit. sequimur Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 74, *quanquam apud Dionem et Zonaram aliter legitur.*

Dru. Nay, come, approach. [*Draws his sword.*
What, stand you off? at gaze?
It looks too full of death for thy cold spirits.
Avoid mine eye, dull camel, or my sword
Shall make thy bravery fitter for a grave,
Than for a triumph. I'll advance a statue
O' your own bulk; but 't shall be on the cross;[b]
Where I will nail your pride at breadth and length,
And crack those sinews, which are yet but stretch'd
With your swoln fortune's rage.

Arr. A noble prince!

All. A Castor,[c] a Castor, a Castor, a Castor!
[*Exeunt all but Sejanus.*

Sej. He that, with such wrong moved, can bear it through
With patience, and an even mind, knows how
To turn it back. Wrath cover'd carries fate:
Revenge is lost, if I profess my hate.
What was my practice late, I'll now pursue,
As my fell justice: this hath styled it new.[7]
[*Exit.*

[7] There is something very striking in the silence of Sejanus.—After this speech the quarto has, Mu. Chorus, which is repeated at the end of every succeeding act. As it seems to mean, in plain English, merely the music between the acts, I have not thought it worth preserving.

[b] *Servile, apud Romanos, et ignominiosissimum mortis genus erat supplicium crucis, ut ex Liv. ipso. Tacit. Dio. et omnibus fere antiquis, præsertim historicis constet. vid. Plaut. in. Mil. Amph. Aulii. Hor.* Lib. i. Ser. 3. *et Juv. Sat.* vi. *Pone crucem servo, &c.*

[c] *Sic Drusus ob violentiam cognominatus, vid. Dion. Rom. Hist.* Lib. lvii. p. 701.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Garden of Eudemus.

Enter SEJANUS, LIVIA, and EUDEMUS.

Sej. Physician, thou art worthy of a province,
For the great favours done unto our loves;
And, but that greatest Livia bears a part
In the requital of thy services,
I should alone despair of aught, like means,
To give them worthy satisfaction.
Liv. Eudemus, I will see it, shall receive
A fit and full reward for his large merit.———
But for this potion[d] we intend to Drusus,
No more our husband now, whom shall we choose
As the most apt and abled instrument,
To minister it to him?
Eud. I say, Lygdus.[e]
Sej. Lygdus? what's he?
Liv. An eunuch Drusus loves.
Eud. Ay, and his cup-bearer.
Sej. Name not a second.
If Drusus love him, and he have that place,
We cannot think a fitter.
Eud. True, my lord.
For free access and trust are two main aids.
Sej. Skilful physician!
Liv. But he must be wrought
To the undertaking, with some labour'd art.
Sej. Is he ambitious?
Liv. No.

[d] *Vid. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 74—76. [e] *Tacit. ibidem.*

Sej. Or covetous?
Liv. Neither.
Eud. Yet, gold is a good general charm.
Sej. What is he, then?
Liv. Faith, only wanton, light.
Sej. How! is he young and fair?
Eud. A delicate youth.
Sej. Send him to me,[f] I'll work him.—Royal lady,
Though I have loved you long, and with that height
Of zeal and duty, like the fire, which more
It mounts it trembles, thinking nought could add
Unto the fervour which your eye had kindled;
Yet, now I see your wisdom, judgment, strength,
Quickness, and will, to apprehend the means
To your own good and greatness, I protest
Myself through rarified, and turn'd all flame
In your affection: such a spirit as yours,
Was not created for the idle second
To a poor flash, as Drusus; but to shine
Bright as the moon among the lesser lights,
And share the sov'reignty of all the world.
Then Livia triumphs in her proper sphere,
When she and her Sejanus shall divide
The name of Cæsar, and Augusta's star
Be dimm'd with glory of a brighter beam:
When Agrippina's[g] fires are quite extinct,
And the scarce-seen Tiberius borrows all
His little light from us, whose folded arms
Shall make one perfect orb. [*knocking within.*] Who's that? Eudemus,
Look. [*Exit Eudemus.*] 'Tis not Drusus, lady, do not fear.

[f] *Spadonis animum stupro devinxit. Tacit. ibid.*
[g] *Germanici vidua.*

Liv. Not, I, my lord: my fear and love of him
Left me at once.
Sej. Illustrious lady, stay———
Eud. [*within.*] I'll tell his lordship.

Re-enter EUDEMUS.

Sej. Who is it, Eudemus?
Eud. One of your lordship's servants brings you word
The emperor hath sent for you.
Sej. O! where is he?
With your fair leave, dear princess, I'll but ask
A question, and return. [*Exit.*
Eud. Fortunate princess!
How are you blest in the fruition
Of this unequall'd man, the soul of Rome,
The empire's life, and voice of Cæsar's world!
Liv. So blessed, my Eudemus, as to know
The bliss I have, with what I ought to owe
The means that wrought it. How do I look to-day?
Eud. Excellent clear, believe it. This same fucus
Was well laid on.
Liv. Methinks 'tis here not white.
Eud. Lend me your scarlet, lady. 'Tis the sun,
Hath giv'n some little taint unto the ceruse;[h]
You should have used of the white oil I gave you.
Sejanus, for your love! his very name
Commandeth above Cupid or his shafts———
[*Paints her cheeks.*

[h] *Cerussa (apud Romanos) inter fictitiores colores erat et quæ solem ob calorem timebat. vid. Mart.* Lib. ii. Epig. 41.

Quæ cretata timet Fabulla nimbum,
Cerussata timet Sabella solem.

Liv. Nay, now you've made it worse.
Eud. I'll help it straight——
And but pronounced, is a sufficient charm
Against all rumour; and of absolute power
To satisfy for any lady's honour.
Liv. What do you now, Eudemus?
Eud. Make a light fucus,
To touch you o'er withal.—Honour'd Sejanus!
What act, though ne'er so strange and insolent,
But that addition will at least bear out,
If't do not expiate?
Liv. Here, good physician.
Eud. I like this study to preserve the love
Of such a man, that comes not every hour
To greet the world.—'Tis now well, lady, you should
Use of the dentifrice I prescribed you too,
To clear your teeth, and the prepared pomatum,
To smooth the skin:—A lady cannot be
Too curious of her form, that still would hold
The heart of such a person, made her captive,
As you have his: who, to endear him more
In your clear eye, hath put away his wife,[j]
The trouble of his bed, and your delights,
Fair Apicata, and made spacious room
To your new pleasures.
Liv. Have not we return'd
That with our hate to Drusus, and discovery[k]
Of all his counsels?
Eud. Yes, and wisely, lady.
The ages that succeed, and stand far off
To gaze at your high prudence, shall admire,
And reckon it an act without your sex:[g]

[g] *An act* without *your sex.*] i. e. an act beyond the weakness or fears of your sex. WHAL.

[j] *Ex qua tres liberos genuerat, ne pellici suspectaretur. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 74. [k] *Leg. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 76.

It hath that rare appearance. Some will think
Your fortune could not yield a deeper sound,
Than mix'd with Drusus; but, when they shall hear
That, and the thunder of Sejanus meet,
Sejanus, whose high name doth strike the stars,
And rings about the concave; great Sejanus,
Whose glories, style, and titles are himself,
The often iterating of Sejanus:
They then will lose their thoughts, and be ashamed
To take acquaintance of them.

Re-enter SEJANUS.

Sej. I must make
A rude departure, lady: Cæsar sends
With all his haste both of command and prayer.
Be resolute in our plot; you have my soul,
As certain yours as it is my body's.
And, wise physician,[1] so prepare the poison,
As you may lay the subtile operation
Upon some natural disease of his:
Your eunuch send to me. I kiss your hands,
Glory of ladies, and commend my love
To your best faith and memory.
Liv. My lord,
I shall but change your words. Farewell. Yet, this
Remember for your heed, he loves you not;
You know what I have told you: his designs
Are full of grudge and danger; we must use
More than a common speed.
Sej. Excellent lady,
How you do fire my blood!
Liv. Well, you must go?

[1] *Tacit. ibid. et Dion. Rom. Hist.* Lib. lvii. p. 709.

The thoughts be best, are least set forth to show. [*Exit Sejanus.*

Eud. When will you take some physic, lady?

Liv. When
I shall, Eudemus: but let Drusus' drug
Be first prepared.

Eud. Were Lygdus made,[9] that's done;
I have it ready. And to-morrow morning
I'll send you a perfume, first to resolve
And procure sweat, and then prepare a bath
To cleanse and clear the cutis; against when
I'll have an excellent new fucus made,
Resistive 'gainst the sun, the rain, or wind,
Which you shall lay on with a breath, or oil,
As you best like, and last some fourteen hours.
This change came timely, lady, for your health,
And the restoring your complexion,
Which Drusus' choler had almost burnt up;
Wherein your fortune hath prescribed you better
Than art could do.

Liv. Thanks, good physician,
I'll use my fortune, you shall see, with reverence.
Is my coach ready?

Eud. It attends your highness. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter SEJANUS.

If this be not revenge, when I have done
And made it perfect, let Egyptian slaves,[m]

[9] *Were Lygdus* made, *&c.*] i. e. prepared for the business. See Vol. I. p. 145.

[m] *Hi apud Romanos barbari et vilissimi æstimab. Juv. Mart. &c.*

Parthians, and bare-foot Hebrews brand my face,
And print my body full of injuries.
Thou lost thyself, child Drusus, when thou thoughtst
Thou couldst outskip my vengeance; or outstand
The power I had to crush thee into air.
Thy follies now shall taste what kind of man
They have provoked, and this thy father's house
Crack in the flame of my incensed rage,
Whose fury shall admit no shame or mean.—
Adultery! it is the lightest ill
I will commit. A race of wicked acts
Shall flow out of my anger, and o'erspread
The world's wide face, which no posterity[1]
Shall e'er approve, nor yet keep silent: things
That for their cunning, close, and cruel mark,
Thy father would wish his; and shall, perhaps,
Carry the empty name, but we the prize.
On, then, my soul, and start not in thy course;
Though heaven drop sulphur, and hell belch out fire,
Laugh at the idle terrors: tell proud Jove,
Between his power and thine there is no odds:
'Twas only fear first in the world made gods."

Enter TIBERIUS *attended.*

Tib. Is yet Sejanus come?
Sej. He's here, dread Cæsar.

[1] ——————— *Which no posterity*
Shall e'er approve, nor yet keep silent:] This sentiment, with what precedes and follows it, is from the *Thyestes* of Seneca:

Age, anime, fac quod nulla posteritas probet,
Sed nulla taceat: aliquod audendum est nefas
Atrox, cruentum; tale quod frater meus
Suum esse malit. Act. II. v. 192. WHAL.

" *Idem, et Petro. Arbiter, Sat. et Statius,* Lib. iii.

Tib. Let all depart that chamber, and the next.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*
Sit down, my comfort.* When the master prince
Of all the world, Sejanus, saith he fears,
Is it not fatal?
Sej. Yes, to those are fear'd.
Tib. And not to him?
Sej Not, if he wisely turn
That part of fate he holdeth, first on them.
Tib. That nature, blood, and laws of kind forbid.
Sej. Do policy and state forbid it?
Tib. No.
Sej. The rest of poor respects, then, let go by;
State is enough to make the act just, them guilty
Tib. Long hate pursues such acts.
Sej. Whom hatred frights,
Let him not dream of sovereignty.
Tib Are rites
Of faith, love, piety, to be trod down
Forgotten, and made vain?
Sej. All for a crown.
The prince who shames a tyrant's name to bear,
Shall never dare do any thing, but fear;
All the command of sceptres quite doth perish,
If it begin religious thoughts to cherish:
Whole empires fall, sway'd by those nice respects;
It is the license of dark deeds protects
Ev'n states most hated, when no laws resist
The sword, but that it acteth what it list.
Tib. Yet so, we may do all things cruelly,
Not safely.
Sej. Yes, and do them thoroughly.
Tib. Knows yet Sejanus whom we point at?
Sej. Ay,

* *De hac consultatione, vid. Suet. Tib. c. 55.*

Or else my thought, my sense, or both do err:
'Tis Agrippina.[p]
Tib. She, and her proud race.
Sej. Proud! dangerous,[q] Cæsar: for in them apace
The father's spirit shoots up. Germanicus[r]
Lives in their looks, their gait, their form, t' upbraid us
With his close death, if not revenge the same.
Tib. The act's not known.
Sej. Not proved; but whispering Fame
Knowledge and proof doth to the jealous give,
Who, than to fail, would their own thought believe.[s]
It is not safe, the children draw long breath,
That are provoked by a parent's death.
Tib. It is as dangerous to make them hence,
If nothing but their birth be their offence.
Sej. Stay, till they strike at Cæsar; then their crime
Will be enough; but late and out of time
For him to punish.
Tib. Do they purpose it?
Sej. You know, sir, thunder speaks not till it hit.

[s] *Who, than to fail, would their own thought believe.*] i. e. Who, rather than fail of proof, would believe the mere evidence of their own thoughts. Jonson affects great brevity in his expression, and, in consequence of that, is not always so clear as he might be. WHAL.

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[p] *De Agrip. vid. Dio. Rom. Hist.* Lib. lvii. p. 69.

[q] *De Sejani consil. in Agrip. leg. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. i. p. 23, *et* Lib. iv. p. 77—79. *de Tib. susp.* Lib. iii. p. 52.

[r] *Gnaris omnibus lætam Tiberio Germanici mortem male dissimulari. Tacit.* Lib. iii. *ibid. Huc confer Tacit. narrat. de morte Pisonis.* p. 55. *et* Lib. iv. p. 74. *Germanici mortem inter prospera ducebat.*

Be not secure; none swiftlier are opprest,
Than they whom confidence betrays to rest.
Let not your daring make your danger such:
All power is to be fear'd, where 'tis too much.
The youths are of themselves hot, violent,
Full of great thought; and that male-spirited dame,[s]
Their mother, slacks no means to put them on,
By large allowance, popular presentings,
Increase of train and state, suing for titles;
Hath them commended with like prayers,[t] like vows,
To the same gods, with Cæsar: days and nights
She spends in banquets and ambitious feasts
For the nobility; where Caius Silius,
Titius Sabinus, old Arruntius,
Asinius Gallus, Furnius, Regulus,
And others of that discontented list,
Are the prime guests. There, and to these, she tells
Whose niece she was,[u] whose daughter, and whose wife.
And then must they compare her with Augusta,
Ay, and prefer her too; commend her form,
Extol her[x] fruitfulness; at which a shower
Falls for the memory of Germanicus,
Which they blow over straight with windy praise,
And puffing hopes of her aspiring sons;
Who, with these hourly ticklings, grow so pleased,
And wantonly conceited of themselves,
As now, they stick not to believe they're such

[s] *De anim. virili Agrip. cons. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. i. p. 12 *et* 22. Lib. ii. p. 47. [t] *Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 79.

[u] *Erat enim neptis Augusti, Agrippæ et Juliæ filia, Germanici uxor. Suet. Aug.* c. 64.

[x] *De fœcund. ejus. vid. Tacit. Ann* Lib. ii. p. 39. *et* Lib. iv. p. 77.

As these do give them out; and would be thought
More than competitors, immediate heirs.
Whilst to their thirst of rule, they win the rout
(That's still the friend of novelty)[7] with hope
Of future freedom, which on every change
That greedily, though emp:ily expects.
Cæsar, 'tis age in all things breeds neglects,
And princes that will keep old dignity
Must not admit too youthful heirs stand by;
Not their own issue; but so darkly set
As shadows are in picture, to give height
And lustre to themselves.

Tib. We will command[8]
Their rank thoughts down, and with a stricter hand
Than we have yet put forth; their trains must bate,
Their titles, feasts, and factions.

Sej. Or your state.
But how, sir, will you work?

Tib. Confine them.

Sej. No.
They are too great, and that too faint a blow
To give them now; it would have serv'd at first,
When with the weakest touch their knot had burst.
But, now, your care must be, not to detect
The smallest cord, or line of your suspect;
For such, who know the weight of prince's fear,
Will, when they find themselves discover'd, rear
Their forces, like seen snakes, that else would lie
Roll'd in their circles, close: nought is more high,
Daring, or desperate, than offenders found;
Where guilt is,[3] rage and courage both abound.

[3] *Where guilt is, &c.*]
" ——— *nihil est audacius illis*
" *Deprensis; iram et animos a crimine sumunt.* Juv. Sat. vi.

[7] *Displicere regnantibus civilia filiorum ingenia: neque ob aliud interceptos quam quia Pop. Rom. æquo jure complecti, reddita libertate, agitaverint. Nat. Tacit.* Lib. ii. *Ann.* p. 49.

[8] *Vid. Suet. Tib.* c. 54.

The course must be, to let them still swell up,
Riot, and surfeit on blind fortune's cup;
Give them more place, more dignities, more style,
Call them to court, to senate; in the while,
Take from their strength some one or twain, or more,
Of the main fautors, (it will fright the store,)
And, by some by-occasion. Thus, with slight
You shall disarm them first; and they, in night
Of their ambition, not perceive the train,
Till in the engine they are caught and slain.
Tib. We would not kill, if we knew how to save;
Yet, than a throne, 'tis cheaper give a grave.
Is there no way to bind them by deserts?
Sej. Sir, wolves do change their hair, but not their hearts.
While thus your thought unto a mean is tied,
You neither dare enough, nor do provide.
All modesty is fond; and chiefly where
The subject is no less compell'd to bear,
Than praise his sovereign's acts.
Tib. We can no longer[a]
Keep on our mask to thee, our dear Sejanus;
Thy thoughts are ours, in all, and we but proved
Their voice, in our designs, which by assenting
Hath more confirm'd us, than if heart'ning Jove
Had, from his hundred statues, bid us strike,
And at the stroke click'd all his marble thumbs.[b]
But who shall first be struck?

[a] *Tiberium variis artibus devinxit adeo Sejanus, ut obscurum adversum alios, sibi uni incautum, intectumque efficeret. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 74. *Vid. Dio. Hist. Rom.* Lib. lvii. p. 707.

[b] *Premere pollicem, apud Romanos, maximi favoris erat signum. Horat. Epist. ad Lollium. Fautor utroque horum laudabit pollice ludum. Et Plin. Nat. Hist.* Lib xxviii. cap. 2. *Pollices, cum faveamus, premere etiam proverbio jubemur. De interp. loci, vid. Ang. Pol. Miscell.* cap. xlii. *et Turn. Adver.* Lib. xi. cap. vi.

Sej. First, Caius Silius;
He is the most of mark, and most of danger:
In power and reputation equal strong,
Having commanded[c] an imperial army
Seven years together, vanquish'd Sacrovir
In Germany, and thence obtain'd to wear
The ornaments triumphal. His steep fall,
By how much it doth give the weightier crack,
Will send more wounding terror to the rest,
Command them stand aloof, and give more way
To our surprising of the principal.
Tib. But what,[d] Sabinus?
Sej. Let him grow a while,
His fate is not yet ripe: we must not pluck
At all together, lest we catch ourselves.
And there's Arruntius too, he only talks.
But Sosia,[e] Silius' wife, would be wound in
Now, for she hath a fury in her breast,
More than hell ever knew; and would be sent
Thither in time. Then is there one Cremutius[f]
Cordus, a writing fellow, they have got
To gather notes of the precedent times,
And make them into Annals; a most tart
And bitter spirit, I hear; who, under colour
Of praising those, doth tax the present state,
Censures the men, the actions, leaves no trick,
No practice unexamined, parallels
The times, the governments; a profest champion
For the old liberty———
Tib. A perishing wretch!
As if there were that chaos bred in things,
That laws and liberty would not rather choose
To be quite broken, and ta'en hence by us,

[c] *Tacit. Lib. Ann.* iii. p. 63, *et* Lib. iv. p. 79.
[d] *Tacit. ibid.* [e] *Tacit. ibid.*
[f] *Vid. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 83. *Dio. Hist. Rom.* Lib. lvii. p. 710, *et Sen. Cons. ad Marc.* cap. 1, *et fusius*, cap. 22.

Than have the stain to be preserved by such.
Have we the means to make these guilty first?
Sej. Trust that to me: let Cæsar, by his power,
But cause a formal meeting of the senate,
I will have matter and accusers rea[g]v.
Tib. But how? let us consult.
Sej. We shall mispend
The time of action. Counsels are unfit
In business, where all rest is more pernicious
Than rashness can be. Acts of this close kind
Thrive more by execution than advice.
There is no lingering in that work begun,
Which cannot praised be, until through done.
Tib. Our edict shall forthwith command a court.[g]
While I can live, I will prevent earth's fury:
Ἐμῷ θανόντι γαῖα μιχθήτω πυρί.[h] [*Exit.*

Enter JULIUS POSTHUMUS.

Pos. My lord Sejanus———
Sej. Julius[i] Posthumus!
Come with my wish! What news from Agrippina's?
Pos. Faith none. They all lock up themselves a'late,
Or talk in character; I have not seen
A company so changed. Except they had
Intelligence by augury of our practice.—
Sej. When were you there?
Pos. Last night.
Sej. And what guests found you?
Pos. Sabinus, Silius, the old list, Arruntius,
Furnius, and Gallus.

[g] *Edicto ut plurimum Senatores in curiam vocatos constat. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. i. p. 3.

[h] *Vulgaris quidam versus, quem sæpe Tiber. recitasse memoratur. Dion. Hist. Rom.* Lib. lviii. p. 729.

[i] *De Julio Postumo, vid. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 77.

Sej. Would not these talk?
Pos. Little.
And yet we offer'd choice of argument.
Satrius was with me.
Sej. Well: 'tis guilt enough
Their often meeting. You forgot to extol[k]
The hospitable lady?
Pos. No; that trick
Was well put home, and had succeeded too,
But that Sabinus cough'd a caution out;
For she began to swell.
Sej. And may she burst!
Julius, I would have you go instantly
Unto the palace of the great Augusta,
And, by your[l] kindest friend, get swift access;
Acquaint her with these meetings: tell the words[m]
You brought me the other day, of Silius,
Add somewhat to them. Make her understand
The danger of Sabinus, and the times,
Out of his closeness. Give Arruntius' words
Of malice against Cæsar; so, to Gallus:
But, above all, to Agrippina. Say,
As you may truly, that her infinite pride,[n]
Propt with the hopes of her too fruitful womb,
With popular studies gapes for sovereignty,
And threatens Cæsar. Pray Augusta then,
That for her own, great Cæsar's, and the pub-
Lic safety, she be pleased to urge these dangers.
Cæsar is too secure, he must be told,
And best he'll take it from a mother's tongue.
Alas! what is't for us to sound, to explore,

[k] *Proximi Agrip. inliciebantur pravis sermonibus tumidos spiritus perstimulare. Tacit. ibid.*
[l] *Mutilia Prisca, quæ in animum Augustæ valida. Tac. ibid.*
[m] *Verba Silii immodice jactata, vid. apud Tac. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 79.
[n] *Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 77.

To watch, oppose, plot, practise, or prevent,
If he, for whom it is so strongly labour'd,
Shall, out of greatness and free spirit, be
Supinely negligent? our city's now[o]
Divided as in time o' the civil war,
And men forbear not to declare themselves
Of Agrippina's party. Every day
The faction multiplies; and will do more,
If not resisted: you can best inlarge it,
As you find audience. Noble Posthumus,
Commend me to your Prisca: and pray her,
She will solicit this great business,
To earnest and most present execution,
With all her utmost credit with Augusta.

Pos. I shall not fail in my instructions. [*Exit.*

Sej. This second, from his mother, will well urge
Our late design, and spur on Cæsar's rage;
Which else might grow remiss. The way to put
A prince in blood, is to present the shapes
Of dangers, greater than they are, like late,
Or early shadows; and, sometimes, to feign
Where there are none, only to make him fear;
His fear will make him cruel: and once enter'd,
He doth not easily learn to stop, or spare
Where he may doubt. This have I made my rule,
To thrust Tiberius into tyranny,
And make him toil, to turn aside those blocks,
Which I alone could not remove with safety.
Drusus once gone, Germanicus' three sons[p]
Would clog my way; whose guards have too much faith
To be corrupted: and their mother known
Of too, too unreproved a chastity,

[o] *Hæc apud Tacit. leg. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 79.

[p] *Quorum non dubia successio, neque spargi venenum in tres poterat, &c. vid. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 77.

To be attempted, as light Livia was.
Work then, my art, on Cæsar's fears, as they
On those they fear, 'till all my lets be clear'd,
And he in ruins of his house, and hate
Of all his subjects, bury his own state;
When with my peace, and safety, I will rise,
By making him the public sacrifice. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Agrippina's *House.*

Enter SATRIUS *and* NATTA.

Sat. They're grown exceeding circumspect, and wary.
Nat. They have us in the wind: and yet Arruntius
Cannot contain himself.
Sat. Tut, he's not yet
Look'd after; there are others more desired,[q]
That are more silent.
Nat. Here he comes. Away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SABINUS, ARRUNTIUS, *and* CORDUS.

Sab. How is it, that these beagles haunt the house
Of Agrippina?
Arr. O, they hunt,[r] they hunt!
There is some game here lodged, which they must rouse,
To make the great ones sport.

[q] *Silius, Sabinus, de quibus supra.*
[r] *Tib. tempor. delatores genus hominum publico exitio repertum, et pœnis quidem nunquam satis coërcitum, per præmia eliciebantur.* Tac. *Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 82.

Cor. Did you observe
How they inveigh'd 'gainst Cæsar?
Arr. Ay, baits, baits,
For us to bite at: would I have my flesh
Torn by the public hook, these qualified hangmen
Should be my company.
Cor. Here comes another.

[*Dom. Afer passes over the stage.*

Arr. Ay, there's a man,[s] Afer the orator!
One that hath phrases, figures, and fine flowers,
To strew his rhetoric with,[t] and doth make haste,
To get him note, or name, by any offer
Where blood or gain be objects; steeps his words,
When he would kill, in artificial tears:
The crocodile of Tyber! him I love,
That man is mine; he hath my heart and voice
When I would curse! he, he.
Sab. Contemn the slaves,
Their present lives will be their future graves.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Apartment in the same.

Enter SILIUS, AGRIPPINA, NERO, *and* SOSIA.

Sil. May't please your highness not forget yourself;
I dare not, with my manners, to attempt
Your trouble farther.
Agr. Farewell, noble Silius!

[s] *De Domit. Af. vid. Tac. Ann.* Lib iv. p. 89—93.

[t] *Quoquo facinore properus clarescere. Tacit. ibid. Et infra. prosperiore eloquentiæ quam morum famâ fuit. Et* p. 93. *diu egens, et parto nuper præmio male usus, plura ad flagitia accingeretur.*

Sil. Most royal princess.
Agr. Sosia stays with us?
Sil. She is your servant, and doth owe your grace
An honest, but unprofitable love.
Agr. How can that be, when there's no gain but virtue's?
Sil. You take the moral, not the politic sense.
I meant, as she is bold, and free of speech,
Earnest[u] to utter what her zealous thought
Travails withal, in honour of your house;
Which act, as it is simply born in her,
Partakes of love and honesty; but may,
By the over-often, and unseason'd use,
Turn to your loss and danger:[x] for your state
Is waited on by envies, as by eyes;
And every second guest your tables take
Is a fee'd spy, to observe who goes, who comes;
What conference you have, with whom, where, when,
What the discourse is, what the looks, the thoughts
Of every person there, they do extract,
And make into a substance.
Agr. Hear me, Silius.
Were all Tiberius' body stuck with eyes,
And every wall and hanging in my house
Transparent, as this lawn I wear, or air;
Yea, had Sejanus both his ears as long
As to my inmost closet, I would hate
To whisper any thought, or change an act,
To be made Juno's rival. Virtue's forces
Shew ever noblest in conspicuous courses.
Sil. 'Tis great, and bravely spoken, like the spirit

[u] *Vid. Tac. Ann.* Lib. iv. p 79.
[x] *Ibid.* p. 77.

Of Agrippina: yet, your highness knows,
There is nor loss nor shame in providence;
Few can, what all should do, beware enough.
You may perceive[y] with what officious face,
Satrius, and Natta, Afer, and the rest
Visit your house, of late, to enquire the secrets;
And with what bold and privileged art, they rail
Against Augusta, yea, and at Tiberius;
Tell tricks of Livia, and Sejanus; all
To excite, and call your indignation on,
That they might hear it at more liberty.
Agr. You're too suspicious, Silius.
Sil. Pray the gods,
I be so, Agrippina; but I fear
Some subtile practice.[z] They that durst to strike
At so exampless, and unblamed a life,[4]
As that of the renowned Germanicus,
Will not sit down with that exploit alone:
He threatens many that hath injured one.[5]
Ner. 'Twere best rip forth their tongues, sear
out their eyes,
When next they come.
Sos. A fit reward for spies.

[4] *At so* exampless *and unblam'd a life.*] At a life that had no parallel; was beyond all example, or imitation. *Examp-less* is a term of the author's coining; and by the same poetical prerogative, Chapman, in his verses on this tragedy, uses the word *exampling*.

"Our Phœbus may with his exampling beams." WHAL.

[5] *He threatens many that hath injured one.*]

Multis minatur, qui uni facit injuriam. PUB. SYRUS.

In this fulness and frequency of sentence, as he calls it in his preface, Jonson placeth one part of the office of a tragic poet: and the learned reader will perceive, from the brevity and number of these maxims, that instead of copying after the models of ancient Greece, he hath conformed to the practice of Seneca the tragedian. WHAL.

[y] *Tacit. ibid. et* pp. 90 *et* 92.

[z] *Suet. Tib.* c. 2. *Dion. Rom. Hist.* Lib. lvii. p. 705.

Enter DRUSUS jun.

Dru. jun. Hear you the rumour?
Agr. What?
Dru. jun. Drusus is dying.[a]
Agr. Dying!
Nero. That's strange!
Agr. You were with him yesternight.
Dru. jun. One met Eudemus the physician,
Sent for, but now; who thinks he cannot live.
Sil. Thinks! if it be arrived at that, he knows,
Or none.
Agr. 'Tis quick! what should be his disease?
Sil. Poison, poison ———
Agr. How, Silius!
Nero. What's that?
Sil. Nay, nothing. There was late a certain blow
Given o' the face.
Nero. Ay, to Sejanus.
Sil. True.
Dru. jun. And what of that?
Sil. I'm glad I gave it not.
Nero. But there is somewhat else?
Sil. Yes, private meetings,
With a great lady [sir], at a physician's,
And a wife turn'd away.
Nero. Ha!
Sil. Toys, mere toys:
What wisdom's now in th' streets, in the common mouth?
Dru. jun. Fears, whisperings, tumults, noise, I know not what:
They say the Senate sit.[b]

[a] *Tac. Ann.* Lib. iv. pp. 74, 75, 76, 77.
[b] *Vid. Tac. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 76.

Sil. I'll thither straight;
And see what's in the forge.
Agr. Good Silius do;
Sosia and I will in.
Sil. Haste you, my lords,
To visit the sick prince; tender your loves,
And sorrows to the people. This Sejanus,
Trust my divining soul, hath plots on all:
No tree, that stops his prospect, but must fall.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Senate House.

Enter Præcones, Lictores, SEJANUS, VARRO, LATIARIS, COTTA, *and* AFER.

Sej. 'Tis only[c] you must urge against him, Varro;
Nor I, nor Cæsar may appear therein,
Except in your defence, who are the consul;
And, under colour of late enmity
Between your father and his, may better do it,
As free from all suspicion of a practice.
Here be your notes, what points to touch at; read:
Be cunning in them. Afer has them too.
Var. But is he summon'd?
Sej. No. It was debated
By Cæsar, and concluded as most fit
To take him unprepared.

[c] *Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 79.

Afer. And prosecute
All under name of treason.[d]
Var. I conceive.

Enter SABINUS, GALLUS, LEPIDUS, *and* ARRUNTIUS.

Sab. Drusus being dead, Cæsar will not be here.
Gal. What should the business of this senate be?
Arr. That can my subtle whisperers tell you: we
That are the good-dull-noble lookers on,
Are only call'd to keep the marble warm.
What should we do with those deep mysteries,
Proper to these fine heads? let them alone.
Our ignorance may, perchance, help us be saved
From whips and furies.
Gall. See, see, see their action!
Arr. Ay, now their heads do travail, now they work;
Their faces run like shittles; they are weaving
Some curious cobweb to catch flies.
Sab. Observe,
They take their places.
Arr. What,[e] so low!
Gal. O yes,
They must be seen to flatter Cæsar's grief,
Though but in sitting.
Var. Bid us silence.
Præ. Silence!

[d] *Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 79. *Sed cuncta quæstione majestatis exercita.*
[e] *Tacit. eod.* Lib. iv. p. 76. *Consulesque sede vulgari per speciem mœstitiæ sedentes.*

Var. *Fathers conscript,*[f] *may this our present meeting*
Turn fair, and fortunate to the common-wealth!

Enter SILIUS, *and other* Senators.

Sej. See, Silius enters.
Sil. Hail, grave fathers!
Lic. Stand.
Silius, forbear thy place.
Sen. How!
Præ. Silius stand forth,
The consul hath to charge thee.
Lic. Room for Cæsar.
Arr. Is he come too! nay then expect a trick.
Sab. Silius accused! sure he will answer nobly.

Enter TIBERIUS *attended.*

Tib. We stand amazed, fathers, to behold
This general dejection. Wherefore sit
Rome's consuls thus dissolved,[g] as they had lost
All the remembrance both of style and place?
It not becomes. No woes are of fit weight,
To make the honour of the empire stoop:
Though I, in my peculiar self may meet
Just reprehension, that so suddenly,
And, in so fresh a grief, would greet the senate,
When private tongues, of kinsmen and allies,
Inspired with comforts, lothly are endured,

[f] *Præfatio solennis Consulum Rom. vid Bar. Briss. de for.* Lib. ii.

[g] *Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 76. JONS.
Gallus had just before taken notice of the consuls descending from their proper places to an inferior seat, in complaisance to Cæsar's grief for the death of Drusus. Tiberius, on his entrance, reproves them for this dispiritedness. WHAL.

The face of men not seen, and scarce the day,
To thousands that communicate our loss.[6]
Nor can I argue these of weakness; since
They take but natural ways; yet I must seek
For stronger aids, and those fair helps draw out
From warm embraces of the common-wealth.
Our mother, great Augusta, 's struck with time,
Our self imprest with aged characters,
Drusus is gone, his children young and babes;
Our aims must now reflect on those that may
Give timely succour to these present ills,
And are our only glad-surviving hopes,
The noble issue of Germanicus,
Nero and Drusus: might it please the consul
Honour them in, they both attend without.
I would present them to the senate's care,
And raise those suns of joy that should drink up[7]
These floods of sorrow in your drowned eyes.

Arr. By Jove, I am not Oedipus enough
To understand this Sphynx.

Sab. The princes come.

Enter NERO *and* DRUSUS *junior.*

Tib. Approach you, noble Nero, noble Drusus.
These princes, fathers, when their parent died,
I gave unto their uncle, with this prayer,
That though he had proper issue of his own,
He would no less bring up, and foster these,
Than that self-blood; and by that act confirm
Their worths to him, and to posterity.

[6] *That* communicate *our loss.*] Share in our loss, a latinism. WHAL.

[7] *And raise those* suns *of joy that should drink up, &c.*] The quarto reads,

And raise those *springs* of joy that should *exhaust*, &c.

Drusus ta'en hence, I turn my prayers to you,
And 'fore our country, and our gods, beseech
You take, and rule Augustus' nephew's sons,
Sprung of the noblest ancestors; and so
Accomplish both my duty, and your own.
Nero, and Drusus, these shall be to you
In place of parents, these your fathers, these;
And not unfitly: for you are so born,
As all your good, or ill's the common-wealth's.
Receive them, you strong guardians; and blest gods,
Make all their actions answer to their bloods:
Let their great titles find increase by them,
Not they by titles. Set them as in place,
So in example, above all the Romans:
And may they know no rivals but themselves.[8]
Let Fortune give them nothing; but attend
Upon their virtue: and that still come forth
Greater than hope, and better than their fame.
Relieve me, fathers, with your general voice.

Senators. *May all the gods consent to Cæsar's wish,*
And add to any honours that may crown
The hopeful issue of Germanicus!

Tib. We thank you, reverend fathers, in their right.

[8] *And may they know no rivals but themselves.*] In the *Double Falsehood*, brought out by Mr. Theobald as written by Shakspeare, is this line:

"None but himself can be his parallel,"

a mode of expression, which drew on him the ridicule of wits and critics. In vindication of himself he produced many similar passages from the classics, &c. and against this verse of Jonson, in the margin of his copy, he hath written *parallel*, as an instance of the like kind. I will add another from the *Dumb Knight*, 1608, A. 1. S. 1.

"She is herself, compared with herself,
For but herself she hath no companion." WHAL.

Arr. If this were true now! but the space,
the space
Between the breast and lips—Tiberius' heart
Lies a thought farther than another man's. [*Aside.*
Tib. My comforts are so flowing in my joys,
As, in them, all my streams of grief are lost,
No less than are land-waters in the sea,
Or showers in rivers; though their cause was
such,
As might have sprinkled ev'n the gods with tears:
Yet, since the greater doth embrace the less,
We covetously obey.
Arr. Well acted, Cæsar. [*Aside.*
Tib. And now I am the happy witness made
Of your so much desired affections
To this great issue, I could wish, the Fates
Would here set peaceful period to my days;
However to my labours, I entreat,
And beg it of this senate, some fit ease.
Arr. Laugh, fathers, laugh:[h] have you no
spleens about you? [*Aside.*
Tib. The burden is too heavy I sustain
On my unwilling shoulders; and I pray
It may be taken off, and reconferred

[h] *Tacit.* Lib. iv. p. 76. *Ad vana et toties inrisa revolutus de reddenda Rep. utque consules, seu quis alius regimen susciperent.*

It may be added that Jonson is perfectly justified in putting this language into the mouth of Arruntius; as both he and his friend Asinius Gallus, were well known to be hostile to the new order of things, and indeed had been pointed out as determined republicans by Augustus, in one of his last conversations with Tiberius. They had also detected the hypocrisy of the latter, when, on another occasion, he had expressed a wish, as here, to share the burden of the empire with the senate, and bluntly demanded what part he would choose to take on himself: a question which completely silenced Tiberius, and which, though he openly expressed no displeasure at it, he neither forgot nor forgave.

Upon the consuls, or some other Roman,
More able, and more worthy.
Arr. Laugh on still. [*Aside.*
Sab. Why this doth render all the rest suspected!
Gal. It poisons all.
Arr. O, do you taste it then?
Sab. It takes away my faith to any thing
He shall hereafter speak.
Arr. Ay, to pray that,
Which would be to his head as hot as thunder,
'Gainst which he wears that charm,[1] should but the court
Receive him at his word.
Gal. Hear!
Tib. For my self
I know my weakness, and so little covet,
Like some gone past, the weight that will oppress me,
As my ambition is the counter-point.
Arr. Finely maintained; good still!
Sej. But Rome, whose blood,
Whose nerves, whose life, whose very frame relies
On Cæsar's strength, no less than heaven on Atlas,
Cannot admit it but with general ruin.
Arr. Ah! are you there to bring him off? [*Aside.*
Sej. Let Cæsar
No more then urge a point so contrary
To Cæsar's greatness, the grieved senate's vows,
Or Rome's necessity.

[1] *'Gainst which he wears that charm.*] *Tonitrua præter modum expavescebat; et turbatiore cœlo nunquam non coronam lauream capite gestavit, quod fulmine afflari negetur id genus frondis.* Suet. Tib. c. 69. Plin. Nat. Hist. Lib. xv. c. 20.

Gal. He comes about—
Arr. More nimbly than Vertumnus.
Tib. For the publick,
I may be drawn to shew I can neglect
All private aims, though I affect my rest;
But if the senate still command me serve,
I must be glad to practise my obedience.[i]
Arr. You must and will, sir. We do know it.
[*Aside.*
Senators. *Cæsar,*
Live long and happy, great and royal Cæsar;
The gods preserve thee and thy modesty,
Thy wisdom and thy innocence!
Arr. Where is't?
The prayer is made before the subject. [*Aside.*
Senators. *Guard*
His meekness, Jove, his piety, his care,
His bounty———
Arr. And his subtilty, I'll put in:
Yet he'll keep that himself, without the gods.
All prayers are vain for him. [*Aside.*
Tib. We will not hold
Your patience, fathers, with long answer; but
Shall still contend to be what you desire,
And work to satisfy so great a hope.
Proceed to your affairs.
Arr. Now, Silius, guard thee;
The curtain's drawing. Afer advanceth. [*Aside.*
Præ. Silence!
Afer. Cite[k] Caius Silius.
Præ. Caius Silius!
Sil. Here.
Afer. The triumph that thou hadst in Germany

[i] *Semper perplexa et obscura orat. Tib. vid. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. i. p. 5.

[k] *Citabatur reus è tribunali voce præconis. vid. Bar. Brisson.* Lib. 5, *de form.*

For thy late victory on Sacrovir,
Thou hast enjoy'd so freely, Caius Silius,
As no man it envied thee; nor would Cæsar,
Or Rome admit, that thou wert then defrauded
Of any honours thy deserts could claim,
In the fair service of the common-wealth:
But now, if, after all their loves and graces,
(Thy actions, and their courses being discover'd)
It shall appear to Cæsar and this senate,
Thou hast defiled those glories with thy crimes—
Sil. Crimes!
Afer. Patience, Silius,
Sil. Tell thy mule of patience;
I am a Roman. What are my crimes? proclaim them.
Am I too rich, too honest for the times?
Have I or treasure, jewels, land, or houses
That some informer gapes for? is my strength
Too much to be admitted, or my knowledge?
These now are crimes.[1]
Afer. Nay, Silius, if the name
Of crime so touch thee, with what impotence
Wilt thou endure the matter to be search'd?
Sil. I tell thee, Afer, with more scorn than fear:
Employ your mercenary tongue and art.
Where's my accuser?
Var. Here.
Arr. Varro, the consul!
Is he thrust in? [*Aside.*
Var. 'Tis I accuse thee, Silius.
Against the majesty of Rome, and Cæsar,
I do pronounce thee here a guilty cause,
First of beginning[m] and occasioning,

[1] *Vid. Suet. Tib. Tacit. Dio. Senec.*

[m] *Tacit.* Lib. iv. p. 79. *Conscientiâ belli, Sacrovir diu dissimulatus, victoria per avaritiam fœdata, et uxor Sosia arguebantur.*

Next, drawing out the war in[n] Gallia,
For which thou late triúmph'st; dissembling long
That Sacrovir to be an enemy,
Only to make thy entertainment more.
Whilst thou, and thy wife Sosia, poll'd the province:
Wherein, with sordid, base desire of gain,
Thou hast discredited thy actions' worth,
And been a traitor to the state.

Sil. Thou liest.

Arr. I thank thee, Silius, speak so still and often.

Var. If I not prove it, Cæsar,[o] but unjustly
Have called him into trial; here I bind
Myself to suffer, what I claim against him;
And yield to have what I have spoke, confirm'd
By judgment of the court, and all good men.

Sil. Cæsar, I crave to have my cause deferr'd,
Till this man's consulship be out.

Tib. We cannot,
Nor may we grant it.

Sil. Why? shall he design
My day of trial? Is he my accuser,
And must he be my judge?

Tib. It hath been usual,
And is a right that custom hath allow'd
The magistrate,[p] to call forth private men;
And to appoint their day: which privilege
We may not in the consul see infringed,
By whose deep watches, and industrious care

[n] *Bellum Sacrovirianum in Gall. erat. Triumph. in Germ. vid. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iii. p. 63.

[o] *Vid. accusandi formulam apud Brisson.* Lib. v. *de form.*

[p] *Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 79. *Adversatus est Cæsar, solitum quippe magistratibus diem privatis dicere, nec infringendum Consulis jus, cujus vigiliis, &c.*

It is so labour'd, as the common-wealth
Receive no loss, by any oblique course.
Sil. Cæsar, thy fraud is worse than violence.
Tib. Silius, mistake us not, we dare not use
The credit of the consul to thy wrong;
But only do preserve his place and power,
So far as it concerns the dignity
And honour of the state.
Arr. Believe him, Silius.
Cot. Why, so he may, Arruntius.
Arr. I say so.
And he may choose too.
Tib. By the Capitol,
And all our gods, but that the dear republic,
Our sacred laws, and just authority
Are interess'd therein,[1] I should be silent.
Afer. 'Please Cæsar to give way unto his trial,
He shall have justice.
Sil. Nay, I shall have law;
Shall I not, Afer? speak.
Afer. Would you have more?
Sil. No, my well-spoken man, I would no more;
Nor less: might I enjoy it natural,
Not taught to speak unto your present ends,
Free from thine, his, and all your unkind handling,
Furious enforcing, most unjust presuming,
Malicious, and manifold applying,
Foul wresting, and impossible construction.
Afer. He raves, he raves.
Sil. Thou durst not tell me so,
Had'st thou not Cæsar's warrant. I can see
Whose power condemns me.
Var. This betrays his spirit:
This doth enough declare him what he is.
Sil. What am I? speak.

[1] *Are* interess'd *therein,*] i. e. deeply implicated. See Massinger Vol. I. p. 239.

Var. An enemy to the state.
Sil. Because I am an enemy to thee,
And such corrupted ministers o' the state,
That here art made a present instrument
To[q] gratify it with thine own disgrace.
Sej. This, to the consul, is most insolent,
And impious!
Sil. Ay, take part. Reveal yourselves,
Alas! I scent not your confederacies,
Your plots, and combinations! I not know
Minion Sejanus hates me; and that all
This boast of law, and law, is but a form,
A net of Vulcan's filing, a mere ingine,
To take that life by a pretext of justice,
Which you pursue in malice! I want brain,
Or nostril to persuade me, that your ends,
And purposes are made to what they are,
Before my answer! O, you equal gods,
Whose justice not a world of wolf-turn'd men
Shall make me to accuse, howe'er provoked;
Have I for this so oft engaged my self?
Stood in the heat and fervour of a fight,
When Phœbus sooner hath forsook the day
Than I the field, against the blue-eyed Gauls,
And crisped Germans? when our Roman eagles
Have fann'd the fire, with their labouring wings,
And no blow dealt, that left not death behind it?
When I have charged, alone, into the troops
Of curl'd Sicambrians,[r] routed them, and came

[q] *Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 79. *Immissusque Varro consul qui paternas inimicitias obtendens, odiis Sejani per dedecus suum gratificabatur.*

[r] *Populi Germ. hodie Geldri in Belgica sunt inter Mosam et Rhenum, quos celebrat Mart. Spect.* 3.

* *Crinibus in nodum tortis venere Sicambri.*

The blue eyes, and crisped looks of the Germans, mentioned above, are from Juvenal:

Cærula quis stupuit Germani lumina, flavam
Cæsariem, et madido torquentem cornua cirro. Sat. 13. 164.

Not off, with backward ensigns of a slave;
But forward marks, wounds on my breast and face,
Were meant to thee, O Cæsar, and thy Rome?
And have I this return! did I, for this,
Perform so noble, and so brave defeat,
On Sacrovir! O Jove, let it become me
To boast my deeds, when he, whom they concern,
Shall thus forget them.
Afer. Silius, Silius,
These are the common customs of thy blood,
When it is high with wine, as now with rage:
This well agrees with that intemperate vaunt,
Thou lately mad'st[1] at Agrippina's table,
That, when all other of the troops were prone
To fall into rebellion, only thine
Remain'd in their obedience. Thou wert he
That saved the empire, which had then been lost
Had but thy legions, there, rebell'd, or mutined;
Thy virtue met, and fronted every peril.
Thou gav'st to Cæsar, and to Rome their surety;
Their name, their strength, their spirit, and their state,
Their being was a donative from thee.
Arr. Well worded, and most like an orator.
Tib. Is this true, Silius?
Sil. Save thy question, Cæsar,
Thy spy of famous credit hath affirm'd it.
Arr. Excellent Roman!
Sab. He doth answer stoutly.
Sej. If this be so, there needs no farther cause
Of crime against him.
Var. What can more impeach
The royal dignity and state of Cæsar,
Than to be urged with a benefit
He cannot pay?

[1] *Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 79.

Cot. In this, all Cæsar's fortune
Is made unequal to the courtesy.
Lat. His means are clean destroyed that should requite.
Gal. Nothing is great enough for Silius' merit.
Arr. Gallus on that side too! [*Aside.*
Sil. Come, do not hunt,
And labour so about for circumstance,
To make him guilty, whom you have foredoom'd:
Take shorter ways, I'll meet your purposes.
The words were mine, and more I now will say:
Since I have done thee that great service, Cæsar,
Thou still hast fear'd me; and, in place of grace,
Return'd me hatred: so soon all best turns,
With doubtful princes, turn deep injuries
In estimation, when they greater rise
Than can be answer'd. Benefits, with you,
Are of no longer pleasure, than you can
With ease restore them; that transcended once,
Your studies are not how to thank, but kill.
It is your nature, to have all men slaves
To you, but you acknowledging to none.
The means that make your greatness, must not come
In mention of it; if it do, it takes
So much away, you think: and that which help'd,
Shall soonest perish, if it stand in eye,
Where it may front, or but upbraid the high.
Cot. Suffer him speak no more.
Var. Note but his spirit.
Afer. This shews him in the rest.
Lat. Let him be censured.
Sej. He hath spoke enough to prove him Cæsar's foe.
Cot. His thoughts look through his words.
Sej. A censure.

Sil. Stay,
Stay, most officious senate, I shall straight
Delude thy fury. Silius hath not placed
His guards within him, against fortune's spite,
So weakly, but he can escape your gripe
That are but hands of fortune: she herself,
When virtue doth oppose, must lose her threats.
All that can happen in humanity,
The frown of Cæsar, proud Sejanus' hatred,
Base Varro's spleen, and Afer's bloodying tongue,
The senate's servile flattery, and these
Muster'd to kill, I'm fortified against;
And can look down upon: they are beneath me.
It is not life whereof I stand enamour'd;
Nor shall my end make me accuse my fate.
The coward and the valiant man must fall,
Only the cause, and manner how, discerns them:
Which then are gladdest, when they cost us dearest.
Romans, if any here be in this senate,
Would know to mock Tiberius' tyranny,
Look upon Silius, and so learn to die.[2]
[*Stabs himself.*

[2] *Look upon Silius, and so learn to die.*] *Silius* (says the historian) *imminentem damnationem voluntario fine prævertit.* Ann. l. iv. c. 19. It doth not appear, however, that this happened in the senate-house, or at the immediate time of his accusation: yet the liberty which the poet hath taken, is easily allowable. Afer has a part in this transaction not assigned him by Tacitus; but it is given him with the utmost probability, and with the exactest preservation of character. For we may remark, to the honour of Jonson's judgment, that whenever he departs from the thread of the narration, it is always with an improvement of the subject, and upon the strongest grounds of presumption. Thus, by introducing Afer as a manager of the impeachment against Silius, he hath a proper opportunity of displaying the mercenary oratory, and art of the informers, prevalent in the reign of Tiberius, which are finely contrasted by the truly honest and spirited replies of Silius. WHAL.

Var. O desperate act!
Arr. An honourable hand!
Tib. Look, is he dead?
Sab. 'Twas nobly struck, and home.
Arr. My thought did prompt him to it.
Farewell, Silius.
Be famous ever for thy great example.
Tib. We are not pleased in this sad accident,
That thus hath stalled, and abused our mercy,
Intended to preserve thee, noble Roman,
And to prevent thy hopes.
Arr. Excellent wolf!
Now he is full he howls. [*Aside.*
Sej. Cæsar doth wrong
His dignity and safety thus to mourn
The deserv'd end of so profest a traitor,
And doth, by this his lenity, instruct
Others as factious to the like offence.
Tib. The confiscation merely of his state
Had been enough.
Arr. O, that was gaped for then? [*Aside.*
Var. Remove the body.
Sej. Let citation
Go out for Sosia.
Gal. Let her be proscribed:
And for the goods, I think it fit that half
Go to the treasure, half unto the children.
Lep. With leave of Cæsar, I would think that fourth,
The which the law doth cast on the informers,
Should be enough; the rest go to the children.
Wherein the prince shall shew humanity,
And bounty; not to force them by their want,
Which in their parents' trespass they deserv'd,
To take ill courses.
Tib. It shall please us.
Arr. Ay,

Out of necessity. This[t] Lepidus
Is grave and honest, and I have observed
A moderation still in all his censures.
Sab. And bending to the better——Stay, who's this?

Enter SATRIUS *and* NATTA, *with* CREMUTIUS CORDUS *guarded.*

Cremutius Cordus! What! is he brought in?
Arr. More blood into the banquet! Noble Cordus,[u]
I wish thee good: be as thy writings, free,
And honest.
Tib. What is he?
Sej. For the Annals, Cæsar.
Præ. Cremutius Cordus!
Cor. Here.
Præ. Satrius Secundus,
Pinnarius Natta, you are his accusers.
Arr. Two of Sejanus' blood-hounds, whom he breeds
With human flesh, to bay at citizens.
Afer. Stand forth before the Senate, and confront him.
Sat. I do accuse thee here, Cremutius Cordus,
To be a man factious and dangerous,
A sower of sedition in the state,
A turbulent and discontented spirit,
Which I will prove from thine own writings, here,
The Annals thou hast publish'd; where thou bit'st

[t] *Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 80.
[u] *Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 83, 84. *Dio. Hist. Rom.* Lib. lvii. p. 710.

The present age, and with a viper's tooth,
Being a member of it, dar'st that ill
Which never yet degenerous bastard did
Upon his parent.
Nat. To this, I subscribe;
And, forth a world of more particulars,
Instance in only one: comparing men,
And times, thou praisest Brutus, and affirm'st
That Cassius was the last of all the Romans.[3]
Cot. How! what are we then?
Var. What is Cæsar? nothing?
Afer. My lords, this strikes at every Roman's private,
In whom reigns gentry, and estate of spirit,
To have a Brutus brought in parallel,
A parricide, an enemy of his country,
Rank'd, and preferr'd to any real worth
That Rome now holds. This is most strangely invective,
Most full of spite, and insolent upbraiding.
Nor is't the time alone is here disprised,
But the whole man of time, yea, Cæsar's self
Brought in disvalue; and he aimed at most,
By oblique glance of his licentious pen.
Cæsar, if Cassius were the last of Romans,
Thou hast no name.
Tib. Let's hear him answer. Silence!
Cor. So innocent I am of fact, my lords,
As but my words are argued: yet those words
Not reaching either prince or prince's parent;
The which your law of treason comprehends.
Brutus and Cassius I am charged to have praised;
Whose deeds, when many more, besides myself,

[3] ——— *thou praisest Brutus, and affirm'st*
That Cassius was the last of all the Romans.] *Objectum est historico* (Cremutio Cordo. Tacit. Ann. l. iv. c. 34.) *quod Brutum Cassiumque ultimos Romanorum dixisset.* Suet. *Tiber.* c. 61.

Have writ, not one hath mention'd without
honour.
Great Titus Livius, great for eloquence,
And faith amongst us, in his History,
With so great praises Pompey did extol,
As oft Augustus call'd him a Pompeian:
Yet this not hurt their friendship. In his book
He often names Scipio, Afranius,
Yea, the same Cassius, and this Brutus too,
As worthiest men; not thieves and parricides,
Which notes upon their fames are now imposed.
Asinius Pollio's writings quite throughout
Give them a noble memory; so* Messala
Renown'd his general Cassius: yet both these
Lived with Augustus, full of wealth and honours.
To Cicero's book, where Cato was heav'd up
Equal with heaven, what else did Cæsar answer,[4]
Being then dictator, but with a penn'd oration,
As if before the judges? Do but see
Antonius' letters; read but Brutus' pleadings:
What vile reproach they hold against Augustus,
False, I confess, but with much bitterness.
The epigrams of Bibaculus and Catullus
Are read, full stuft with spite of both the Cæsars;
Yet deified Julius, and no less Augustus,
Both bore them, and contemn'd them: I not
know,
Promptly to speak it, whether done with more
Temper, or wisdom; for such obloquies

[4] *To Cicero's book, where Cato was heav'd up*
Equal with heaven, what else did Cæsar answer, &c.] Cicero published an essay upon the character of Cato; and Cæsar, who perhaps might be reflected upon in it, wrote an answer, which he called *Anti-Cato:* both these pieces are lost. WHAL.

* *Septem dec. lib. Hist. scripsit. vid. Suid. Suet.*

If they despised be, they die supprest;
But if with rage acknowledg'd, they are confest.
The Greeks I slip, whose license not alone,
But also lust did scape unpunished:
Or where some one, by chance, exception took,
He words with words revenged. But, in my work,
What could be aim'd more free, or farther off
From the times scandal, than to write of those,
Whom death from grace or hatred had exempted?
Did I, with Brutus and with Cassius,
Arm'd, and possess'd of the Philippi fields,
Incense the people in the civil cause,
With dangerous speeches? Or do they, being slain
Seventy years since, as by their images,
Which not the conqueror hath defaced, appears,
Retain that guilty memory with writers?
Posterity pays every man his honour:
Nor shall there want, though I condemned am,
That will not only Cassius well approve,
And of great Brutus' honour mindful be,
But that will also mention make of me.

Arr. Freely and nobly spoken!

Sab. With good temper;
I like him, that he is not moved with passion.

Arr. He puts them to their whisper.

Tib. Take him hence;[y]
We shall determine of him at next sitting.
[*Exeunt Officers with Cordus.*

Cot. Mean time, give order, that his books be burnt,
To the ædiles.

Sej. You have well advised.

[y] *Egressus dein senatu vitam abstinentiâ finivit. Tacit. ibid. Generosam ejus mortem vid. apûd Sen. Cons. ad Marc. cap.* 22.

Afer. It fits not such licentious things should live
T' upbraid the age.
Arr. If the age were good, they might.
Lat. Let them be burnt.
Gal. All sought, and burnt to-day.
Præ. The court is up; lictors, resume the fasces.
[*Exeunt all but Arruntius, Sabinus, and Lepidus.*
Arr. Let them be burnt! O, how ridiculous
Appears the senate's brainless diligence,
Who think they can, with present power, extinguish
The memory of all succeeding times!
Sab. 'Tis true; when, contrary, the punishment
Of wit, doth make the authority increase.
Nor do they aught, that use this cruelty
Of interdiction, and this rage of burning,
But purchase to themselves rebuke and shame,
And to the writers[z] an eternal name.
Lep. It is an argument the times are sore,
When virtue cannot safely be advanced;
Nor vice reproved.
Arr. Ay, noble Lepidus;
Augustus well foresaw what we should suffer
Under Tiberius, when he did pronounce
The Roman race most wretched,[a] that should live
Between so slow jaws, and so long a bruising.
[*Exeunt.*

[z] *Manserunt ejus libri occultati et editi. Tacit. ibid. Scripserat his Cremut. bella civilia, et res Aug. extantque fragmenta in Suasoriâ sextâ Senec.*
[a] *Vid. Suet. Tib. c.* 21.

SCENE II.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter TIBERIUS *and* SEJANUS.

Tib. This business hath succeeded well, Sejanus;
And quite removed all jealousy of practice
'Gainst Agrippina, and our nephews. Now,
We must bethink us how to plant our ingines
For th' other pair, Sabinus and Arruntius,
And[b] Gallus too; howe'er he flatter us,
His heart we know.

Sej. Give it some respite, Cæsar.
Time shall mature, and bring to perfect crown,
What we, with so good vultures have begun:[5]
Sabinus shall be next.

Tib. Rather Arruntius.

Sej. By any means, preserve him. His frank tongue
Being lent the reins, would take away all thought
Of malice, in your course against the rest:
We must keep him to stalk with.[6]

Tib. Dearest head,
To thy most fortunate design I yield it.

[5] *What we with so* good vultures *have begun:*] The expression is ambiguous and satirical. The Roman phrase, *bonis avibus*, signified prosperously, or with a good omen: he uses the word *vultures* in reference to the blood-thirsty nature of the informers, whom he represents as so many birds of prey. WHAL.

Whalley is, I believe, mistaken; the expression seems rather pedantic than satirical. However, I have retained his note.

[6] *We must keep him to* stalk *with.*] i. e. as a stalking horse, under cover of which we may securely aim at our game.

[b] *Vid. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. i. p. 6. Lib. ii. p. 85.

Sej. Sir,[c]—I have been so long train'd up in grace,
First with your father, great Augustus; since,
With your most happy bounties so familiar;[7]
As I not sooner would commit my hopes
Or wishes to the Gods, than to your ears.
Nor have I ever, yet, been covetous
Of over-bright and dazzling honours; rather
To watch and travail in great Cæsar's safety,
With the most common soldier.

Tib. 'Tis confest.

Sej. The only gain, and which I count most fair
Of all my fortunes, is, that mighty Cæsar
Has thought me worthy his[d] alliance. Hence
Begin my hopes.

Tib. Umph!

Sej. I have heard, Augustus,
In the bestowing of his daughter, thought
But even of gentlemen of Rome: if so,—
I know not how to hope so great a favour—
But if a husband should be sought for Livia,
And I be had in mind, as Cæsar's friend,
I would but use the glory of the kindred:
It should not make me slothful, or less caring
For Cæsar's state; it were enough to me
It did confirm, and strengthen my weak house,
Against the now-unequal opposition
Of Agrippina; and for dear regard

[7] *With your most happy bounties, &c.*] the quarto reads,
To your most happy bounties so *inured.*
The skill and judgment displayed in this scene, where two mighty artificers of fraud seek to circumvent each other, are above all praise.

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[c] *Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 85.
[d] *Filia ejus Claudii filio desponsa.*

Unto my children, this I wish: myself
Have no ambition farther than to end
My days in service of so dear a master.
Tib. We cannot but commend thy piety;
Most loved Sejanus, in acknowledging
Those bounties; which we, faintly, such remember—
But to thy suit. The rest of mortal men,
In all their drifts and counsels, pursue profit;
Princes alone are of a different sort,
Directing their main actions still to fame:
We therefore will take time to think and answer.
For Livia she can best, herself, resolve
If she will marry, after Drusus, or
Continue in the family; besides,
She hath a mother, and a grandam yet,
Whose nearer counsels she may guide her by:
But I will simply deal. That enmity
Thou fear'st in Agrippina, would burn more,
If Livia's marriage should, as 'twere in parts,
Divide the imperial house; an emulation
Between the women might break forth; and discord
Ruin the sons and nephews on both hands.
What if it cause some present difference?
Thou art not safe, Sejanus, if thou prove it.
Canst thou believe, that Livia, first the wife
To Caius Cæsar,[e] then my Drusus, now
Will be contented to grow old with thee,
Born but a private gentleman of Rome,
And raise thee with her loss, if not her shame?
Or say that I should wish it, canst thou think
The senate, or the people (who have seen
Her brother, father, and our ancestors,
In highest place of empire) will endure it?

[e] *August. nepoti et M. Vapsanii Agrippæ filio ex Julia.*

The state thou hold'st already, is in talk;
Men murmur at thy greatness; and the nobles
Stick not, in public, to upbraid thy climbing
Above our father's favours, or thy scale:
And dare accuse me, from their hate to thee.
Be wise, dear friend. We would not hide these things,
For friendship's dear respect: nor will we stand
Adverse to thine, or Livia's designments.
What we have purposed to thee, in our thought,
And with what near degrees of love to bind thee,
And make thee equal to us; for the present,
We will forbear to speak. Only, thus much
Believe, our loved Sejanus, we not know
That height in blood or honour, which thy virtue
And mind to us, may not aspire with merit.
And this we'll publish, on all watch'd occasion
The senate or the people shall present.

Sej. I am restored, and to my sense again,
Which I had lost in this so blinding suit.
Cæsar hath taught me better to refuse,
Than I knew how to ask. How pleaseth[f] Cæsar
T' embrace my late advice for leaving Rome?

Tib. We are resolved.

Sej. Here are some motives more,
[*Gives him a paper.*
Which I have thought on since, may more confirm.

Tib. Careful Sejanus! we will straight peruse them:
Go forward in our main design, and prosper.
[*Exit.*

Sej. If those but take, I shall. Dull, heavy Cæsar!
Wouldst thou tell me, thy favours were made crimes,

[f] *Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 85, *Dio.* Lib. lviii.

And that my fortunes were esteem'd thy faults,
That thou for me wert hated, and not think
I would with winged haste prevent that change,
When thou might'st win all to thyself again,
By forfeiture of me? Did those fond words
Fly swifter from thy lips, than this my brain,
This sparkling forge, created me an armour
T' encounter chance and thee? Well, read my charms,
And may they lay that hold upon thy senses,
As thou hadst snuft up hemlock, or ta'en down
The juice of poppy and of mandrakes. Sleep,
Voluptuous Cæsar, and security
Seize on thy stupid powers, and leave them dead
To public cares; awake but to thy lusts,
The strength of which makes thy libidinous soul
Itch to leave Rome! and I have thrust it on;
With blaming of the city business,
The multitude of suits, the confluence
Of suitors; then their importunacies,
The manifold distractions he must suffer,
Besides ill-rumours, envies, and reproaches,
All which a quiet and retired life,
Larded with ease and pleasure,[z] did avoid:
And yet for any weighty and great affair,
The fittest place to give the soundest counsels.
By this I shall remove him both from thought
And knowledge of his own most dear affairs;
Draw all dispatches through my private hands;
Know his designments, and pursue mine own;
Make mine own strengths by giving suits and places,
Conferring dignities and offices;
And these that hate me now, wanting access

[z] *Tacit. ibid.*

To him, will make their envy none, or less:
For when they see me arbiter of all,
They must observe; or else, with Cæsar fall.
[*Exit.*

SCENE. III.

Another Room in the same.

Enter TIBERIUS.

Tib. To marry Livia! will no less, Sejanus,
Content thy aims? no lower object? well!
Thou know'st how thou art wrought into our trust;
Woven in our design; and think'st we must
Now use thee, whatsoe'er thy projects are:
'Tis true. But yet with caution and fit care.
And, now we better think——who's there within?

Enter an Officer.

Off. Cæsar!
Tib. To leave our journey off, were sin
'Gainst our decreed delights; and would appear
Doubt; or, what less becomes a prince, low fear.
Yet doubt hath law, and fears have their excuse,
Where princes' states plead necessary use;
As ours doth now: more in Sejanus' pride,
Than all fell Agrippina's hates beside.
Those are the dreadful enemies, we raise
With favours, and make dangerous with praise;
The injured by us may have will alike,
But 'tis the favourite hath the power to strike;
And fury ever boils more high and strong,
Heat with ambition, than revenge of wrong.

'Tis then a part of supreme skill, to grace
No man too much; but hold a certain space
Between the ascender's rise, and thine own flat,
Lest, when all rounds be reach'd, his aim be that.
'Tis thought [*Aside.*]—Is[h] Macro in the palace? see:
If not, go seek him, to come to us. [*Exit Officer.*]—He
Must be the organ we must work by now;
Though none less apt for trust: need doth allow
What choice would not. I have heard that aconite,
Being timely taken, hath a healing might[g]
Against the scorpion's stroke; the proof we'll give:
That, while two poisons wrestle, we may live.
He hath a spirit too working to be used
But to the encounter of his like; excused
Are wiser sov'reigns then, that raise one ill
Against another, and both safely kill:
The prince that feeds great natures, they will sway him;
Who nourisheth a lion, must obey him.—

Re-enter Officer *with* MACRO.

Macro, we sent for you.

Mac. I heard so, Cæsar.

Tib. Leave us a while. [*Exit Offi.*]—When you shall know, good Macro,

[g] ——————*I have heard that aconite,*
Being timely taken, hath a healing might
Against the scorpion's stroke;] *Hoc quoque tamen in usus humanæ salutis vertere; scorpionum ictibus adversari experiendo, datum in vino calido.* Plin. Nat. Hist. l. 27, c. 2. WHAL.

[h] *De Macrone isto, vid. Dio. Rom. Hist.* Lib. lii. p. 718, *et Tacit. Ann.* Lib. vi. p. 109, *&c.*

The causes of our sending, and the ends,
You will then hearken nearer; and be pleas'd
You stand so high both in our choice and trust.
Mac. The humblest place in Cæsar's choice or trust,
May make glad Macro proud; without ambition,
Save to do Cæsar service.
Tib. Leave your courtings.
We are in purpose, Macro,[i] to depart
The city for a time, and see Campania;
Not for our pleasures, but to dedicate
A pair of temples, one to Jupiter
At Capua; th' other at[k] Nola, to Augustus:
In which great work, perhaps our stay will be
Beyond our will produced. Now, since we are
Not ignorant what danger may be born
Out of our shortest absence in a state
So subject unto envy, and embroil'd
With hate and faction; we have thought on thee,
Amongst a field of Romans, worthiest Macro,
To be our eye and ear: to keep strict watch
On Agrippina, Nero, Drusus; ay,
And on Sejanus: not that we distrust
His loyalty, or do repent one grace,
Of all that heap we have conferred on him;
For that were to disparage our election,
And call that judgment now in doubt, which then
Seem'd as unquestion'd as an oracle—
But, greatness hath his cankers. Worms and moths
Breed out of too much humour,[9] in the things

9 *Breed out of too much* humour, &c.] This is agreeable to the notion of equivocal generation received in that age. WHAL.

[i] *Suet. Tib.* c. 4. *Dio. Rom. Hist.* Lib. lviii. p. 711.
[k] *Suet. Tib.* c. 43. *Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 91.

Which after they consume, transferring quite
The substance of their makers into themselves.
Macro is sharp, and apprehends: besides,
I know him subtle, close, wise, and well-read
In man, and his large nature; he hath studied
Affections, passions, knows their springs, their ends,
Which way, and whether they will work: 'tis proof.
Enough of his great merit, that we trust him.
Then to a point, because our conference
Cannot be long without suspicion——
Here, Macro, we assign thee, both to spy,
Inform, and chastise; think, and use thy means,
Thy ministers, what, where, on whom thou wilt;
Explore, plot, practise: all thou dost in this,
Shall be, as if the senate, or the laws
Had given it privilege, and thou thençe styled
The saviour both of Cæsar and of Rome.
We will not take thy answer but in act:
Whereto, as thou proceed'st, we hope to hear
By trusted messengers. If 't be enquired,
Wherefore we call'd you, say you have in charge
To see our chariots ready, and our horse.——
Be still our loved and, shortly, honour'd Macro.
[*Exit.*

Mac. I will not ask, why Cæsar bids do this;
But joy, that he bids me.[1] It is the bliss
Of courts, to be employ'd, no matter how;
A prince's power makes all his actions virtue.
We, whom he works by, are dumb instruments,
To do, but not enquire: his great intents
Are to be served, not search'd. Yet, as that bow
Is most in hand, whose owner best doth know

[1] *De Macrone et ingenio ejus, cons. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. vi. pp. 114, 115.

To affect his aims; so let that statesman hope
Most use, most price, can hit his prince's scope.
Nor must he look at what, or whom to strike,
But loose at all; each mark must be alike.
Were it to plot against the fame, the life
Of one, with whom I twinn'd; remove a wife
From my warm side, as loved as is the air;
Practise away each parent; draw mine heir
In compass, though but one; work all my kin
To swift perdition; leave no untrain'd engin,
For friendship, or for innocence; nay make
The Gods all guilty; I would undertake
This, being imposed me, both with gain and ease:
The way to rise is to obey and please.
He that will thrive in state, he must neglect
The trodden paths that truth and right respect;
And prove new, wilder ways: for virtue there
Is not that narrow thing, she is elsewhere;
Men's fortune there is virtue; reason their will;
Their license, law; and their observance, skill.
Occasion is their foil; conscience, their stain;
Profit their lustre; and what else is, vain.
If then it be the lust of Cæsar's power,[m]
To have raised Sejanus up, and in an hour
O'erturn him, tumbling down, from height of all;
We are his ready engine: and his fall
May be our rise. It is no uncouth thing[l]
To see fresh buildings from old ruins spring.
[*Exit.*

[l] *It is no* uncouth *thing, &c.*] i. e. strange, unknown, unproved. Thus Spenser, F. Q. B. 1, c. ii. 20:

"The percing steele there wrought a wound full wyde,
That with the *uncouth* smart the monster loudly cryde."

And Milton, the constant follower of our poet,

"And through the palpable obscure find out
His *uncouth* way." *Par. Lost*, B. 2, 404.

[m] *Vide Dio. Rom. Hist.* Lib. lviii. p. 718, &c.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An Apartment in Agrippina's *House.*

Enter GALLUS *and* AGRIPPINA.

Gal. You must have patience,[n] royal Agrippina.
Agr. I must have vengeance, first; and that were nectar
Unto my famish'd spirits. O, my fortune,
Let it be sudden thou prepar'st against me;
Strike all my powers of understanding blind,
And ignorant of destiny to come!
Let me not fear, that cannot hope.
Gal. Dear princess,
These tyrannies on yourself, are worse than Cæsar's.
Agr. Is this the happiness of being born great?
Still to be aim'd at? still to be suspected?
To live the subject of all jealousies?
At least the colour made, if not the ground
To every painted danger? who would not
Choose once to fall, than thus to hang for ever?
Gal. You might be safe if you would——
Agr. What, my Gallus!
Be lewd Sejanus' strumpet, or the bawd
To Cæsar's lusts, he now is gone to practise?
Not these are safe, where nothing is. Yourself,
While thus you stand but by me, are not safe.
Was Silius safe? or the good Sosia safe?
Or was my niece, dear [o]Claudia Pulchra, safe,

[n] *Agrippina semper atrox, tum et periculo propinquæ accensa. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 89.

[o] *Pulchra et Furnius damnat. Tacit. Ann. ibid.*

Or innocent Furnius? they that latest have
(By being made guilty) added reputation[p]
To Afer's eloquence? O, foolish friends,
Could not so fresh example warn your loves,
But you must buy my favours with that loss
Unto yourselves; and when you might perceive
That Cæsar's cause of raging must forsake him,
Before his will! Away, good Gallus, leave me.
Here to be seen, is danger; to speak, treason:
To do me least observance, is call'd faction.
You are unhappy in me, and I in all.
Where are my sons, Nero and Drusus? We
Are they be shot at; let us fall apart;
Not in our ruins, sepulchre our friends.
Or shall we do some action like offence,
To mock their studies that would make us faulty,
And frustrate practice by preventing it?
The danger's like: for what they can contrive,
They will make good. No innocence is safe,
When power contests: nor can they trespass more,
Whose only being was all crime before.

Enter NERO, DRUSUS, *and* CALIGULA.

Ner. You hear Sejanus is come back from Cæsar?
Gal. No. How? disgraced?
Dru. More graced now than ever.
Gal. By what mischance?
Cal. A fortune like enough
Once to be bad.
Dru. But turn'd too good to both.
Gal. What was't?

[p] *Afer primoribus oratorum additus, divulgato ingenio, &c. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 89.

Ner. Tiberius[q] sitting at his meat,
In a farm-house they call [r]Spelunca, sited
By the sea-side, among the Fundane hills,
Within a natural cave; part of the grot,
About the entry, fell, and overwhelm'd
Some of the waiters; others ran away:
Only Sejanus with his knees, hands, face,
O'erhanging Cæsar, did oppose himself
To the remaining ruins, and was found
In that so labouring posture by the soldiers
That came to succour him. With which adventure,
He hath [s] so fix'd himself in Cæsar's trust,
As thunder cannot move him, and is come
With all the height of Cæsar's praise to Rome.

Agr. And power, to turn those ruins all on us;
And bury whole posterities beneath them.
Nero, and Drusus, and Caligula,
Your places are the next; and therefore most
In their offence. Think on your birth and blood,
Awake your spirits, meet their violence;
'Tis princely when a tyrant doth oppose,
And is a fortune sent to exercise
Your virtue, as the wind doth try strong trees,
Who by vexation grow more sound and firm.
After your father's fall, and uncle's fate,
What can you hope, but all the change of stroke
That force or sleight can give? then stand upright;
And though you do not act, yet suffer nobly:
Be worthy of my womb, and take strong chear;
What we do know will come, we should not fear.

[*Exeunt.*

[q] *Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 91.

[r] *Prætorium Suet. appellat. Tib.* c. 39.

[s] *Præbuitque ipsi materiem cur amicitiæ constantiæque Sejani magis fideret. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 91.

SCENE II.

The Street.

Enter MACRO.

Mac. Return'd so soon! renew'd in trust and grace!
Is Cæsar then so weak, or hath the place
But wrought this alteration with the air;
And he, on next remove, will all repair?
Macro, thou art engaged: and what before
Was public; now, must be thy private, more.
The weal of Cæsar, fitness did imply;
But thine own fate confers necessity
On thy employment; and the thoughts born nearest
Unto ourselves, move swiftest still, and dearest.
If he recover, thou art lost; yea, all
The weight of preparation to his fall
Will turn on thee, and crush thee: therefore strike
Before he settle, to prevent the like
Upon thyself. He doth his vantage know,
That makes it home, and gives the foremost blow.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

An upper Room of Agrippina's *House.*

Enter LATIARIS, RUFUS, *and* OPSIUS.

Lat. It is a service [t]lord Sejanus will
See well requited, and accept of nobly.

[t] *Sabinum aggrediuntur cupidine consulatus, ad quem non nisi per Sejanum aditus, neque Sejani voluntas nisi scelere quærebatur. Tacit.* Lib. iv. p. 94. *Dio. Hist. Rom.* Lib. lviii. p. 711.

Here place yourselves between the roof and ciel-
ing;
And when I bring him to his words of danger,
Reveal yourselves, and take him.
Ruf. Is he come?
Lat. I'll now go fetch him. [*Exit.*
Ops. With good speed.—I long
To merit from the state in such an action.
Ruf. I hope, it will obtain the consulship
For one of us.
Ops. We cannot think of less,
To bring in one so dangerous as Sabinus.
Ruf. He was a follower of Germanicus,
And still is an observer of his wife
And children,[u] though they be declined in grace;
A daily visitant, keeps them company
In private and in public, and is noted
To be the only client of the house:
Pray Jove, he will be free to Latiaris.
Ops. He's allied to him, and doth trust him well.
Ruf. And he'll requite his trust!
Ops. To do an office
So grateful to the state, I know no man
But would strain nearer bands, than kindred——
Ruf. List!
I hear them come.
Ops. Shift to our holes[x] with silence.
[*They retire.*

Re-enter LATIARIS *with* SABINUS.

Lat. It is a noble constancy you shew
To this afflicted house; that not like others,

[u] *Eoque apud bonos laudatus, et gravis iniquis. Tacit.* Lib. iv. p. 94.

[x] *Haut minus turpi latebrâ quam detestandâ fraude, sese abstrudunt; foraminibus et rimis aurem admovent. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. c. 69.

The friends of season, you do follow fortune,
And, in the winter of their fate, forsake
The place whose glories warm'd you. You are just,
And worthy such a princely patron's love,
As was the world's renown'd Germanicus:
Whose ample merit when I call to thought,
And see his wife and issue, objects made
To so much envy, jealousy, and hate;
It makes me ready to accuse the gods
Of negligence, as men of tyranny.
Sab. They must be patient, so must we.
Lat. O Jove,
What will become of us or of the times,
When, to be high or noble, are made crimes,
When land and treasure are most dangerous faults?
Sab. Nay, when our table, yea our bed,[y] assaults
Our peace and safety? when our writings are,
By any envious instruments, that dare
Apply them to the guilty, made to speak
What they will have to fit their tyrannous wreak?
When ignorance is scarcely innocence;
And knowledge made a capital offence?
When not so much, but the bare empty shade
Of liberty is reft us; and we made
The prey to greedy vultures and vile spies,
That first transfix us with their murdering eyes?
Lat. Methinks the genius of the Roman race
Should not be so extinct, but that bright flame
Of liberty might be revived again,
(Which no good man but with his life should lose)
And we not sit like spent and patient fools,
Still puffing in the dark at one poor coal,
Held on by hope till the last spark is out.
The cause is public, and the honour, name,

[y] *Ne nox quidem secura, cum uxor (Neronis) vigilias, somnos, suspiria matri Liviæ, atque illa Sejano patefaceret. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 92.

The immortality of every soul,
That is not bastard or a slave in Rome,
Therein concern'd: whereto, if men would change
The wearied arm, and for the weighty shield
So long sustain'd, employ the facile sword,
We might have soon assurance of our vows.
This ass's fortitude doth tire us all:
It must be active valour must redeem
Our loss, or none. The rock and our hard steel
Should meet to enforce those glorious fires again,
Whose splendor cheer'd the world, and heat gave life,
No less than doth the sun's.
Sab. 'Twere better stay
In lasting darkness, and despair of day.
No ill should force the subject undertake
Against the sovereign, more than hell should make
The gods do wrong. A good man should and must
Sit rather down with loss, than rise unjust.
Though, when the Romans first did yield themselves
To one man's power, they did not mean their lives,
Their fortunes and their liberties should be
His absolute spoil, as purchased by the sword.
Lat. Why we are worse, if to be slaves, and bond
To Cæsar's slave be such, the proud Sejanus!
He that is all, does all, gives Cæsar leave
To hide his [z] ulcerous and anointed face,
With his bald crown at [a] Rhodes, while he here stalks

[z] *Facies ulcerosa ac plerumque medicaminibus interstincta. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 91.

[a] *Tacit. ibid. Et Rhodi secreto, vitare cœtus, recondere voluptates insuerat.*

Whalley observes, that Jonson has confounded two events very distinct in time. The residence of Tiberius at Rhodes took place during the life of Augustus, and he was now at Capua, as the author well knew, and indeed expressly mentions just

Upon the heads of Romans, and their princes,
Familiarly to empire.
Sab. Now you touch
A point indeed, wherein he shews his art,
As well as power.
Lat. And villainy in both.
Do you observe where Livia lodges? how
Drusus came dead? what men have been cut off?
Sab. Yes, those are things removed: I nearer look'd
Into his later practice, where he stands
Declared a master in his mystery.
First, ere Tiberius went, he wrought his fear
To think that Agrippina sought his death.
Then put those doubts in her; sent her oft word,
Under the show of friendship, to beware
Of Cæsar, for he laid to [b] poison her:
Drave them to frowns, to mutual jealousies,
Which, now, in visible hatred are burst out.
Since, he hath had his hired instruments
To work [c] on Nero, and to heave him up;
To tell him Cæsar's old, that all the people,
Yea, all the army have their eyes on him;

below. Either this is one of the inadvertencies to which the correctest minds are occasionally subject; or, as I rather think, a line has dropped out, and been subsequently overlooked. Perhaps the passage might originally have stood somewhat in this way:

——————————— gives Cæsar leave
To hide his ulcerous and anointed face,
With his bald crown, *and ply his secret lusts,*
As once he did, at Rhodes, *&c.*

Whalley adds, that Tacitus, from whom Jonson derived most of his facts, is prejudiced against Tiberius. It cannot be denied; but, after *full* allowance is made for this, more than enough will remain to prove that at this period of his life he was one of the most detestable and dangerous characters with which the old world was acquainted.

[b] *Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 90.
[c] *Tacit.* Lib. eod. pp. 91, 92.

That both do long to have him undertake
Something of worth, to give the world a hope;
Bids him to court their grace: the easy youth
Perhaps gives ear, which straight he writes to Cæsar;
And with this comment; *See yon dangerous boy;*
Note but the practice of the mother, there;
She's tying him for purposes at hand,
With men of sword. Here's Cæsar put in fright
'Gainst son and mother. Yet, he leaves not thus.
The second brother, Drusus, a fierce nature,
And fitter for his snares, because ambitious
And full of envy, [d] him he clasps and hugs,
Poisons with praise, tells him what hearts he wears,
How bright he stands in popular expectance;
That Rome doth suffer with him in the wrong
His mother does him, by preferring Nero:
Thus sets he them asunder, each 'gainst other,
Projects the course that serves him to condemn,
Keeps in opinion of a friend to all,
And all drives on to ruin.

Lat. Cæsar sleeps,
And nods at this.

Sab. Would he might ever sleep,
Bogg'd in his filthy lusts!

[*Opsius and Rufus rush in.*

Ops. Treason to Cæsar!

Ruf. Lay hands upon the traitor, Latiaris,
Or take the name thyself.

Lat. I am for Cæsar.

Sab. Am I then catch'd?

Ruf. How think you, sir? you are.

Sab. Spies of this head, so white, so full of years!
Well, my most reverend monsters, you may live
To see yourselves thus snared.

Ops. Away with him.

[d] *Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. pp. 91, 92.

Lat. Hale him away.
Ruf. To be a spy for traitors,
Is honourable vigilance.
Sab. You do well,[e]
My most officious instruments of state;
Men of all uses: drag me hence, away.
The year is well begun, and I fall fit
To be an offering to Sejanus. Go!
Ops. Cover him with his garments, hide his face.[a]
Sab. It shall not need. Forbear your rude assault.
The fault's not shameful, villainy makes a fault.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Street before Agrippina's *House.*

Enter MACRO *and* CALIGULA.

Mac. Sir, but observe how thick your dangers meet
In his clear drifts! your[f] mother and your brothers,
Now cited to the senate; their friend[g] Gallus,
Feasted to-day by Cæsar, since committed!
Sabinus here we met, hurried to fetters:
The senators all strook with fear and silence,
Save those whose hopes depend not on good means,
But force their private prey from public spoil.
And you must know, if here you stay, your state
Is sure to be the subject of his hate,
As now the object.

[a] *Cover him with his garments,* &c.] Alluding to the form by which a criminal was condemned to death; "*I, lictor, colliga manus, caput obnubito,*" &c.

[e] *Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. pp. 94, 95.
[f] *Tacit. Ann.* Lib. v. p. 98.
[g] *Asinium Gal. eodem die et convivam Tiberii fuisse et eo subornante damnatum narrat Dio.* Lib. lviii. p. 713.

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Cal. What would you advise me?
Mac. To go for Capreæ presently; and there
Give up yourself entirely to your uncle.
Tell Cæsar (since your [h] mother is accused
To fly for succours to Augustus' statue,
And to the army, with your brethren) you
Have rather chose to place your aids in him,
Than live suspected; or in hourly fear
To be thrust out, by bold Sejanus' plots:
Which, you shall confidently urge to be
Most full of peril to the state, and Cæsar,
As being laid to his peculiar ends,
And not to be let run with common safety.
All which, upon the second, I'll make plain,
So both shall love and trust with Cæsar gain.
Cal. Away then, let's prepare us for our journey.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Street.

Enter ARRUNTIUS.

Arr. Still dost thou suffer, heaven! will no flame,
No heat of sin, make thy just wrath to boil
In thy distemper'd bosom, and o'erflow
The pitchy blazes of impiety,
Kindled beneath thy throne! Still canst thou sleep,
Patient, while vice doth make an antick face
At thy dread power, and blow dust and smoke
Into thy nostrils! Jove, will nothing wake thee?
Must vile Sejanus pull thee by the beard,[h]

[3] *Must vile Sejanus pull thee by the beard?*]
Idcirco stolidam præbet tibi vellere barbam
Jupiter? Pers. Sat. ii. v. 28. WHAL.

[h] *Vid. Tacit.* Lib. v. p. 94. *Suet. Tib.* c. 53.

Ere thou wilt open thy black-lidded eye,
And look him dead? Well! snore on, dreaming gods;
And let this last of that proud giant-race
Heave mountain upon mountain, 'gainst your state—
Be good unto me, Fortune and you powers,
Whom I, expostulating, have profaned;
I see, what's equal with a prodigy,
A great, a noble Roman, and an honest,
Live an old man!—

Enter LEPIDUS.

O Marcus [i] Lepidus,
When is our turn to bleed? Thyself and I,
Without our boast, are almost all the few
Left to be honest in these impious times.

Lep. What we are left to be, we will be, Lucius;
Though tyranny did stare as wide as death,
To fright us from it.

Arr. 'T hath so on Sabinus.

Lep. I saw him now drawn from the [k] Gemonies,
And, what increased the direness of the fact,
His faithful [l] dog, upbraiding all us Romans,
Never forsook the corps, but, seeing it thrown
Into the stream, leap'd in, and drown'd with it.

Arr. O act, to be envied him of us men!

[i] *De Lepido isto vid. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. i. p. 6. Lib. iii. pp. 60, 65, et Lib. iv. p. 81.

[k] *Scalæ Gemoniæ fuerunt in Aventino, prope templum Junonis reginæ a Camillo captis Veiis dicatum: a planctu et gemitu dictas vult Rhodig. In quas contumeliæ causâ cadavera projecta; aliquando a carnifice unco trahebantur. Vid. Tac. Suet. Dio. Senec. Juvenal.*

[l] *Dio. Rom. Hist.* Lib. lviii. p. 712. *Et Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 94.

We are the next the hook lays hold on, Marcus:
What are thy arts, good patriot, teach them me,
That have preserved thy hairs to this white dye,
And kept so reverend and so dear a head
Safe on his comely shoulders?

Lep. Arts, Arruntius!
None,[m] but the plain and passive fortitude,
To suffer and be silent; never stretch
These arms against the torrent;[4] live at home,
With my own thoughts, and innocence about me,
Not tempting the wolves jaws: these are my arts.

Arr. I would begin to study 'em, if I thought
They would secure me. May I pray to Jove
In secret and be safe? ay, or aloud,
With open wishes, so I do not mention
Tiberius or Sejanus? yes I must,
If I speak out. 'Tis hard that. May I think,
And not be rack'd? What danger is't to dream,
Talk in one's sleep, or cough? Who knows the law?
May I shake my head without a comment? say
It rains, or it holds up, and not be thrown
Upon the Gemonies? These now are things,
Whereon men's fortune, yea, their fate depends.
Nothing hath privilege 'gainst the violent ear.
No place, no day, no hour, we see, is free,
Not our religious and most sacred times,[5]

[4] ——————————— *never stretch*
These arms against the torrent, &c.] This is from Juvenal, as are many other short passages in this scene; to which Persius also contributes. Jonson seems almost afraid to trust himself out of the classics.

[5] *Not our religious and most sacred times,*] Alluding to the fate of Sabinus, who was accused upon the calends of January, and suffered death soon after. WHAL.

[m] *Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 80.

From some one kind of cruelty: all matter,
Nay, all occasion pleaseth. Madmen's rage,
The idleness of drunkards, women's nothing,
Jester's simplicity, all, all is good
That can be catcht at. Nor is now the event
Of any person, or for any crime,
To be expected; for 'tis always one:
Death, with some little difference of place,
Or time——What's this? Prince Nero, guarded!

Enter LACO[n] *and* NERO *with guards.*

Lac. On, lictors, keep your way. My lords, forbear.
On pain of Cæsar's wrath, no man attempt
Speech with the prisoner.
Ner. Noble friends be safe;
To lose yourselves for words, were as vain hazard,
As unto me small comfort: fare you well.
Would all Rome's sufferings in my fate did dwell!
Lac. Lictors, away.
Lep. Where goes he, Laco?
Lac. Sir,
He's banish'd into[o] Pontia by the senate.
Arr. Do I see, hear, and feel? May I trust sense,
Or doth my phant'sie form it?
Lep. Where's his brother?
Lac. Drusus[p] is prisoner in the palace.
Arr. Ha!
I smell it now: 'tis rank. Where's Agrippina?
Lac. The princess is confined to[q] Pandataria.
Arr. Bolts, Vulcan; bolts for Jove! Phœbus, thy bow;

[n] *Le Lacon. vid. Dio. Rom. Hist.* Lib. lviii. p. 718.
[o] *Suet. Tib.* c. 54. [p] *Suet. ibid.* [q] *Suet. ibid.*

Stern Mars, thy sword; and, blue-ey'd maid, thy spear;
Thy club, Alcides: all the armoury
Of heaven is too little!—Ha!—to guard
The gods, I meant. Fine, rare dispatch! this same
Was swiftly born! Confined, imprison'd, banish'd?
Most tripartite! the cause, sir?
Lac. Treason.
Arr. O!
The[r] complement of all accusings! that
Will hit, when all else fails.
Lep. This turn is strange!
But yesterday the people would not hear,
Far less objected, but cried[s] Cæsar's letters
Were false and forged; that all these plots were malice;
And that the ruin of the prince's house
Was practised 'gainst his knowledge. Where are now
Their voices, now, that they behold his heirs
Lock'd up, disgraced, led into exile?
Arr. Hush'd,
Drown'd in their bellies. Wild Sejanus' breath
Hath, like a whirlwind, scatter'd that poor dust,
With this rude blast.—We'll talk no treason, sir,
[*Turns to Laco and the rest.*
If that be it you stand for. Fare you well.
We have no need of horse-leeches. Good spy,
Now you are spied, be gone.
[*Exeunt Laco, Nero, and guards.*
Lep. I fear you wrong him:
He has the voice to be an honest Roman.
Arr. And trusted to this office! Lepidus,
I'd sooner trust Greek Sinon, than a man

[r] *Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iii. p. 62. [s] *Tacit.* Lib. v. p. 98.

Our state employs. He's gone: and being gone,
I dare tell you, whom I dare better trust,
That our night-eyed [t] Tiberius doth not see
His minion's drifts; or, if he do, he's not
So arrant subtile, as we fools do take him;
To breed a mungrel up, in his own house,
With his own blood, and, if the good Gods please,
At his own throat, flesh him, to take a leap.
I do not beg it, heaven; but if the fates
Grant it these eyes, they must not wink.
Lep. They must
Not see it, Lucius.
Arr. Who should let them?
Lep. Zeal,
And duty; with the thought he is our prince.
Arr. He is our monster: forfeited to vice
So far, as no rack'd virtue can redeem him.
His lothed person [u] fouler than all crimes:
An emperor, only in his lusts. Retired,
From all regard of his own fame, or Rome's,
Into an [x] obscure island; where he lives
Acting his tragedies with a comic face,
Amidst his rout of Chaldees: [y] spending hours,
Days, weeks, and months, in the unkind abuse
Of grave astrology, to the bane of men,
Casting the scope of men's nativities,
And having found aught worthy in their fortune,
Kill, or precipitate them in the sea,
And boast, he can mock fate. Nay, muse not: these

[t] *Tiberius in tenebris videret: testibus Dio. Hist. Rom.* Lib. lvii. p. 691. *Et Plin. Nat. Hist.* Lib. ii. c. 37.

[u] *Cons. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 91. (*Juv. Sat.* 4.)

[x] *Vid. Suet. Tib. de secessu Caprensi*, c. 43. *Dio.* p. 715. *Juv. Sat.* 10.

[y] *Tacit. Ann.* Lib. vi. p. 106. *Dio. Rom. Hist.* Lib. lvii. p. 706. *Suet. Tib.* c. 62, *&c.* 44.

Are far from ends of evil, scarce degrees.
He hath his slaughter-house at Capreæ;
Where he doth study murder, as an art;
And they are dearest in his grace, that can
Devise the deepest tortures. Thither, too,
He hath his boys, and beauteous girls ta'en up
Out of our noblest houses, the best form'd,
Best nurtured, and most modest; what's their good,
Serves to provoke his bad. Some are[z] allured,
Some threaten'd; others, by their friends detained,
Are ravish'd hence, like captives, and, in sight
Of their most grieved parents, dealt away
Unto his spintries, sellaries, and slaves,
Masters of strange and new commented lusts,
For which wise nature hath not left a name.
To this (what most strikes us, and bleeding Rome)
He is, with all his craft, become[a] the ward
To his own vassal, a stale catamite:
Whom he, upon our low and suffering necks,
Hath raised from excrement to side the gods,
And have his proper sacrifice in Rome:
Which Jove beholds, and yet will sooner rive
A senseless oak with thunder than his trunk!—

Re-enter LACO,[b] *with* POMPONIUS *and* MINUTIUS.

Lac. These[c] letters make men doubtful what t' expect,
Whether his coming, or his death.

[z] *Tacit. Ann.* Lib. vi. p. 100. *Suet. Tib.* c. 43.
[a] *Leg. Dio. Rom. Hist.* Lib. lviii. p. 714.
[b] *De Pomponio et Minutio vid. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. vi.
[c] *Dio. Rom. Hist.* Lib. lviii. p. 716.

Pom. Troth both:
And which comes soonest, thank the gods for.
Arr. List!
Their talk is Cæsar; I would hear all voices.
[*Arrunt. and Lepidus stand aside.*
Min. One day,[d] he's well; and will return to Rome;
The next day, sick; and knows not when to hope it.
Lac. True; and to-day, one of Sejanus' friends
Honour'd by special writ; and on the morrow
Another punish'd——
Pom. By more special writ.
Min. This man[e] receives his praises of Sejanus,
A second but slight mention, a third none,
A fourth rebukes: and thus he leaves the senate
Divided and suspended, all uncertain.
Lac. These forked tricks, I understand them not:
Would he would tell us whom he loves or hates,
That we might follow, without fear or doubt.
Arr. Good Heliotrope! Is this your honest man?
Let him be yours so still; he is my knave.
Pom. I cannot tell,[6] Sejanus still goes on,
And mounts, we see;[f] new statues are advanced,
Fresh leaves of titles, large inscriptions read,
His fortune sworn by,[g] himself new gone out
Cæsar's[h] colleague in the fifth consulship;
More altars smoke to him than all the gods:
What would we more?

[6] *I cannot tell,*] i. e. I know not what to think of it. See Vol. I. p. 125. This phrase, of which the sense is now, I presume, sufficiently established, is here noticed for the last time.

[d] *Dio. Rom. Hist.* Lib. lviii. p. 716. [e] *Dio. ibid.*
[f] *Leg. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 96.
[g] *Adulationis pleni omnes ejus Fortunam jurabant. Dio. Hist. Rom.* Lib. lviii. p. 714. [h] *Dio.* p. 714. *Suet. Tib.* c. 65.

Arr. That the dear smoke would choke him,
That would I more.
Lep. Peace, good Arruntius.
Lat. But there are[i] letters come, they say, ev'n now,
Which do forbid that last.
Min. Do you hear so?
Lac. Yes.
Pom. By Castor that's the worst.
Arr. By Pollux, best.
Min. I did not like the sign, when[k] Regulus,
Whom all we know no friend unto Sejanus,
Did, by Tiberius' so precise command,
Succeed a fellow in the consulship:
It boded somewhat.
Pom. Not a mote. His[l] partner,
Fulcinius Trio, is his own, and sure.—
Here comes Terentius.

Enter TERENTIUS.

He can give us more.
[*They whisper with Terentius.*
Lep. I'll ne'er believe, but Cæsar hath some scent
Of bold Sejanus' footing.[m] These cross points
Of varying letters, and opposing consuls,
Mingling his honours and his punishments,
Feigning now ill, now well,[n] raising Sejanus,
And then depressing him, as now of late
In all reports we have it, cannot be
Empty of practise: 'tis Tiberius' art.
For having found his favourite grown too great,

[i] *Dio.* Lib. lviii. p. 718.
[l] *Dio. ibid.*
[n] *Dio.* p. 726.
[k] *De Regulo cons. Dio. ibid.*
[m] *Suet. Tib.* c. 65.

And with his greatness* strong; that all the soldiers
Are, with their leaders, made at his devotion;
That almost all the senate are his creatures,
Or hold on him their main dependencies,
Either for benefit, or hope, or fear;
And that himself hath lost much of his own,
By parting unto him; and, by th' increase
Of his rank lusts and rages, quite disarm'd
Himself of love, or other public means,
To dare an open contestation;
His Subtilty hath chose this doubling line,
To hold him even in: not so to fear him,
As wholly put him out, and yet give check
Unto his farther boldness. In mean time,
By his employments, makes him odious
Unto the staggering rout, whose aid, in fine,
He hopes to use, as sure, who, when they sway,
Bear down, o'erturn all objects in their way.

Arr. You may be a Lynceus, Lepidus: yet I
See no such cause, but that a politic tyrant,
Who can so well disguise it, should have ta'en
A nearer way: feign'd honest, and come home
To cut his throat, by law.

Lep. Ay, but his fear
Would ne'er be mask'd, allbe his vices were.

Pom. His lordship then is still in grace?

Ter. Assure you,
Never in more, either of grace or power.

Pom. The Gods are wise and just.

Arr. The fiends they are,
To suffer thee belie 'em.

Ter. I have here
His last and present letters, where he writes him,
The partner of his cares, and *his Sejanus.*—

* *Dio.* p. 714.

Lac. But is that true,[p] it is prohibited
To sacrifice unto him?
Ter. Some such thing
Cæsar makes scruple of, but forbids it not;
No more than to himself: says he could wish
It were forborn to all.
Lac. Is it no other?
Ter. No other, on my trust. For your more surety,
Here is that letter too.
Arr. How easily
Do wretched men believe, what they would have!
Looks this like plot?
Lep. Noble Arruntius, stay.
Lac. He names him here[q] without his titles.
Lep. Note!
Arr. Yes, and come off your notable fool. I will.
Lac. No other than Sejanus.
Pom. That's but haste
In him that writes: here he gives large amends.
Mar. And with his own hand written?
Pom. Yes.
Lac. Indeed?
Ter. Believe it, gentlemen, Sejanus' breast
Never received more full contentments in,
Than at this present.
Pom. Takes he well[r] the escape
Of young Caligula, with Macro?
Ter. Faith,
At the first air it somewhat troubled him.
Lep. Observe you?

[p] *Dio. Hist. Rom.* Lib. lviii. p. 718.
[q] *Dio. ibid.*
[r] *Dio.* p. 717.

Arr. Nothing; riddles. Till I see
Sejanus struck, no sound thereof strikes me.
[*Exeunt Arrun. and Lepidus.*
Pom. I like it not. I muse he would not attempt
Somewhat against him in the [s] consulship,
Seeing the people 'gin to favour him.
Ter. He doth repent it now; but he has employ'd
Pagonianus after him: [t] and he holds
That correspondence there, with all that are
Near about Cæsar, as no thought can pass
Without his knowledge, thence in act to front him.
Pom. I gratulate the news.
Lac. But how comes Macro
So in trust and favour with Caligula?
Pom. O, sir, he has a [u] wife; and the young prince
An appetite: he can look up, and spy
Flies in the roof, when there are fleas i' the bed;
And hath a learned nose to assure his sleeps.
Who to be favour'd of the rising sun,
Would not lend little of his waning moon?
It is the saf'st ambition. Noble Terentius!
Ter. The night grows fast upon us. At your service.
[*Exeunt.*

[s] *Dio.* p. 717. [t] *De Pagoniano, vid. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. vi. p. 101. *alibi Paconiano.* [u] *Tacit. cons. Ann.* Lib. vi. p. 114.

ACT V. SCENE I.

An Apartment in Sejanus's *House.*

Enter SEJANUS.

Sej. Swell, swell, my joys; and faint not to declare
Yourselves as ample as your causes are.
I did not live till now; this my first hour;
Wherein I see my thoughts reach'd by my power.
But this, and gripe my wishes.* Great and high,
The world knows only two, that's Rome and I.
My roof receives me not; 'tis air I tread;
And, at each step, I feel my advanced head
Knock out a star in heaven! rear'd to this height,
All my desires seem modest, poor, and slight,
That did before sound impudent: 'tis place,
Not blood, discerns the noble and the base.
Is there not something more than to be Cæsar?
Must we rest there? it irks t' have come so far,
To be so near a stay. Caligula,
Would thou stood'st stiff, and many in our way!
Winds lose their strength, when they do empty fly,
Unmet of woods or buildings; great fires die,
That want their matter to withstand them: so,
It is our grief, and will be our loss, to know
Our power shall want opposites; unless
The gods, by mixing in the cause, would bless
Our fortune with their conquest. That were worth
Sejanus' strife; durst fates but bring it forth.

* *De fastu Sejani leg. Dio. Hist. Rom.* Lib. lviii. p. 715, *et Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 96.

Enter TERENTIUS.

Ter. Safety to great Sejanus!
Sej. Now, Terentius?
Ter. Hears not my lord the wonder?
Sej. Speak it; no.
Ter. I meet it violent in the people's mouths,
Who run in routs to Pompey's theatre,
To view your statue,[y] which, they say, sends forth
A smoke, as from a furnace, black and dreadful.
Sej. Some traitor hath put fire in: you, go see,
And let the head be taken off, to look
What 'tis. [*Exit Terentius.*]——Some slave hath practised an imposture,
To stir the people.—How now? why return you?

Re-enter TERENTIUS, *with* SATRIUS *and* NATTA.

Sat. The head,[z] my lord, already is ta'en off,
I saw it; and, at opening, there leapt out
A great and monstrous serpent.
Sej. Monstrous! why?
Had it a beard, and horns? no heart? a tongue
Forked as flattery? look'd it of the hue,
To such as live in great men's bosoms? was
The spirit of it Macro's?
Nat. May it please
The most divine Sejanus, in my days,
(And by his sacred fortune, I affirm it,)
I have not seen a more extended, grown,
Foul, spotted, venomous, ugly ——
Sej. O, the fates!
What a wild muster's here of attributes,
T' express a worm, a snake!

[y] *Dio. Hist. Rom.* Lib. lviii. p. 717. [z] *Dio. ibid.*

Ter. But how that should
Come there, my lord!
Sej. What, and you too, Terentius!
I think you mean to make't a prodigy
In your reporting.
Ter. Can the wise Sejanus
Think heaven hath meant it less?
Sej. O, superstition!
Why, then the [a]falling of our bed, that brake
This morning, burden'd with the populous weight
Of our expecting clients, to salute us;
Or running[b] of the cat betwixt our legs,
As we set forth unto the Capitol,
Were prodigies.
Ter. I think them ominous:
And would they had not happen'd! As, to-day,
The fate of some your [c]servants: who, declining
Their way,[7] not able, for the throng, to follow,
Slipt down the Gemonies, and brake their necks!
Besides, in taking your last [d]augury,
No prosperous bird appear'd; but croking ravens
Flagg'd up and down, and from the sacrifice
Flew to the prison, where they sat all night,
Beating the air with their obstreperous beaks!
I dare not counsel, but I could entreat,
That great Sejanus would attempt the gods
Once more with sacrifice.
Sej. What excellent fools

[7] *Who*, declining *their way*,] Turning out of the way. This is from the folio, 1616: the quarto reads *diverting*; but as *declining* seems to have been the poet's own choice, and the language of that age, I have given it the preference. So the author of *Aulicus Coquinariæ*, speaking of sir Walter Raleigh, when out of place, says, that, "when it fell out to be so, he would wisely *decline* himself out of the court-road." WHAL.

[a] *Dio. Rom. Hist.* Lib. lviii. p. 715. [b] *Dio. ibid.* p. 716.
[c] *Dio. ibid.* [d] *Dio. ibid.*

Religion makes of men! Believes Terentius,
If these were dangers, as I shame to think them,
The gods could change the certain course of fate?
Or, if they could they would, now in a moment,
For a beeve's fat, or less, be bribed to invert
Those long decrees? Then think the gods, like flies,
Are to be taken with the steam of flesh,
Or blood, diffused about their altars: think
Their power as cheap as I esteem it small.——
Of all the throng that fill th' Olympian hall,
And, without pity, lade poor Atlas' back,
I know not that one deity, but Fortune,
To whom I would throw up, in begging smoke,
One [e] grain of incense; or whose ear I'd buy
With thus much oil. Her I, indeed, adore;
And keep her grateful [f] image in my house,
Sometime belonging to a Roman king,
But now call'd mine, as by the better style:
To her I care not, if, for satisfying
Your scrupulous phant'sies, I go offer. Bid
Our priest prepare us [g] honey, milk, and poppy,
His masculine odours, and night-vestments: say,
Our rites are instant; which perform'd, you'll see
How vain, and worthy laughter, your fears be.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter COTTA *and* POMPONIUS.

Cot. Pomponius, whither in such speed?
Pom. I go
To give my lord Sejanus notice——

[e] *Grani turis. Plaut. Pœnu.* A. I. Sc. 1. *et Ovid. Fast.* Lib. iv.
[f] *Dio. Hist. Rom.* Lib. Lib. lviii. p 717.
[g] *De sacris Fortunæ, vid. Lil. Gre. Gyr. Synt.* 17. *et Stuch. lib. de Sacrifr Gent.* p. 48.

Cot. What?
Pom. Of Macro.
Cot. Is he come?
Pom. Enter'd but now
The house of Regulus.[h]
Cot. The opposite consul!
Pom. Some half hour since.
Cot. And by night too! Stay, sir;
I'll bear you company.
Pom. Along then——— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Regulus's *House.*

Enter MACRO, REGULUS, *and* Attendant.

Mac. 'Tis Cæsar's will to have a frequent senate;
And therefore must your [i]edict lay deep mulct
On such as shall be absent.
Reg. So it doth.
Bear it my fellow consul to adscribe.
Mac. And tell him it must early be proclaim'd:
The place [k]Apollo's temple. [*Exit Attendant.*
Reg. That's remember'd.
Mac. And at what hour?
Reg. Yes.
Mac. You do [l]forget
To send one for the provost of the watch.
Reg. I have not: here he comes.

[h] *Dio. Hist. Rom.* Lib. lviii. p. 718.
[i] *Edicto ut plurimum senatores in curiam vocatos constat, ex Tacit. Ann.* Lib. i. *et Liv.* Lib. ii. *Fest. Pon.* Lib. xv. *vid. Bar. Briss. de Form.* Lib. i. *et Lips. Sat. Menip.*
[k] *Dio. Rom. Hist.* Lib. lvii. p. 718. [l] *Dio. ibid.*

Enter LACO.

Mac. Gracinus Laco,
You are a friend most welcome: by and by,
Ill speak with you.—You must procure this list
Of the prætorian cohorts, with the names
Of the centurions, and their tribunes.
Reg. Ay.
Mac. I bring you [m] letters, and a health from Cæsar—
Lac. Sir, both come well.
Mac. And hear you? with your note,
Which are the eminent men, and most of action.
Reg. That shall be done you too.
Mac. Most worthy Laco,
Cæsar salutes you. [*Exit Regulus.*]—Consul! death and furies!
Gone now!—The argument will please you, sir.
Ho! Regulus! The anger of the gods
Follow your diligent legs, and overtake 'em,
In likeness of the gout!—

Re-enter REGULUS.

O, my good lord,
We lack'd you present; I would pray you send
Another to Fulcinius Trio, straight,
To tell him you will come, and speak with him:
The matter we'll devise, to stay him there,
While I with Laco do survey the watch.
[*Exit Regulus.*
What are your strengths, Gracinus?
Lac. [n] Seven cohorts.

[m] *Dio. Rom. Hist.* Lib. lviii. p. 718.
[n] *De prefecto vigilum vid. Ros. Antiq. Rom.* Lib. vii. *et Dio. Rom. Hist.* Lib. lv.

Mac. You see what Cæsar writes; and —— Gone again!
H' has sure a vein of mercury in his feet.—
Know you what store of the prætorian soldiers
Sejanus holds about him, for his guard?
Lac. I cannot the just number; but, I think,
Three centuries.
Mac. Three! good.
Lac. At most not four.
Mac. And who be those centurions?
Lac. That the consul
Can best deliver you.
Mac. When he's away!
Spite on his nimble industry—Gracinus,
You find what place you hold, there, in the trust
Of royal Cæsar?
Lac. Ay, and I am——*
Mac. Sir,
The honours there proposed are but beginnings
Of his great favours.
Lac. They are more——
Mac. I heard him
When he did study what to add.
Lac. My life,
And all I hold——
Mac. You were his own first choice:
Which doth confirm as much as you can speak;
And will, if we succeed, make more——Your guards
Are seven cohorts, you say?
Lac. Yes.
Mac. Those we must
Hold still in readiness and undischarged.
Lac. I understand so much. But how it can—
Mac. Be done without suspicion, you'll object?

* *Dio. Rom. Hist.* Lib. lviii. p. 718.

Re-enter REGULUS.

Reg. What's that?
Lac. The keeping of the watch in arms,
When morning comes.
Mac. The senate shall be met, and set
So early in the temple, as all mark
Of that shall be avoided.
Reg. If we need,
We have commission to [p] possess the palace,
Enlarge prince Drusus, and make him our chief.
Mac. That secret would have burnt his reverend mouth,
Had he not spit it out now: by the gods,
You carry things too——Let me borrow a man
Or two, to bear these——That of freeing Drusus,
Cæsar projected as the last and utmost;
Not else to be remember'd.

Enter Servants.

Reg. Here are servants.
Mac. These to Arruntius, these to Lepidus.
This bear to Cotta, this to Latiaris.
If they demand you of me, say I have ta'en
Fresh horse, and am departed. [*Exeunt Servants.*]
You, my lord,
To your colleague, and be you sure to hold him
With long narration of the new fresh favours,
Meant to Sejanus, his great patron; I,
With trusted Laco, here, are for the guards:
Then to divide. For, night hath many eyes,
Whereof, though most do sleep, yet some are spies.
[*Exeunt.*

Vid. Tacit. Ann. Lib. vi. p. 107. *et Suet. Tib.* c. 65.

SCENE IV.

A Sacellum (or Chapel) in Sejanus's *House.*

Enter Præcones,[q] Flamen,[r] *Tubicines, Tibicines,* Ministri, SEJANUS, TERENTIUS, SATRIUS, NATTA, *&c.*

Præ. [s]*Be all profane far hence; fly, fly far off:*
Be absent far; far hence be all profane!
[*Tub. and Tib.*[t] *sound while the Flamen washeth.*
Fla. We have been faulty, but repent us now,
And bring pure [u]hands, pure vestments, and pure minds.
1 *Min.* Pure vessels.
2 *Min.* And pure offerings.
3 *Min.* Garlands pure.
Fla. Bestow your [x]garlands: and, with reverence, place
The vervin on the altar.
Præ. [y]Favour your tongues.

[q] *Præcones, Flamen, hi omnibus sacrificiis interesse solebant. Ros. Ant. Rom.* Lib. iii. *Stuch. de Sac.* p. 72.

[r] *Ex iis, qui Flamines Curiales dicerentur, vid. Lil. Greg. Gyr. Synt.* 17. *et Onup. Panvin. Rep. Rom. Comment.* 2.

[s] *Moris antiqui erat, Præcones præcedere, et sacris arcere profanos. Cons. Briss. Ross. Stuch. Lil. Gyr. &c.*

[t] *Observatum antiquis invenimus, ut qui rem divinam facturus erat, lautus, ac mundus accederet, et ad suas levandas culpas, se imprimis reum dicere solitum, et noxæ pœnituisse. Lil. Gyr. Synt.* 17.

[u] *In sacris puras manus, puras vestes, pura vasa, &c. antiqui desiderabunt; ut ex Virg. Plaut. Tibul. Ovid. &c. pluribus locis constat.*

[x] *Alius ritus sertis aras coronare, et verbenas imponere.*

[y] *Hujusmodi verbis silentium imperatum fuisse constat. Vid. Sen. in lib. de beata vita. Serv. et Don. ad eum versum,* Lib. v. *Æneid.*

Ore favete omnes, et cingite tem pora ramis.

[*While they sound again,* [z] *the Flamen takes of the honey with his finger, and tastes, then ministers to all the rest: so of the* [a] *milk in an earthen vessel, he deals about; which done, he sprinkleth upon the altar, milk; then imposeth the honey, and kindleth his gums, and after censing about the altar, placeth his censer thereon, into which they put several* [b] *branches of poppy, and the music ceasing, proceeds.*

Fla. *Great* [c] *mother Fortune, queen of human state,*
Rectress of action, arbitress of fate,
To whom all sway, all power, all empire bows,
Be present, and propitious to our vows!

Præ. Favour[d] it with your tongues.

Min. Be present, and propitious to our vows!

Omnes. Accept our [e] offering, and be pleased, great goddess.

Ter. See, see, the image stirs!

Sat. And turns away!

Nat. Fortune[f] averts her face!

Fla. Avert, you gods,
The prodigy. Still! still! some pious rite

[z] *Vocabatur hic ritus Libatio. Lege Rosin. Ant.* Lib. iii. *Bar. Brisson. de form.* Lib. i. *Stuchium de Sacrif. et Lil. Synt.* 17.

[a] *In sacris Fortunæ lacte non vino libabant. iisdem test. Talia sacrificia ἀοίνα et νηφάλια dicta. Hoc est sobria, et vino carentia.*

[b] *Hoc reddere erat et litare, id est propitiare, et votum impetrare; secundum Nonium Marcellum. Litare enim Mac.* Lib. iii. c. 5. *explicat, sacrificio facto placare numen. In quo sens. leg. apud Plaut. Senec. Suet. &c.*

[c] *His solemnibus præfationibus in sacris utebantur.*

[d] *Quibus, in clausu, populus vel cœtus a præconibus favere jubebatur; id est, bona verba fari. Talis enim altera hujus formæ interpretatio apud Briss.* Lib. i. *extat. Ovid.* Lib. i. *Fast. Linguis animisque favete. Et Metam.* Lib. xv.

——————————— *piumque*
Æneadæ præstant et mente, et voce favorem.

[e] *Solennis formula in donis cuivis nomini offerendis.*

[f] *Leg. Dio. Rom. Hist.* Lib. lviii. p. 717. *de hoc sacrificio.*

We have neglected. Yet, heaven be appeased,
And be all tokens false and void, that speak
Thy present wrath!

Sej. Be thou dumb, scrupulous priest:
And gather up thyself, with these thy wares,
Which I, in spight of thy blind mistress, or
Thy juggling mystery, religion, throw
Thus scorned on the earth. [*Overturns the statue and the altar.*] Nay, hold thy look
Averted till I woo thee turn again;
And thou shalt stand to all posterity,
The eternal game and laughter, with thy neck
Writh'd to thy tail, like a ridiculous cat.
Avoid these fumes, these superstitious lights,
And all these cosening ceremonies; you,
Your pure and spiced conscience! [*Exeunt all but Sejanus, Terent. Satri. and Natta.*] I, the slave
And mock of fools, scorn on my worthy head!
That have been [g] titled and adored a god,
Yea [h] sacrificed unto, myself, in Rome,
No less than Jove: and I be brought to do [s]
A peevish giglot, rites! perhaps the thought
And shame of that, made Fortune turn her face,
Knowing herself the lesser deity,
And but my servant.—Bashful queen, if so,
Sejanus thanks thy modesty.—Who's that?

Enter POMPONIUS *and* [i] MINUTIUS.

Pom. His fortune suffers, till he hears my news:
I have waited here too long. Macro, my lord ——

[s] ——————— *I be brought to do*
A peevish giglot, *rites.*] *Giglot* is a wanton girl: so Shakspeare:
—— "Young Talbot was not born
"To be the pillage of a *giglot* wench." WHAL.

[g] *Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 96. [h] *Dio.* Lib. lviii. p. 716.
[i] *De Minutio vid. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. vi.

Sej. Speak lower and withdraw.
[*Takes him aside.*
Ter. Are these things true?
Min. Thousands are gazing at it in the streets.
Sej. What's that?
Ter. Minutius tells us here, my lord,
That a new head being set upon your statue,
A[k] rope is since found wreath'd about it! and,
But now[l] a fiery meteor in the form
Of a great ball was seen to roll along
The troubled air, where yet it hangs unperfect,
The amazing wonder of the multitude!
Sej. No more. That Macro's come, is more than all!
Ter. Is Macro come?
Pom. I saw him.
Ter. Where? with whom?
Pom. With Regulus.
Sej. Terentius!
Ter. My lord.
Sej. Send for the[m] tribunes, we will straight have up
More of the soldiers for our guard. [*Exit. Ter.*] Minutius,
We pray you go for Cotta, Latiaris,
Trio the consul, or what senators
You know are sure, and ours. [*Exit Min.*] You, my good Natta,
For Laco, provost of the watch. [*Exit Nat.*] Now, Satrius,
The time of proof comes on; arm all our servants,
And without tumult. [*Exit. Sat.*] You, Pomponius,
Hold some good correspondence with the consul:

[k] *Dio. Hist. Rom.* Lib. lviii. p. 717. [l] *Vid. Senec. Nat. Quest.* Lib. i. c. 1.
[m] *Dio. Hist. Rom.* Lib. lviii. p. 718.

Attempt him, noble friend. [*Exit Pomp.*] These
things begin
To look like dangers, now, worthy my fates.
Fortune, I see thy worst: let doubtful states,
And things uncertain hang upon thy will;
Me surest death shall render certain still.
Yet, why is now my thought turn'd toward death,
Whom fates have let go on, so far in breath,
Uncheck'd or unreproved? I,[n] that did help
To fell the lofty cedar of the world
Germanicus; that at one stroke[o] cut down
Drusus, that upright elm; wither'd his vine;[9]
Laid[p] Silius and[q] Sabinus, two strong oaks,
Flat on the earth; besides those other shrubs,
Cordus[r] and[s] Sosia,[t] Claudia Pulchra,
Furnius and[u] Gallus, which I have grubb'd up;
And since, have set my axe so strong and deep
Into the root of spreading[x] Agrippine;
Lopt off and scatter'd her proud branches, Nero,
Drusus; and[y] Caius too, although re-planted.
If you will, Destinies, that after all,
I faint now ere I touch my period,

9 ——— *That at one stroke cut down*
Drusus, that upright elm; wither'd his vine.] As Drusus is here called an elm, his wife Livia, by a very elegant and easy metaphor, is termed *his vine*. The whole description is a beautiful allegory, animated with the most sublime spirit of true poetry. WHAL.

Beaumont and Fletcher have closely imitated, or rather copied, this passage in the *False One*.

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n *Vid. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. i. p. 23.
o *Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. pp. 74, 75. *et Dio.* Lib. lvii. p. 709.
p *Tacit.* Lib. iv. p. 79. q *Ibid.* p. 94.
r *De Cremut. Cor. vid. Dio. Rom. Hist.* Lib. lvii. p. 710. *Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 83. s *De Sosia. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 94.
t *De Clau. et Furnio, quære Tacit. Ann.* Lib. iv. p. 89.
u *De Gallo, Tacit.* Lib. iv. p. 95. *et Dio.* Lib. lviii. p. 713.
x *De Agr. Ner. et Dru. leg. Suct. Tib.* cap. 53, 4.
y *De Caio. cons. Dio.* Lib. lviii. p. 727.

You are but cruel; and I already have done
Things great enough. All Rome hath been my slave;
The senate sate an idle looker on,
And witness of my power; when I have blush'd
More to command than it to suffer: all
The fathers have sate ready and prepared,
To give me empire, temples, or their throats,
When I would ask 'em; and, what crowns the top,
Rome, senate, people, all the world have seen
Jove, but my equal; Cæsar, but my second.
'Tis then your malice, Fates, who, but your own,
Envy and fear to have any power long known.
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A Room in the same.

Enter TERENTIUS *and* Tribunes.

Ter. Stay here: I'll give his lordship, you are come.

Enter MINUTIUS *with* COTTA *and* LATIARIS.

Min. Marcus Terentius, 'pray you tell my lord
Here's Cotta, and Latiaris.
Ter. Sir, I shall. [*Exit.*
Cot. My letter is the very same with yours;
Only requires me to be present there,
And give my voice to strengthen his design.
Lat. Names he not what it is?
Cot. No, nor to you.
Lat. 'Tis strange and singular doubtful!
Cot. So it is.
It may be all is left to lord Sejanus.

Enter NATTA *and* GRACINUS LACO.

Nat. Gentlemen, where's my lord?
Tri. We wait him here.
Cot. The provost Laco! what's the news?
Lat. My lord———

Enter SEJANUS.

Sej. Now, my right dear, noble, and trusted friends,
How much I am a captive to your kindness!
Most worthy Cotta, Latiaris, Laco,
Your valiant hand; and, gentlemen, your loves.
I wish I could divide myself unto you;
Or that it lay within our narrow powers,
To satisfy for so enlarged bounty.
Gracinus, we must pray you, hold your guards
Unquit when morning comes. Saw you the consul?
Min. Trio will presently be here, my lord.
Cot. They are but giving[z] order for the edict,
To warn the senate.
Sej. How! the senate?
Lac. Yes.
This morning in Apollo's temple.
Cot. We
Are charged by letter to be there, my lord.
Sej. By letter! pray you let's see.
Lat. Knows not his lordship?
Cot. It seems so!
Sej. A senate warn'd! without my knowledge!
And on this sudden! Senators by letters
Required to be there! who brought these?
Cot. Macro.

[z] *Vid. Dio. Rom. Hist.* Lib. lviii. p. 718.

Sej. Mine[*] enemy! and when?
Cot. This midnight.
Sej. Time,
With every other circumstance, doth give
It hath some strain of engine in't!—How now?

Enter SATRIUS.

Sat. My lord, Sertorius Macro is without,
Alone, and prays t' have private conference
In business of high nature with your lordship,
He says to me, and which regards you much.
Sej. Let him come here.
Sat. Better, my lord, withdraw:
You will betray what store and strength of friends
Are now about you; which he comes to spy.
Sej. Is he not arm'd?
Sat. We'll search him.
Sej. No; but take,
And lead him to some room, where you conceal'd
May keep a guard upon us. [*Exit Sat.*] Noble Laco,
You are our trust; and till our own cohorts
Can be brought up, your strengths must be our guard.
Now, good Minutius, honour'd Latiaris,
[*He salutes them humbly.*
Most worthy and my most unwearied friends:
I return instantly. [*Exit.*
Lat. Most worthy lord!
Cot. His lordship is turn'd instant kind, methinks;
I have not observed it in him, heretofore.
1 *Tri.* 'Tis true, and it becomes him nobly.
Min. I
Am wrapt withal.

[*] *Dio.* Lib. lviii. p. 718.

2 Tri. By Mars, he has my lives,
Were they a million, for this only grace.
Lac. Ay, and to name a man!
Lat. As he did me!
Min. And me!
Lat. Who would not spend his life and fortunes,
To purchase but the look of such a lord?
Lac. He that would nor be lord's fool, nor the world's. [*Aside.*

SCENE VI.

Another Room in the same.

Enter SEJANUS, MACRO, *and* SATRIUS.

Sej. Macro![b] most welcome, a most coveted friend!
Let me enjoy my longings. When arrived you?
Mac. About[c] the noon of night.[1]

[1] *About the noon of night.*] This poetical expression, though now common by general use, seems to have been first introduced into our language by Jonson. And he appears to have been diffident of the reception it might meet with, or whether the license he had taken would be approved by custom. For he refers us in the margin of the quarto, to the author of whom he borrowed it. WHAL.

I have not, any more than Whalley, been able to find an earlier instance of the use of this phrase. It was speedily adopted, however, by Drayton, Crashaw, and Herrick. Milton, who resorted to Jonson for poetical expressions upon all occasions, could not miss this; though his editors, as usual, make no mention of his obligation to our author.

[b] *Dio. Hist. Rom.* Lib. lviii. p. 78.
[c] *Meridies noctis, Varr. Marcipor. vid. Non. Mar.* cap. vi.

Sej. Satrius, give leave. [*Exit Sat.*
Mac. I have been, since I came, with both the consuls,
On a particular design from Cæsar.
Sej. How fares it with our great and royal master?
Mac. Right plentifully well; as, with a prince,
That still holds out[a] the great proportion
Of his large favours, where his judgment hath
Made once divine election: like the god
That wants not, nor is wearied to bestow
Where merit meets his bounty, as it doth
In you, already the most happy, and ere
The sun shall climb the south, most high Sejanus.
Let not my lord be amused.[2] For, to this end
Was I by Cæsar sent for to the isle,
With special caution to conceal my journey;
And, thence, had my dispatch as privately
Again to Rome; charged to come here by night;
And only to the consuls make narration
Of his great purpose; that the benefit
Might come more full, and striking, by how much
It was less look'd for, or aspired by you,
Or least informed to the common thought.
Sej. What may this be? part of myself, dear Macro,
If good, speak out; and share with your Sejanus.
Mac. If bad, I should for ever loath myself
To be the messenger to so good a lord.
I do exceed my instructions to acquaint
Your lordship with thus much; but 'tis my venture

[2] *Let not my lord be* amused.] i. e. amazed. See the *Alchemist*.

[a] *Dio.* Lib. lviii. p. 78.

On your retentive wisdom: and because
I would no jealous scruple should molest
Or rack your peace of thought. For I assure
My noble lord, no senator yet knows
The business meant: though all by several letters
Are warned to be there, and give their voices,
Only to add unto the state and grace
Of what is purposed.
Sej. You take pleasure, Macro,
Like a coy wench, in torturing your lover.
What can be worth this suffering?
Mac. That which follows,
The[e] tribunitial dignity and power:
Both which Sejanus is to have this day
Conferr'd upon him, and by public senate.
Sej. Fortune be mine again! thou hast satisfied
For thy suspected loyalty. [*Aside.*
Mac. My lord,
I have no longer time, the day approacheth,
And I must back to Cæsar.
Sej. Where's Caligula?
Mac. That I forgot to tell your lordship. Why,
He lingers yonder about Capreæ,
Disgraced; Tiberius hath not seen him yet:
He needs would thrust himself to go with me,
Against my wish or will; but I have quitted
His forward trouble, with as tardy note
As my neglect or silence could afford him.
Your lordship cannot now command me aught,
Because I take no knowledge that I saw you;
But I shall boast to live to serve your lordship:
And so take leave.
Sej. Honest and worthy Macro;
Your love and friendship. [*Exit Macro.*]—Who's
there? Satrius,

[e] *Dio.* Lib. lviii. p. 78. *vid. Suet. de oppress. Sejan. Tib.* c. 65.

Attend my honourable friend forth.—O!
How vain and vile a passion is this fear,
What base uncomely things it makes men do!
Suspect their noblest friends, as I did this,
Flatter poor enemies, entreat their servants,
Stoop, court, and catch at the benevolence
Of creatures, unto whom, within this hour,
I would not have vouchsafed a quarter-look,
Or piece of face! By you that fools call gods,
Hang all the sky with your prodigious signs,
Fill earth with monsters, drop the scorpion down,
Out of the zodiac, or the fiercer lion,
Shake off the loosen'd globe from her long hinge,
Roll all the world in darkness, and let loose
The enraged winds to turn up groves and towns!
When I do fear again, let me be struck
With forked fire, and unpitied die:
Who fears, is worthy of calamity. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Another Room in the same.

Enter TERENTIUS, MINUTIUS, LACO, COTTA, LATIARIS, *and* POMPONIUS; REGULUS, TRIO, *and others, on different sides.*

Pom. Is not my lord here?
Ter. Sir he will be straight.
Cot. What news, Fulcinius Trio?
Tri. Good, good tidings;
But keep it to yourself. My lord Sejanus
Is to receive this day in open senate
The tribunitial dignity.
Cot. Is't true?
Tri. No words, not to your thought: but, sir, believe it.

Lat. What says the consul?
Cot. Speak it not again:
He tells me, that to-day my lord Sejanus——
Tri. I must entreat you, Cotta, on your honour
Not to reveal it.
Cot. On my life, sir.
Lat. Say.
Cot. Is to receive the tribunitial power.
But, as you are an honourable man,
Let me conjure you not to utter it;
For it is trusted to me with that bond.
Lat. I am Harpocrates.
Ter. Can you assure it?
Pom. The consul told it me; but keep it close.
Min. Lord Latiaris, what's the news?
Lat. I'll tell you;
But you must swear to keep it secret.

Enter SEJANUS.

Sej. I knew the Fates had on their distaff left
More of our thread, than so.
Reg. Hail, great Sejanus!
Tri. Hail, the [f]most honour'd!
Cot. Happy!
Lat. High Sejanus!
Sej. Do you bring prodigies too?
Tri. May all presage
Turn to those fair effects, whereof we bring
Your lordship news.
Reg. May't please my lord withdraw.
Sej. Yes:—I will speak with you anon.
[*To some that stand by.*
Ter. My lord,
What is your pleasure for the tribunes?

[f] *Dio. Rom. Hist.* Lib. lviii. p. 718.

Sej. Why,
Let them be thank'd and sent away.
Min. My lord——
Lac. Will't please your lordship to command me——
Sej. No:
You are troublesome.
Min. The [g] mood is changed.
Tri. Not speak,
Nor look!
Lac. Ay, he is wise, will make him friends
Of such who never love, but for their ends.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

A Space before the Temple of Apollo.

Enter ARRUNTIUS *and* LEPIDUS, *divers Senators passing by them.*

Arr. Ay, go, make haste; take heed you be not last
To tender your [h] All Hail in the wide hall
Of huge Sejanus: run a lictor's pace:
Stay not to put your robes on; but away,
With the pale troubled ensigns of great friendship
Stamp'd in your face[2]! Now, Marcus Lepidus,
You still believe your former augury!

[2] Much of this speech is copied from Juvenal:

——————————— *Vocantur*
Ergo in concilium proceres, quos oderat ille,
In quorum facie miseræ magnæque sedebat
Pallor amicitiæ. Sat. iv. v. 73. WHAL.

[g] *Dio. Rom. Hist.* Lib. lviii. p. 718.
[h] *Ave, matutina vox salutanti propria, apud Romanos, vid. Briss. de form.* Lib. viii.

Sejanus must go downward! You perceive
His wane approaching fast!
Lep. Believe me, Lucius,
I wonder at this rising.
Arr. Ay, and that we
Must give our suffrage to it. You will say,
It is to make his fall more steep and grievous:
It may be so. But think it, they that can
With idle wishes 'say to bring back time:
In cases desperate, all hope is crime.
See, see! what troops of his officious friends
Flock to salute my lord, and start before
My great proud lord! to get a lord-like nod!
Attend my lord unto the senate-house!
Bring back my lord! like servile ushers, make
Way for my lord! proclaim his idol lordship,
More than ten criers, or six noise of trumpets!
Make legs, kiss hands, and take a scatter'd hair
From my lord's eminent shoulder! [*Sanquinius and Haterius pass over the stage.*] See, [i] Sanquinius
With his slow belly, and his dropsy! look,
What toiling haste he makes! yet here's another
Retarded with the gout, will be afore him.
Get thee [k] Liburnian porters, thou gross fool,
To bear thy obsequious fatness, like thy peers.
They are met! the gout returns, and his great carriage.

[*Lictors, Regulus, Trio, Sejanus, Satrius, and many other Senators pass over the stage.*

Lict. Give way, make place, room for the consul!
San. Hail,
Hail, great Sejanus!

[i] *De Sanquinio vid. Tacit. Ann.* Lib. vi. *et de Haterio, ibid.*

[k] *Ex Liburnia, magnæ et proceræ staturæ mittebantur, qui erant Rom. Lecticarii; test. Juv. Sat.* iii. v. 240.

"——————— *Turba cedente vehetur*
Dives, et ingenti curret super ora Liburno.

Hat. Hail, my honour'd lord!
Arr. We shall be mark'd anon, for our not Hail.
Lep. That is already done.
Arr. It is a note[3]
Of upstart greatness, to observe and watch
For these poor trifles, which the noble mind
Neglects and scorns.
Lep. Ay, and they think themselves
Deeply dishonour'd where they are omitted,
As if they were [l]necessities that help'd
To the perfection of their dignities;
And hate the men that but refrain them.
Arr. O!
There is a farther cause of hate. Their breasts
Are guilty, that we know their obscure springs,
And base beginnings; thence the anger grows.
On. Follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Another Part of the same.

Enter MACRO *and* LACO.

Mac. When all are enter'd, [m]shut the temple doors;
And bring your guards up to the gate.
Lac. I will.
Mac. If you shall hear commotion in the senate,
Present yourself: and charge on any man
Shall offer to come forth.
Lac. I am instructed. [*Exeunt.*

[3] *It is a note, &c.*] This excellent maxim is expressed with great force and beauty. It proves Jonson to be a keen observer of men and manners.

[l] *Dio. Rom. Hist.* Lib. lviii. [m] *Dio. ibid.* p. 718.

SCENE X.

The Temple of Apollo.

Enter HATERIUS, TRIO, SANQUINIUS, COTTA, REGULUS, SEJANUS, POMPONIUS, LATIARIS, LEPIDUS, ARRUNTIUS, *and divers other* Senators; Præcones *and* Lictores.

Hat. How well his lordship looks to-day!
Tri. As if
He had been born, or made for this hour's state.
Cot. Your fellow consul's come about, methinks?
Tri. Ay, he is wise.
San. Sejanus trusts him well.
Tri. Sejanus is a noble, [n] bounteous lord.
Hat. He is so, and most valiant.
Lat. And most wise.
1 *Sen.* He's every thing.
Lat. Worthy of all, and more
Than bounty can bestow.
Tri. This dignity
Will make him worthy.
Pom. Above Cæsar.
San. Tut,
Cæsar is but the [o] rector of an isle,
He of the empire.
Tri. Now he will have power
More to reward than ever.
Cot. Let us look
We be not [p] slack in giving him our voices.
Lat. Not I.
San. Nor I.

[n] *Vid. acclamation. Senat. Dio. Rom. Hist* Lib. lviii. p. 719.
[o] *Dio.* p. 715. [p] *Dio.* p. 719.

Cot. The readier we seem
To propagate his honours, will more bind
His thoughts to ours.
Hat. I think right with your lordship;
It is the way to have us hold our places.
San. Ay, and get more.
Lat. More office and more titles.
Pom. I will not lose the part I hope to share
In these his fortunes, for my patrimony.
Lat. See, how Arruntius sits, and Lepidus!
Tri. Let them alone, they will be mark'd anon.
1 *Sen.* I'll do with others.
2 *Sen.* So will I.
3 *Sen.* And I.
Men grow not in the state, but as they are planted
Warm in his favours.
Cot. Noble Sejanus!
Hat. Honour'd Sejanus!
Lat. Worthy and great Sejanus!
Arr. Gods! how the sponges open and take in,
And shut again! look, look! is not he blest
That gets a seat in eye-reach of him? more,
That comes in ear, or tongue-reach? O but most,
Can claw his subtle elbow, or with a buz
Fly-blow his ears?
Præt. Proclaim the senate's peace,
And give last summons by the edict.
Præ. Silence!
In name of Cæsar, and the senate, silence!
Memmius Regulus, and Fulcinius Trio,[q] *consuls, these present kalends of June, with the first light, shall hold a senate, in the temple of Apollo* [r]*Palatine: all that are fathers, and are registered fathers, that have right of entering the senate, we warn or command you be frequently present, take knowledge*

[q] *Vid. Brissonium de formul.* Lib. ii. *et Lipsium Sat. Menip.*
[r] *Palatinus, a monte Palatino dictus.*

the business is the commonwealth's: whosoever is absent, his fine or mulct will be taken, his excuse will not be taken.

Tri. Note who are absent, and record their names.

Reg. Fathers conscript,[s] may what I am to utter
Turn good and happy for the commonwealth!
And thou, Apollo, in whose holy house
We here are met, inspire us all with truth,
And liberty of censure to our thought!
The majesty of great Tiberius Cæsar
Propounds to this grave senate, the bestowing
Upon the man he loves, honour'd Sejanus,
The [t]tribunitial dignity and power:
Here are his letters, signed with his signet.
What [u]pleaseth now the fathers to be done?

Sen. Read, read them, open, publicly read them.

Cot. Cæsar hath honour'd his own greatness much
In thinking of this act.

Tri. It was a thought
Happy, and worthy Cæsar.

Lat. And the lord
As worthy it, on whom it is directed!

Hat. Most worthy!

San. Rome did never boast the virtue
That could give envy bounds, but his: Sejanus—

1 *Sen.* Honour'd and noble!

2 *Sen.* Good and great Sejanus!

Arr. O, most tame slavery, and fierce flattery!

Præ. Silence!

TIBERIUS CÆSAR *to the Senate greeting.*

If you, [x]conscript fathers, with your children, be in health, it is abundantly well: we with our friends

[s] *Solemnis præfatio consulum in relationibus. Dio.* p. 718.
[t] *Vid. Suet. Tib.* cap. 65.
[u] *Alia formula solemnis, vid. Briss.* Lib. ii. *et Dio.* p. 719.

here are so. The care of the commonwealth, howsoever we are removed in person, cannot be absent to our thought; although, oftentimes, even to princes most present, the truth of their own affairs is hid; than which, nothing falls out more miserable to a state, or makes the art of governing more difficult. But since it hath been our easeful happiness to enjoy both the aids and industry of so vigilant a senate, we profess to have been the more indulgent to our pleasures, not as being careless of our office, but rather secure of the necessity. Neither do these common rumours of many, and infamous libels published against our retirement, at all afflict us; being born more out of men's ignorance than their malice: and will, neglected, find their own grave quickly; whereas, too sensibly acknowledged, it would make their obloquy ours. Nor do we desire their authors, though found, be censured, since in a [7] *free state, as ours, all men ought to enjoy both their minds and tongues free.*

Arr. The lapwing, the lapwing![4]

[4] *The lapwing, the lapwing!*] See Vol. II. p. 492. The lapwing is said to cry out at a distance from her nest, in order to draw the searchers away from her young. This is what Shakspeare calls, "crying, *tongue far from heart;*" as Tiberius does here: and, indeed, our old writers are full of allusions to the same practice. Thus, in the *Plowman's Tale,*

"And *lapwinges*, that wel conith lie."

Again: "You resemble the *lapwing*, who crieth *most* where her nest is not." *Linguâ*, A. II. Sc. 2.
And in the *Old Law,*

"He has the *lapwing*'s cunning, I'm afraid,
"That cries most, when she's *farthest* from the nest."

[6] *Solenne exordium epistolar. apud Romanos. cons. Briss. de formul.* Lib. viii.

[7] *Firmus et patiens subinde jactabat, in civitate libera, linguam mentemque liberas esse debere.* Suet. Tib. c. 28.

Yet in things which shall worthily and more near concern the majesty of a prince, we shall fear to be so unnaturally cruel to our own fame, as to neglect them. True it is, conscript fathers, that we have raised Sejanus from obscure, and almost unknown gentry,

Sen. How, how!

to the highest and most conspicuous point of greatness, and, we hope, deservingly; yet not without danger: it being a most bold hazard in that sovereign, who, by his particular love to one, dares adventure the hatred of all his other subjects.

Arr. This touches; the blood turns.

But we affy in your loves and understandings, and do no way suspect the merit of our Sejanus, to make our favours offensive to any.

Sen. O! good, good.

Though we could have wished his zeal had run a calmer course against Agrippina and our nephews, howsoever the openness of their actions declared them delinquents; and, that he would have remembered, no innocence is so safe, but it rejoiceth to stand in the sight of mercy: the use of which in us, he hath so quite taken away, toward them, by his loyal fury, as now our clemency would be thought but wearied cruelty,[1] *if we should offer to exercise it.*

Arr. I thank him; there I look'd for't. A good fox!

Some there be that[2] *would interpret this his public severity to be particular ambition; and that, under a pretext of service to us, he doth but remove his*

[1] *Our clemency would be thought but wearied cruelty,*] *Ego vero clementiam non voco lassam crudelitatem.* Senec. de Clemen. Lib. i. c. 11. WHAL.

[2] *De hac epist. vid. Dio. Rom. Hist.* Lib. lviii. p. 719, *et Juv. Sat.* x.

own lets: alleging the strengths he hath made to himself, by the prætorian soldiers, by his faction in court and senate, by the offices he holds himself, and confers on others, his popularity and dependents, his urging and almost driving us to this our unwilling retirement, and, lastly, his aspiring to be our son-in-law.

Sen. This is strange!

Arr. I shall anon believe your vultures, Marcus.[6] *Your wisdoms, conscript fathers, are able to examine, and censure these suggestions. But, were they left to our absolving voice, we durst pronounce them, as we think them, most malicious.*

Sen. O, he has restored all; list!

Yet are they offered to be averred, and on the lives of the informers. What we should say, or rather what we should not say, lords of the senate, if this be true, our gods and goddesses confound us if we know![7] *Only we must think, we have placed our*

[6] *I shall anon believe your vultures, Marcus;*] i. e. your augury, what you conjectured. Lepidus, in a former scene, had foretold the downfal of Sejanus.

[7] *What we should say, or rather what we should not say, lords of the senate, if this be true, our gods and goddesses confound us if we know!*] Juvenal styles the letter which Tiberius sent to the senate, *verbosa et grandis epistola*; and this before us is agreeable to that character. So far the judgment of Jonson is evident enough: but it seems to have failed him, when he inserted the words above as a part of this epistle. They are to be found, indeed, both in Tacitus and Suetonius; and are very remarkable in themselves: but they are reported, which makes them still more remarkable, to have been the beginning of a letter he once wrote to the senate; and, in that connection, they are a much stronger evidence of uneasiness and perturbation of spirit in the emperor, arising from the consciousness of guilt. The poet indeed hath added something, and given a different turn to the words, that he might introduce them in this epistle with the greater propriety: *Insigne visum est earum Cæsaris literarum initium: nam his verbis exorsus est: Quid scribam vobis, P. C. aut quomodo scribam, aut quid omnino non scribam*

benefits ill; and conclude, that in our choice, either we were wanting to the gods, or the gods to us.

[The senators shift their places.

Arr. The place grows hot; they shift.

We have not been covetous, honourable fathers, to change; neither is it now any new lust that alters our affection, or old lothing; but those needful jealousies of state, that warn wiser princes hourly to provide their safety;[8] *and do teach them how learned a thing it is to beware of the humblest enemy; much more of those great ones, whom their own employed favours have made fit for their fears.*

1 *Sen.* Away.

2 *Sen.* Sit farther.

Cot. Let's remove——

Arr. Gods! how the leaves drop off, this little wind!

We therefore desire, that the offices he holds be first seized by the senate; and himself suspended from all exercise of place or power——

hoc tempore, dii me deæque pejus perdant quàm perire quotidie sentio, si scio. Tacit. Ann. Lib. vi. c. 6. WHAL.

It is with regret that I so often find myself obliged to differ from Whalley. I cannot possibly think that Jonson's judgment failed him in this instance: the words which he has adopted are extremely proper for the occasion, and might be fitly used by a Roman in any question of extraordinary doubt and difficulty. How could it escape the critic, that the only passage which gave peculiarity to the quotation from the historian (for the rest is common enough) is, Dii me deæque *pejus perdant quam perire quotidie sentio*, which strongly marks the intolerable anguish of a guilty mind, and which Jonson has wholly omitted? In a word, he has shewn uncommon skill in the composition of this letter, and entered with matchless dexterity into the cloudy and sanguinary character of Tiberius.

[8] *To* provide *their safety;*] i. e. to look to, by anticipation. A latinism, like a hundred other expressions in this play. Whalley probably overlooked this sense of the word, for he inserted *for* after it; but Jonson has it again in the dedication to *Volpone*:—"who *providing*" (foreseeing) "the hurts these licentious spirits may do in a state," &c.

Sen. How!
San. [*Thrusting by.*] By your leave.
Arr. Come, porpoise;[9] where's Haterius?
His gout keeps him most miserably constant;
Your dancing shews a tempest.
Sej. Read no more.
Reg. Lords of the senate, hold your seats: read on.
Sej. These letters they are forged.
Reg. A guard! sit still.

Enter LACO, *with the guards.*

Arr. Here's change!
Reg. Bid silence, and read forward.
Præ. Silence!——*and himself suspended from all exercise of place or power, but till due and mature trial be made of his innocency, which yet we can faintly apprehend the necessity to doubt. If, conscript fathers, to your more searching wisdoms, there shall appear farther cause——or of farther proceeding, either to seizure of lands, goods, or more——it is not our power that shall limit your authority, or our favour that must corrupt your justice: either were dishonourable in you, and both uncharitable to ourself. We would* [a] *willingly be present with your counsels in this business; but the danger of so potent a faction, if it should prove so,*

[9] *Come, porpoise,* &c.] Sanquinius has been already described as fat and clumsy; but the allusion is to a circumstance often mentioned by the navigators of Jonson's days, that the gambols of porpoises always portended foul weather. Thus Webster: "He lifts his nose like a *porpus before a storm.*" *Dutchess of Malfy.* The awkward motion of this unwieldy sycophant, in hastening from the side of Sejanus, is well illustrated by the example.

[a] *Dio. Rom. Hist.* Lib. lviii. p. 719, *et Suet. Tib.*

forbids our attempting it: except one of the consuls would be entreated for our safety, to undertake the guard of us home; then we should most readily adventure. In the mean time, it shall not be fit for us to importune so judicious a senate, who know how much they hurt the innocent, that spare the guilty; and how grateful a sacrifice to the gods, is the life of an ingrateful person. We reflect not, in this, on Sejanus, (notwithstanding, if you keep an eye upon him——and there is Latiaris, a senator, and Pinnarius Natta, two of his most trusted ministers, and so professed, whom we desire not to have apprehended,) but as the necessity of the cause exacts it.

Reg. A guard on Latiaris!

Arr. O, the spy,
The reverend spy is caught! who pities him?
Reward, sir, for your service: now, you have done
Your property, you see what use is made!
[*Exeunt Latiaris and Natta, guarded.*
Hang up the instrument.

Sej. Give leave.

Lac. Stand, stand!
He comes upon his death, that doth advance
An inch toward my point.

Sej. Have we no friends here?

Arr. Hush'd!
Where now are all the hails and acclamations?

Enter MACRO.

Mac. Hail to the consuls, and this noble senate!

Sej. Is Macro here? O, thou art lost, Sejanus! [*Aside.*

Mac. Sit still, and unaffrighted, reverend fathers;
Macro, by Cæsar's grace, the new-made provost,

And now possest of the prætorian bands,
An honour late belong'd to that proud man,
Bids you be safe: and to your constant doom
Of his deservings, offers you the surety
Of all the soldiers, tribunes, and centurions,
Received in our command.
Reg. Sejanus, Sejanus,
Stand forth, Sejanus!
Sej. Am I call'd!
Mac. Ay, thou,
Thou insolent monster, art bid stand.
Sej. Why, Macro,
It hath been otherwise between you and I;
This court, that knows us both, hath seen a difference,
And can, if it be pleased to speak, confirm
Whose insolence is most.
Mac. Come down, Typhœus.
If mine be most, lo! thus I make it more;
Kick up thy heels in air, tear off thy robe,
Play with thy beard and nostrils. Thus 'tis fit
(And no man take compassion of thy state)
To use th' ingrateful viper, tread his brains
Into the earth.
Reg. Forbear.
Mac. If I could lose
All my humanity now, 'twere well to torture
So meriting a traitor.—Wherefore, fathers,
Sit you amazed and silent; and not censure
This wretch, who, in the hour he first rebell'd
'Gainst Cæsar's bounty, did condemn himself?
Phlegra, the field where all the sons of earth
Muster'd against the gods, did ne'er acknowledge
So proud and huge a monster.
Reg. Take him hence;
And all the gods guard Cæsar!
Tri. Take him hence.
Hat. Hence.

Cot. To the dungeon with him.
San. He deserves it.
Sen. Crown all our [b] doors with bays.
Sat. And let an ox,
With gilded horns and garlands, straight be led
Unto the Capitol.
Hat. And sacrificed
To Jove, for Cæsar's safety.
Tri. All our gods
Be present still to Cæsar!
Cot. Phœbus.
San. Mars.
Hat. Diana.
San. Pallas.
Sen. Juno, Mercury,
All guard him!
Mac. Forth, thou prodigy of men.
[*Exit Sejanus, guarded.*
Cot. Let all the traitor's titles be defaced.
Tri. His images and statues be pull'd down.
Hat. His chariot-wheels be broken.
Arr. And the legs
Of the poor horses, that deserved nought,
Let them be broken too![a]

[*Exeunt Lictors, Præcones, Macro, Regulus, Trio, Haterius, and Sanquinius: manent Lepidus, Arruntius, and a few Senators.*

[a] ——— *The legs*
Of the poor horses, that deserved nought,
Let them be broken too!]
Ipsas deinde rotas bigarum impacta securis
Cædit, et immeritis franguntur crura caballis.
Juv. Sat. x. v. 59.

And the subsequent description of the insults and indignities, which were offered to whatever had the least relation to Sejanus, is taken from the same satirist. Whal.

This, indeed, Jonson himself has already told us more than once. It may, however, be observed, that what he gives to the

[b] *Leg. Juv. Sat.* x.

Lep. O violent change,
And whirl of men's affections!
Arr. Like, as both
Their bulks and souls were bound on Fortune's wheel,
And must act only with her motion.
Lep. Who would depend upon the popular air,
Or voice of men, that have to-day beheld
That which, if all the gods had fore-declared,
Would not have been believed, Sejanus' fall?
He, that this morn rose proudly, as the sun,
And, breaking through a mist of clients breath,
Came on, as gazed at and admired as he,
When superstitious Moors salute his light!
That had our servile nobles waiting him
As common grooms; and hanging on his look,
No less than human life on destiny!
That had men's knees as frequent as the gods;
And sacrifices[c] more than Rome had altars:
And this man fall! fall? ay, without a look
That durst appear his friend, or lend so much
Of vain relief, to his changed state, as pity!
Arr. They that before, like gnats, play'd in his beams,
And throng'd to circumscribe him, now not seen,
Nor deign to hold a common seat with him!
Others, that waited him unto the senate,
Now inhumanely ravish him to prison,
Whom, but this morn, they follow'd as their lord!
Guard through the streets, bound like a fugitive,
Instead of wreaths give fetters, strokes for stoops,
Blind shames for honours, and black taunts for titles!
Who would trust slippery chance?

senate, Juvenal, with more propriety, puts into the mouth of the rabble.

[c] *Dio. Rom. Hist.* Lib. lviii. p. 719, &c.

Lep. They that would make
Themselves her spoil; and foolishly forget,
When she doth flatter, that she comes to prey.
Fortune, thou hadst no deity, if men
Had wisdom: we have placed thee so high,
By fond belief in thy felicity.
[*Shout within.*] The gods guard Cæsar! All the gods guard Cæsar!

Re-enter MACRO, REGULUS, *and divers* Senators.

Mac. Now, [d] great Sejanus, you that awed the state,
And sought to bring the nobles to your whip;
That would be Cæsar's tutor, and dispose
Of dignities and offices! that had
The public head still bare to your designs,
And made the general voice to echo yours!
That look'd for salutations twelve score off,[2]
And would have pyramids, yea temples, rear'd
To your huge greatness; now you lie as flat,
As was your pride advanced!
Reg. Thanks to the gods!
Sen. And praise to Macro, that hath saved Rome!
Liberty, liberty, liberty! Lead on,
And praise to Macro, that hath saved Rome!
[*Exeunt all but Arruntius and Lepidus.*[3]

[2] *That look'd for salutations* twelve score *off.*] Who expected to be saluted at the distance of twelve score yards: it was common in that age to omit the substantive. So Shakspeare,

"I know his death will be a march of *twelve score.*"

WHAL.

[3] Here, perhaps, this tragedy originally ended; and here, indeed, is its proper close. What follows is merely tedious, and has more the appearance of a closet exercise, than a dramatic exhibition. All that has passed since the exit of Sejanus, is of uncommon spirit and beauty.

[d] *Vid. Dio. Rom. Hist.* Lib. lviii. p. 720, &c.

Arr. I prophesy, out of the senate's flattery,
That this new fellow, Macro, will become
A greater prodigy in Rome, than he
That now is fallen.

Enter TERENTIUS.

Ter. O you, whose minds are good,
And have not forced all mankind from your breasts;
That yet have so much stock of virtue left,
To pity guilty states, when they are wretched:
Lend your soft ears to hear, and eyes to weep,
Deeds done by men, beyond the acts of furies.
The eager multitude (who never yet
Knew why to love or hate, but only pleased
T' express their rage of power) no sooner heard
The murmur of Sejanus in decline,
But with that speed and heat of appetite,
With which they greedily devour the way
To some great sports, or a new theatre,
They fill'd the Capitol, and Pompey's Cirque
Where, like so many mastiffs, biting stones,
As if his statues now were sensitive
Of their wild fury; first, [e] they tear them down;
Then fastening ropes, drag them along the streets,
Crying in scorn, This, this was that rich head
Was crown'd with garlands, and with odours, this
That was in Rome so reverenced! Now
The furnace and the bellows shall to work,
The great Sejanus crack, and piece by piece
Drop in the founder's pit.

Lep. O popular rage!

Ter. The whilst the senate at [f] the temple of Concord
Make haste to meet again, and thronging cry,

[e] *Vid. Juv. Sat.* x. [f] *Dio. Rom. Hist.* Lib. lviii. p. 720.

Let us condemn him, tread him down in water,
While he doth lie upon the bank; away!
While some more tardy, cry unto their bearers,
He will be censured ere we come; run, knaves,
And use that furious diligence, for fear
Their bondmen should inform against their slackness,
And bring their quaking flesh unto the hook:
The rout they follow with confused voice,
Crying, they're glad, say, they could ne'er abide him;
Enquire what man he was,[4] what kind of face,
What beard he had, what nose, what lips? Protest
They ever did presage he'd come to this;
They never thought him wise, nor valiant; ask,
After his garments, when he dies, what death;
And not a beast of all the herd demands,
What was his crime, or who were his accusers,
Under what proof or testimony he fell?
There came, says one, a huge long-worded letter
From Capreæ against him. Did there so?
O, they are satisfied; no more.

Lep. Alas!
They follow [5]Fortune, and hate men condemn'd,
Guilty or not.

Arr. But had Sejanus thrived
In his design, and prosperously opprest

[4] *Enquire what man he was*, &c.] Jonson has repeatedly told us that all this is from Juvenal—but he translates him very strangely in this place:

——————— *Quæ labra! Quis illi*
Vultus erat! ———————

is the language of contempt, not of curiosity. The "rout" were jeering at his mangled and distorted features. Verbal translations, unless taste and judgment be ever on the watch, will lead even the learned into absurdities.

[5] *Juv. Sat.* x.

The old Tiberius; then, in that same minute,
These very rascals, that now rage like furies,
Would have proclaim'd Sejanus emperor.
Lep. But what hath follow'd?
Ter. Sentence[h] by the senate,
To lose his head; which was no sooner off,
But that and the unfortunate trunk were seized
By the rude multitude; who not content
With what the forward justice of the state
Officiously had done, with violent rage
Have rent it limb from limb. A thousand heads,
A thousand hands, ten thousand tongues and voices,
Employ'd at once in several acts of malice!
Old men not staid with age, virgins with shame,
Late wives with loss of husbands, mothers of children,
Losing all grief in joy of his sad fall,
Run quite transported with their cruelty!
These mounting at his head, these at his face,
These digging out his eyes, those with his brains,
Sprinkling themselves, their houses and their friends;
Others are met, have ravish'd thence an arm,
And deal small pieces of the flesh for favours;
These with a thigh, this hath cut off his hands,
And this his feet; these fingers, and these toes;
That hath his liver, he his heart; there wants
Nothing but room for wrath, and place for hatred!
What cannot oft be done, is now o'erdone.
The whole, and all of what was great Sejanus,
And, next to Cæsar, did possess the world,
Now torn and scatter'd, as he needs no grave;
Each little dust covers a little part:
So lies he no where, and yet often buried!

[h] *Dio. Rom. Hist.* Lib. lviii. p. 720. *Senec. lib. de Tranq. Anim.* c. 11. *Quo die illum senatus deduxerat, populus in frusta divisit,* &c.

Enter Nuntius.

Arr. More of Sejanus?
Nun. Yes.
Lep. What can be added?
We know him dead.
Nun. Then there begin your pity.
There is enough behind to melt ev'n Rome,
And Cæsar into tears; since never slave
Could yet so highly offend, but tyranny,
In torturing him, would make him worth lamenting.—
A son and daughter to the dead Sejanus,
(Of whom[i] there is not now so much remaining
As would give fast'ning to the hangman's hook,)
Have they drawn forth for farther sacrifice;
Whose tenderness of knowledge, unripe years,
And childish silly innocence was such,
As scarce would lend them feeling of their danger;
The[k] girl so simple, as she often ask'd
"Where they would lead her? for what cause they dragg'd her?"
Cried, "She would do no more:" that she could take
"Warning with beating." And because our laws
Admit no virgin[l] immature to die,
The wittily and strangely cruel Macro,
Deliver'd her to be deflower'd and spoil'd,
By the rude lust of the licentious hangman,
Then to be strangled with her harmless brother.

[i] *Vid. Senec. lib. de Tranq. Ani.* c. xi.
[k] *Tac. Ann.* Lib. v. p. 99. *Et Dio.* Lib. lviii. p. 720.
[l] *Lex non tam virginitati ignotum cautumque voluit quam ætati. Cons. Lips. comment. Tac.*

Lep. O, act most worthy hell, and lasting night,
To hide it from the world!
Nun. Their bodies thrown
Into the Gemonies, (I know not how,
Or by what accident return'd,) the mother,
The expulsed [m] Apicata, finds them there;
Whom when she saw lie spread on the [n] degrees,
After a world of fury on herself,
Tearing her hair, defacing of her face,
Beating her breasts and womb, kneeling amaz'd,
Crying to heaven, then to them; at last,
Her drowned voice gat up above her woes,
And with such black and bitter execrations,
As might affright the gods, and force the sun
Run backward to the east; nay, make the old
Deformed chaos rise again, to o'erwhelm
Them, us, and all the world, she fills the air,
Upbraids the heavens with their partial dooms,
Defies their tyrannous powers,[o] and demands,
What she, and those poor innocents have transgress'd,
That they must suffer such a share in vengeance,
Whilst Livia, Lygdus, and Eudemus live,
Who, as she says, and firmly vows to prove it
To Cæsar and the senate, poison'd Drusus?
Lep. Confederates with her husband!
Nun. Ay.
Lep. Strange act!
Arr. And strangely open'd: what says now my monster,
The multitude? they reel now, do they not?
Nun. Their gall is gone, and now they 'gin to weep
The mischief they have done.

[m] *Dio.* Lib. lviii. c. 720.
[n] *Scalæ Gemoniæ in quas erant projecta damnator. corpora.*
[o] *Dio.* Lib. lviii. p. 720.

Arr. I thank 'em, rogues.
Nun. Part are so stupid, or so flexible,
As they believe him innocent; all grieve:
And some, whose hands yet reek with his warm blood,
And gripe the part which they did tear of him,
Wish him collected and created new.
Lep. How Fortune plies her sports, when she begins
To practise them! pursues, continues, adds,
Confounds with varying her impassion'd moods!
Arr. Dost thou hope, Fortune, to redeem thy crimes,
To make amend for thy ill placed favours,
With these strange punishments? Forbear, you things
That stand upon the pinnacles of state,
To boast your slippery height; when you do fall,
You pash yourselves in pieces, ne'er to rise;
And he that lends you pity, is not wise.
Ter. Let this example move the insolent man,
Not to grow proud and careless of the gods.
It is an odious wisdom to blaspheme,
Much more to slighten,[3] or deny their powers:
For, whom the morning saw so great and high,
Thus low and little, 'fore the even doth lie.

[*Exeunt.*

[3] *Much more to* slighten, &c.] This form of the word is used by Ford, and others of Jonson's contemporaries:

"Debates already 'twixt his wife and him
Thicken and run to head; she, as 'tis said,
Slightens his love, and he abandons her's."

'Tis Pity She's a Whore.

Propriety of sentiment, and decorum of character, are what we are principally to look for in the plays of Jonson; especially in those, where the characters are known from history, and he is necessarily obliged to draw them like. Agreeably to this, the

moral of the play hath an exact conformity to the action of the chief person in the drama. Sejanus is represented without any principle of conscience, ambitious, and a contemner of all religion, with the power and providence of the gods. His fall, therefore, considered as a punishment for his neglect of the gods, must naturally insinuate, that obedience to them is the only foundation of happiness; and that lawless and irregular ambition is constantly attended with destruction. This moral is inculcated in these last lines. WHAL.

'This tragedy is much too lightly estimated. It wants, indeed, passion and interest for the general reader: but the scholar will find in it more to admire than blame. All the *dramatis personæ*, from the high spirited and untractable Agrippina, to the most supple follower of the favourite, are marked with truth and vigour: but it is in the characters of Tiberius and Sejanus that the poet hath put forth his strength. The profound art and deep dissimulation of the former, as contrasted with the versatile and shallow cunning of the latter, are pourtrayed with a most skilful and discriminating hand: so fully and happily indeed has Jonson entered into the character of this subtle and sanguinary tyrant, that his drama might have been more appositely termed the triumph of Tiberius than the *Fall of Sejanus*.

The voluntary death of Silius in the senate-house, after a defence worthy of the best times of the republic, is an incident at once affecting and dramatical: nor is the justification of Cremutius Cordus, in the same scene, to be passed without praise. The last act is particularly striking, both from the lively and picturesque representation of the sacrifice to Fortune, and the artful developement of the plot against Sejanus. Had it concluded, as it ought, with the death of this personage, it might have been securely paralleled for spirit and effect with the catastrophe of many of our most celebrated pieces.

Jonson has beautifully pointed out the moral of this drama in the concluding lines: it is but justice to him to add, that no play of his own or later times, abounds so much in moral and political maxims of high import as SEJANUS; and though some, perhaps, may incline to doubt his "height of elocution," yet all will acknowledge, that "in fulness and frequency of sentence, he has discharged the offices of a tragic writer."

VOLPONE;

OR,

THE FOX.

VOLPONE, *&c.*] This celebrated Comedy was first brought out at the Globe Theatre in 1605, and printed in quarto, 1607, after having been acted with great applause at both Universities. Jonson republished it in 1616, without alterations or additions, and with the former appropriate motto, from Horace,

Simul et jucunda, et idonea dicere vitæ.

The actors were the same as in *Sejanus*, with the exception, perhaps, of Shakspeare, whose name does not appear in the list. Lowin played Volpone, which was one of his favourite characters; and Cooke, who is supposed to have performed Livia in the preceding drama, probably took the part of Lady Would-be.

The Fox continued on the stage till the final dispersion of the players, and was one of the first pieces revived at the Restoration; when, as old Downes says, "it proved very satisfactory to the town." Langbaine tells us that it was "in vogue" in his time; as, indeed, it was for a century afterwards.

Its last appearance, I believe, was at the Haymarket, some time before the death of the elder Colman, who made some trifling alterations in the disposition of the scenes. That it was not successful cannot be wondered at; the age of dramatic imbecility was rapidly advancing upon us, and the stage already looked to jointed-dolls, water-spaniels, and peacocks-tails, for its main credit and support.

TO THE

MOST NOBLE AND MOST EQUAL SISTERS,

THE TWO FAMOUS UNIVERSITIES,

FOR THEIR

LOVE AND ACCEPTANCE SHEWN TO HIS POEM

IN THE PRESENTATION;

BEN JONSON,

THE GRATETUL ACKNOWLEDGER,

DEDICATES BOTH IT AND HIMSELF.

NEVER, most equal Sisters, had any man a wit so presently excellent, as that it could raise itself; but there must come both matter, occasion, commenders, and favourers to it. If this be true, and that the fortune of all writers doth daily prove it, it behoves the careful to provide well towards these accidents; and, having acquired them, to preserve that part of reputation most tenderly, wherein the benefit of a friend is also defended. Hence is it, that I now render myself grateful, and am studious to justify the bounty of your act; to which, though your mere authority were satisfying, yet it being an age wherein poetry and the professors of it hear so ill[1] *on all sides, there will a reason be looked for in the subject. It is certain, nor can it with any forehead be opposed, that the too much license of poetasters in this time, hath much deformed their mistress; that, every day, their manifold and manifest ignorance doth stick unnatural reproaches upon her: but for their petulancy, it were an act of the greatest injustice, either to let the learned suffer, or so divine a skill (which indeed should not be attempted with unclean hands)*

[1] *Hear so ill,*] A mere latinism *(tam male audiunt)* for—are so ill spoken of. It is used by Spenser,

"If old Aveugle's son *so evil hear*;"

and, again, by Jonson, in *Catiline*,

"And glad me doing well, though *I hear ill.*"

to fall under the least contempt. For, if men will impartially, and not asquint, look toward the offices and function of a poet, they will easily conclude to themselves the impossibility of any man's being the good poet, without first being a good man. [2] *He that is said to be able to inform young men to all good disciplines, inflame grown men to all great virtues, keep old men in their best and supreme state, or, as they decline to childhood, recover them to their first strength; that comes forth the interpreter and arbiter of nature, a teacher of things divine no less than human, a master in manners; and can alone, or with a few, effect the business of mankind: this, I take him, is no subject for pride and ignorance to exercise their railing rhetoric upon. But it will here be hastily answered, that the writers of these days are other things; that not only their manners, but their natures, are inverted, and nothing remaining with them of the dignity of poet, but the abused name, which every scribe usurps; that now, especially in dramatic, or, as they term it, stage-poetry, nothing but ribaldry, profanation, blasphemy, all license of offence to God and man is practised. I dare not deny a great part of this, and am sorry I dare not, because in some men's abortive features (and would they had never boasted the light) it is over true: but that all are embarked in this bold adventure for hell, is a most uncharitable thought, and, uttered, a more malicious slander. For my particular, I can, and from a most clear conscience, affirm, that I have ever trembled to think toward the least profaneness; have loathed the use of such foul and unwashed*

[2] *He that is said to be able to inform young men*, &c.] In this description of the offices and function of a good poet, our author, as Whalley observes, "seems to have had his eye on different passages in Horace." Here he alludes to the Epistle to Augustus:

"*Recte facta refert, orientia tempora notis,*
"*Instruit exemplis, inopem solatur et ægrum,*" &c.

A little below, to the Art of Poetry, v. 396:

——————*fuit hæc sapientia quondam*
Publica privatis secernere, sacra profanis, &c.

The sentence immediately preceding this, is taken almost literally from Strabo: Ἡ δὲ ποιητικὴ συνέζευκται τῇ τοῦ ἀνδρὸς· καὶ οὐχ οἷόν τε ἀγαθὸν γενέσθαι ποιητὴν, μὴ πρότερον γεγηθέντα ἀνδρα ἀγαθὸν. Lib. i. p. 33.

bawdry, as is now made the food of the scene: and, howsoever I cannot escape from some, the imputation of sharpness, but that they will say, I have taken a pride, or lust, to be bitter, and not my youngest infant but hath come into the world with all his teeth; I would ask of these supercilious politics, what nation, society, or general order or state, I have provoked? What public person? Whether I have not in all these preserved their dignity, as mine own person, safe? My works are read, allowed, (I speak of those that are intirely mine,[3]) look into them, what broad reproofs have I used? where have I been particular? where personal? except to a mimic, cheater, bawd, or buffoon, creatures, for their insolencies, worthy to be taxed? yet to which of these so pointingly, as he might not either ingenuously have confest, or wisely dissembled his disease? But it is not rumour can make men guilty, much less entitle me to other men's crimes. I know, that nothing can be so innocently writ or carried, but may be made obnoxious to construction; marry, whilst I bear mine innocence about me, I fear it not. Application is now grown a trade with many; and there are that profess to have a key for the decyphering of every thing: but let wise and noble persons take heed how they be too credulous, or give leave to these invading interpreters to be over-familiar with their fames, who cunningly, and often, utter their own virulent malice, under other men's simplest meanings. As for those that will (by faults which charity hath raked up,[4] or common honesty concealed) make themselves a name with the multitude, or, to draw their rude and beastly claps, care not whose living faces they intrench with their petulant styles, may they do it without a rival, for me! I choose rather to

[3] *My works are read, allowed—(I speak of those that are intirely mine,)* This he says, because he had written in conjunction with Chettle, Decker, Chapman, and others. It appears from this judicious and learned composition, which in elegance and vigour stands yet unrivalled, that the objections subsequently urged against the stage by Prynne and Collier, were but the echoes of former complaints. It would not have been much amiss, if those who found themselves aggrieved by them had been content with referring to Jonson; for, to speak tenderly, they have, after all their exculpatory efforts, added little of moment to what is to be found in this and the preceding pages.

[4] *Which charity hath* raked up,] i. e. smothered, hidden; alluding to the practice of covering live embers, by *raking* ashes *over* them.

live graved in obscurity, than share with them in so preposterous a fame. Nor can I blame the wishes of those severe and wise patriots, who providing the hurts[4] *these licentious spirits may do in a state, desire rather to see fools and devils, and those antique relics of barbarism retrieved, with all other ridiculous and exploded follies, than behold the wounds of private men, of princes and nations: for, as Horace makes Trebatius speak among these,*

—— Sibi quisque timet, quanquam est intactus, et odit.

And men may justly impute such rages, if continued, to the writer, as his sports. The increase of which lust in liberty, together with the present trade of the stage, in all their miscelline interludes, what learned or liberal soul doth not already abhor? where nothing but the filth of the time is uttered, and with such impropriety of phrase, such plenty of solecisms, such dearth of sense, so bold prolepses, so racked metaphors, with brothelry, able to violate the ear of a pagan, and blasphemy, to turn the blood of a christian to water. I cannot but be serious in a cause of this nature, wherein my fame, and the reputation of divers honest and learned are the question; when a name so full of authority, antiquity, and all great mark, is, through their insolence, become the lowest scorn of the age; and those men subject to the petulancy of every vernaculous orator, that were wont to be the care of kings and happiest monarchs. This it is that hath not only rapt me to present indignation, but made me studious heretofore, and by all my actions, to stand off from them; which may most appear in this my latest work, which you, most learned Arbitresses, have seen, judged, and to my crown, approved; wherein I have laboured for their instruction and amendment, to reduce not only the ancient forms, but manners of the scene, the easiness, the propriety, the innocence, and last, the doctrine, which is the principal end of poesie, to inform men in the best reason of living. And though my catastrophe may, in the strict rigour of comic law, meet with censure, as turning back to my promise; I desire the learned and charitable critic, to have so much faith in me, to think it was done of industry: for, with what ease I could have varied it nearer his scale (but that I fear to boast my own

[4] *Who providing the hurts*] i. e. foreseeing the hurts. See p. 144.

faculty) I could here insert. But my special aim being to put the snaffle in their mouths, that cry out, We never punish vice in our interludes, &c. I took the more liberty; though not without some lines of example, drawn even in the ancients themselves, the goings out of whose comedies are not always joyful, but oft times the bawds, the servants, the rivals, yea, and the masters are mulcted; and fitly, it being the office of a comic poet to imitate justice, and instruct to life, as well as purity of language, or stir up gentle affections: to which I shall take the occasion elsewhere to speak.[5]

For the present, most reverenced Sisters, as I have cared to be thankful for your affections past, and here made the understanding acquainted with some ground of your favours; let me not despair their continuance, to the maturing of some worthier fruits: wherein, if my muses be true to me, I shall raise the despised head of poetry again, and stripping her out of those rotten and base rags wherewith the times have adulterated her form, restore her to her primitive habit, feature, and majesty, and render her worthy to be embraced and kist of all the great and master-spirits of our world. As for the vile and slothful, who never affected an act worthy of celebration, or are so inward with their own vicious natures, as they worthily fear her, and think it an high point of policy to keep her in contempt, with their declamatory and windy invectives; she shall out of just rage incite her servants (who are genus irritabile) *to spout ink in their faces, that shall eat farther than their marrow into their fames; and not Cinnamus the barber,*[6] *with his art, shall be able to take out the brands; but they shall live, and be read, till the wretches die, as things worst deserving of themselves in chief, and then of all mankind.*

From my House in the Black-Friars,
this 11*th day of February,* 1607.

[5] *to which I shall take the occasion elsewhere to speak.*] In the quarto Jonson was somewhat more particular—"to which, upon my next opportunity toward the examining and digesting of my NOTES, I shall speak more wealthily, and pay the world a debt." He alludes to the promise in his former play, of publishing a translation of the Art of Poetry. (p. 5.) The "notes" were written, and, as I have already observed, burnt in the fire which destroyed his library.

[6] *And not Cinnamus the barber, &c.*] We have had this thought before: see Vol. II. p. 546.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Volpone, *a Magnifico.*
Mosca, *his Parasite.*
Voltore, *an Advocate.*
Corbaccio, *an old Gentleman.*
Corvino, *a Merchant.*
Bonario, *son to Corbaccio.*
Sir Politick Would-be, *a Knight.*
Peregrine, *a Gentleman Traveller.*
Nano, *a Dwarf.*
Castrone, *an Eunuch.*
Androgyno, *an Hermaphrodite.*

GREGE *(or Mob.)*

Commandadori, Officers of justice.
Mercatori, three Merchants.
Avocatori, four Magistrates.
Notario, the Register.

Lady Would-be, *Sir Politick's Wife.*
Celia, *Corvino's Wife.*

Servitori, Servants, two Waiting-women, &c.

The *SCENE*, Venice.

VOLPONE, OR THE FOX.

THE ARGUMENT.[1]

V *olpone, childless, rich, feigns sick, despairs,*
O *ffers his state to hopes of several heirs,*
L *ies languishing: his parasite receives*
P *resents of all, assures, deludes; then weaves*
O *ther cross plots, which ope themselves, are told.*
N *ew tricks for safety are sought; they thrive: when bold,*
E *ach tempts the other again, and all are sold.*

PROLOGUE.

Now, luck yet send us, and a little wit
Will serve to make our play hit;
(According to the palates of the season)
Here is rhime, not empty of reason.
This we were bid to credit from our poet,
Whose true scope,[2] *if you would know it,*

[1] *The Argument.*] It is an acrostic; and seems to be written in imitation of those acrostical arguments, invented by Priscian or some later grammarians, and prefixed to the Comedies of Plautus. WHAL.

[2] *Whose true scope, &c.*] Jonson never forgets to put the audience in mind of the ethical purpose of his writings. He has adverted to this already in *Every Man out of his Humour*, and he returns to it again in the *Silent Woman*: the expression itself is from Horace:

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo.

In all his poems still hath been this measure,
To mix profit with your pleasure;
And not as some, whose throats their envy failing,
Cry hoarsely, All he writes is railing:[3]
And when his plays come forth,[4] *think they can flout them,*
With saying, he was a year about them.
To this there needs no lie, but this his creature,
Which was two months since no feature;
And though he dares give them five lives to mend it,
'Tis known, five weeks fully penn'd it,
From his own hand, without a co-adjutor,
Novice, journey-man, or tutor.
Yet thus much I can give you as a token
Of his play's worth, no eggs are broken,
Nor quaking custards with fierce teeth affrighted,[5]
Wherewith your rout are so delighted;

[3] *Cry hoarsely, All* he writes is railing, &c.] This alludes to the Apologetical dialogue, Vol. II. p. 547:

P. O, but they lay particular imputations—
A. As what?
P. That *all your writing is mere railing*, &c.

[4] *And when his plays come forth*, &c.] Again,

A. Have they no other?
P. Yes; they say you're slow,
And *scarce bring forth a play a year.* Ibid.

[5] ——————— *No eggs are broken,*
Nor quaking custards *with fierce teeth affrighted.*] In the *Poetaster*, Marston (not Decker, as Whalley has it) throws up the words *quaking custard:* the allusion, however, is not to this, but to a burlesque representation of a city feast, of which, in Jonson's days, an immense custard always made a conspicuous part. With this custard a number of foolish tricks were played, at the Lord Mayor's table, to the unspeakable delight of the guests; and some dramatic writer, perhaps, had transferred them, with improvements, to the stage, where they seem to have given equal pleasure. I suspect that Jonson's "taxing" did not always "fly like a wild goose, unclaimed of any man;" yet I cannot pretend to guess at the objects of his present satire. Whalley

Nor hales he in a gull old ends reciting,
To stop gaps in his loose writing;
With such a deal of monstrous and forced action,
As might make Bethlem a faction:
Nor made he his play for jests stolen from each table,
But makes jests to fit his fable;
And so presents quick comedy refined,
As best critics have designed;
The laws of time, place, persons he observeth,
From no needful rule he swerveth.
All gall and copperas from his ink he draineth,
Only a little salt remaineth,[6]
Wherewith he'll rub your cheeks, till red, with laughter,
They shall look fresh a week after.

observes, in the margin of his copy, that Marston is probably meant by the "reciter of old ends;" and it must be granted that they abound, as he says, in the *Malcontent*. The *Malcontent*, however, which was inscribed to Jonson, has no "gull" amongst its characters; who are all equally liberal of *old ends*, and all equally oracular. In those days the town swarmed with writers for the stage; and we may collect from various sources, that there was no incident so extravagant and ridiculous, which some or other of them did not venture to adopt.

[6] *Only a little* salt *remaineth, &c.*] From Horace,

——— *at idem, quod sale multo*
Urbem defricuit, &c.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in Volpone's *House.*

Enter VOLPONE *and* MOSCA.

Volp. Good morning to the day;[1] and next, my gold!—
Open the shrine, that I may see my saint.
[*Mosca withdraws the curtain, and discovers piles of gold, plate, jewels, &c.*
Hail the world's soul, and mine! more glad than is
The teeming earth to see the long'd-for sun
Peep through the horns of the celestial Ram,
Am I, to view thy splendor darkening his;
That lying here, amongst my other hoards,
Shew'st like a flame by night, or like the day
Struck out of chaos, when all darkness fled
Unto the centre. O thou son of Sol,
But brighter than thy father, let me kiss,
With adoration, thee, and every relick
Of sacred treasure in this blessed room.
Well did wise poets, by thy glorious name,
Title that age which they would have the best;
Thou being the best of things,[2] and far transcending

[1] *Good morning to the day, &c.*] The reader cannot but perceive, says Upton, that the diction of this opening scene rises to a tragic sublimity. The expression, *Shew'st like a flame by night*, is from Pindar:

——— ὁ δὲ
Χρυσος, αἰθόμενον πυρ
Ἀτε, διαπρεπει νυ—
ἢ μεγάνορος ἐξοχα πλουτου.

[2] *Thou being the best of things, &c.*] Upton had reason to say that the diction of this piece rose to a tragic sublimity; since

All style of joy, in children, parents, friends,
Or any other waking dream on earth:
Thy looks when they to Venus did ascribe,
They should have given her twenty thousand Cupids;
Such are thy beauties and our loves! Dear saint,
Riches, the dumb god, that giv'st all men tongues,
That canst do nought, and yet mak'st men do all things;
The price of souls; even hell, with thee to boot,
Is made worth heaven. Thou art virtue, fame,
Honour and all things else. Who can get thee,
He shall be noble, valiant, honest, wise——

Mos. And what he will, sir. Riches are in fortune
A greater good than wisdom is in nature.

Volp. True, my beloved Mosca. Yet I glory
More in the cunning purchase of my wealth,
Than in the glad possession, since I gain

Jonson has had recourse for it to the tragic poets. This most learned man, who has "stalked for two centuries," as Mr. Malone takes upon himself to assure us, "on the stilts of an artificial reputation," was not only familiar with the complete dramas of the Athenian stage, but even with the minutest fragments of them, which have come down to us. The beautiful lines above, are from the *Bellerophon*, a lost play of Euripides. Edit. Beck. Vol. II. p. 432.

Ω χρυσε, δεξιωμα καλλιστον βροτοις,
Ως ηδε μητηρ ἡδονας τοιασδ' εχει,
Ου παιδες ανθρωποισιν, ου φιλος πατης,
Οιας συ χ'ὁι σε δωμασιν κεκτημενοι.
Ει δ' ἡ Κυπρις τοιουτον οφθαλμοις ὁρα,
Ου θαυμ', ερωτας μυριους αυτην τρεφειν.

The concluding lines are from Horace, lib. ii. Sat. 3.

——————————— *Omnis enim res*
Virtus, fama, decus, divina humanaque, pulcris
Divitiis parent, quas qui construxerit, ille
Clarus erit fortis, justus.—Sapiensque? Etiam, et rex,
Et quicquid volet.

No common way; I use no trade, no venture;
I wound no earth with plough-shares, fat no beasts,
To feed the shambles; have no mills for iron,
Oil, corn, or men, to grind them into powder:
I blow no subtle glass,[3] expose no ships
To threat'nings of the furrow-faced sea;
I turn no monies in the public bank,
Nor usure private.

Mos. No, sir, nor devour
Soft prodigals. You shall have some will swallow
A melting heir as glibly as your Dutch
Will pills of butter, and ne'er purge for it;
Tear forth the fathers of poor families
Out of their beds, and coffin them alive
In some kind clasping prison, where their bones
May be forth-coming, when the flesh is rotten:
But your sweet nature doth abhor these courses;
You lothe the widow's or the orphan's tears
Should wash your pavements, or their piteous cries
Ring in your roofs, and beat the air for vengeance.

Volp. Right, Mosca; I do lothe it.

Mos. And besides, sir,
You are not like the thresher[4] that doth stand

[3] *I blow no subtle* glass,] Venice, where the scene is laid, and the neighbouring island of Murano, being famous for their manufactures in *glass*. WHAL.

[4] *You are not like the thresher, &c.*] This too is imitated from Horace, but so obviously, as Upton truly says, as to be visible to every schoolboy. He takes this opportunity, however, of mentioning another imitation, which he thinks not quite so plain:

"Great mother Fortune, queen of human state,
Rectress of *action*, &c." *Sej.* A. V.

"Those" he adds, "who know any thing of Jonson's perpetual allusions to ancient authors, *will plainly perceive* that he wrote,

"Rectress of *Antium!*—from Horace lib. i. Od. 35."

There is nothing in the "treatise on the Bathos" quite so good as this.

With a huge flail, watching a heap of corn,
And, hungry, dares not taste the smallest grain,
But feeds on mallows, and such bitter herbs;
Nor like the merchant, who hath fill'd his vaults
With Romagnia, and rich Candian wines,
Yet drinks the lees of Lombard's vinegar:
You will lie not in straw, whilst moths and worms
Feed on your sumptuous hangings and soft beds;
You know the use of riches, and dare give now
From that bright heap, to me, your poor observer,
Or to your dwarf, or your hermaphrodite,
Your eunuch, or what other household trifle
Your pleasure allows maintenance——
Volp. Hold thee, Mosca, [*Gives him money.*
Take of my hand; thou strik'st on truth in all,
And they are envious term thee parasite.
Call forth my dwarf, my eunuch, and my fool,
And let them make me sport. [*Exit Mos.*] What should I do,
But cocker up my genius, and live free
To all delights my fortune calls me to?
I have no wife, no parent, child, ally,
To give my substance to; but whom I make
Must be my heir; and this makes men observe me:
This draws new clients daily to my house,
Women and men of every sex and age,
That bring me presents, send me plate, coin, jewels,
With hope that when I die (which they expect
Each greedy minute) it shall then return
Ten-fold upon them; whilst some, covetous
Above the rest, seek to engross me whole,
And counter-work the one unto the other,
Contend in gifts, as they would seem in love:
All which I suffer, playing with their hopes,
And am content to coin them into profit,
And look upon their kindness, and take more,

And look on that; still bearing them in hand,[5]
Letting the cherry knock against their lips,
And draw it by their mouths, and back again.—
How now!

Re-enter MOSCA *with* NANO, ANDROGYNO, *and* CASTRONE.

Nan. *Now, room for fresh gamesters, who do will you to know,*
They do bring you neither play nor university show;[6]
And therefore do intreat you, that whatsoever they rehearse,
May not fare a whit the worse, for the false pace of the verse.[7]

[5] *Still* bearing them in hand,] i. e. flattering their hopes, keeping them in expectation: "You may remember" says archbishop King to Swift, "how we were *borne in hand* in my lord Pembroke's time, that the Queen had passed the grant, &c." The phrase occurs perpetually in our old poets. Thus in *Ram Alley*, Act. II.

"Yet I will *bear some dozen more in hand*,
And make them all my gulls."

In the preceding lines Jonson had Petronius in view:—*Incidimus in turbam hæredipetarum sciscitantium quod genus hominum, aut unde veniremus. Ex prescripto ergo consilii communis, exaggerati prudenter unde, aut qui essemus, haud dubie credentibus indicavimus. Qui statim opes suas summo cum certamine in Eumolpum congesserunt: et omnes ejus gratiam sollicitant.*"

[6] *Now, room for fresh gamesters, who do will you to know,*
They do bring you neither play nor university show;] This scene is a kind of antimasque or jig, such as is found in many of our old plays. "It is chiefly taken," as Upton observes, "from one of Lucian's dialogues, and is meant as a ridicule on the metempsychosis." Both Lucian and Jonson, however, had better objects in view, than the exposure of such absurdities. "By *university show*, is meant, such masques and plays, as our universities used to exhibit to our kings and queens, and which were acted by the scholars in their halls."

[7] *May not fare a whit the worse, for* the false pace *of the verse.*] Upton, a man of very considerable learning, which (unaccom-

If you wonder at this, you will wonder more ere we pass,
For know, here is inclosed the soul of Pythagoras,[8]

panied, as it was, with an adequate portion of judgment) frequently betrayed him into absurdities; published, in 1749, "Remarks" on this, and the two following plays; of which, Mr. Whalley occasionally availed himself It seems to have been Upton's chief object to point out Jonson's allusions to the classics; in this he is generally successful; indeed, he seldom ventures beyond such as are sufficiently trite and obvious. When he attempts to correct the text, he fails; whilst his explanations, which are given in a tone of formal gravity highly ludicrous, when contrasted with the subject, usually aim beyond the poet, and perplex where they do not mislead. Jonson apologizes for the *false pace* of his doggrel. But of this Upton will not hear: "We must not understand," he says, "that he errs against the laws of metre; but that the pace of his verse may sometimes offend the too delicate ear." Those who recollect, that, when Shakspeare produced a few words of prose, such as "Where hast thou been, sister?" Upton pronounced that he meant to afford a beautiful example of the "trochaic-dimeter-brachy-catalectic, commonly called the ithyphallic measure," (*Observ.* p. 381,) will not be surprised to hear, that the hobbling lines above are all good metre: they are, it seems, of "the anapestic kind, consisting of anapests, spondees, dactyls, and sometimes the *pes proceleusmaticus*," and are to be scanned in this manner,

1 2 3 4
And therefore | do intreat you | that whatsoever | they rehearse,
1 2 3 4
May not fare a | whit the worse | for the false pace | of the verse.

"To this measure," exclaims Upton with great glee, "the reader may reduce them all." There is no doubt of it: and so he may all the lines in the daily papers, if he pleases. Surely unlettered sense is far more valuable than learning thus ridiculously abused.

[8] *For know* here *is inclosed the soul of Pythagoras,*] δικτικως, in *Androgyno* the hermaphrodite, of whose various transformations the dwarf gives an account.

That juggler divine, as hereafter shall follow;[9]
Which soul, fast and loose, sir, came first from Apollo,[1]
And was breath'd into Æthalides, Mercurius his son,[2]
Where it had the gift to remember all that ever was done.
From thence it fled forth, and made quick transmigration
To goldy-lock'd Euphorbus,[3] *who was killed in good fashion,*
At the siege of old Troy, by the cuckold of Sparta.
Hermotimus was next (I find it in my charta)
To whom it did pass, where no sooner it was missing,
But with one Pyrrhus of Delos it learn'd to go a fishing;
And thence did it enter the sophist of Greece.
From Pythagore, she went into a beautiful piece,[4]
Hight Aspasia, the meretrix; and the next toss of her
Was again of a whore, she became a philosopher,
Crates the cynick, as it self doth relate it:
Since kings, knights, and beggars, knaves, lords, and fools gat it,

[9] *That juggler divine, that hereafter shall follow;*] That *juggler divine*, as Upton observes, is from Lucian, γοητα και τετρατεργον, as indeed is much of the rest.

[1] *Which soul—came first from Apollo*] Ὡς μεν εξ Απολλωνος το πρωτον ἡ ψυχη μοι καταπλαμενη εις την γην ενεδυ ες ανθρωπε σωμα, &c. *Luc. Gall.*

[2] *And was breath'd into Æthalides, Mercurius his son,*]

——— ——— Ἑρμειαο,
Σφωιτεροιο τοκηος, ὃς οἱ μνηστιν πο[illegible]ε παντων
Αφθιτον. *Apollon.* Lib. i. v. 644.

[3] *To goldy lock'd Euphorbus, &c.*] Πλην αλλα επειπερ Ευφορβος εγενομην, εμαχομην εν Ιλιῳ και απεθανον ὑπο Μενελαῳ κ. τ. ἁ. *Luc. ibid.*

[4] *From Pythagore, she went into a beautiful piece,*] Αποδυσαμενος δε τον Πυθαγοραν, τινα μεταμφιασω μετ' αυτον;—Ασπασιαν την εκ Μιλητε εταιραν. κ. τ. ἁ.

Besides ox and ass, camel, mule, goat, and brock,
In all which it hath spoke, as in the cobler's cock.[5]
But I come not here to discourse of that matter,
Or his one, two, or three, or his great oath, By QUATER!
His musics, his trigon, his golden thigh,[6]
Or his telling how elements shift; but I
Would ask, how of late thou hast suffered translation,
And shifted thy coat in these days of reformation.
And *Like one of the reformed, a fool, as you see,*
Counting all old doctrine heresie.[7]
Nan. *But not on thine own forbid meats hast thou ventured?*
And. *On fish, when first a Carthusian I enter'd.*
Nan. *Why, then thy dogmatical silence hath left thee?*
And. *Of that an obstreperous lawyer bereft me.*
Nan. *O wonderful change, when sir lawyer forsook thee!*
For Pythagore's sake, what body then took thee?

[5] *The* cobler.] Mycillus, with whom the cock carries on the dialogue, here abridged.

[6] *His* one, two, *or* three, *or his great oath,* by quater,
His musics, his trigon, his golden thigh,] It would perhaps have puzzled Pythagoras himself, "juggler" as he was, to explain this empty jargon. His scholars have written innumerable volumes upon it, more to their own satisfaction, I believe, than the edification of their readers; for, while it was thought worth contending about, no two of them were agreed upon any part of the subject. The "great oath" or tetractys, as Upton observes, "is mentioned in the *Golden Verses;*" a little poem written by one of Pythagoras's scholars, and containing more wisdom, perhaps, than his master taught.

[7] *Counting all* old doctrine *heresie.*] By *old doctrine,* he means the doctrines commonly received before the reformation; which was at first opprobriously called the *new learning.* It is not improbable that Jonson, when he wrote this, was a convert to the church of Rome; and might design to sneer at the zealots of the establishment, as he does soon after at the puritans. WHAL.

And. *A good dull mule.* Nan. *And how! by that means*
Thou wert brought to allow of the eating of beans?
And. *Yes.* Nan. *But from the mule into whom didst thou pass?*
And. *Into a very strange beast, by some writers call'd an ass;*
By others, a precise, pure, illuminate brother,
Of those devour flesh, and sometimes one another;[8]
And will drop you forth a libel, or a sanctified lie,
Betwixt every spoonful of a nativity-pie.[9]
Nan. *Now quit thee, for heaven, of that profane nation,*
And gently report thy next transmigration.

[8] *Of those devour flesh and sometimes one another;*] Wonderful is the advantage of scansion, aided by the occasional admission of the *pes proceleusmaticus*, in detecting the errors of copyists and printers. Upton, who measured the harmonious line

1 2 3 4
Counting | all old | doctrine | heresie,

and found it perfect in all its members, immediately discovered the unmetrical pace of that above. "There is plainly," says he, "a word wanting which *spoils* both the measure and the sense; we must read,

1 2 3 4
Of those *that* | devour flesh | and sometimes | one another."

Whalley subscribes to this assertion; and the verse thus happily restored to "sense and and measure," is accordingly placed in his text. It is singular that neither of these critics should have adverted to the peculiarity of Jonson's style.

[9] *Betwixt every spoonful of a* nativity *pie.*] i. e. of a *Christmas*-pie. The puritans, who are here ridiculed, affected to shrink with horror, from the mention of the popish word *mass*, though in conjunction with the most sacred names. Jonson alludes to this again, with exquisite humour, in the *Alchemist*, where the Saints are about to cozen with the philosopher's stone:

"*Subtle.* And then the turning of this lawyer's pewter
To plate at Christmas——
Ananias. Christ-*tide*, I pray you."

And. *To the same that I am.* Nan. *A creature of delight,*
And, what is more than a fool, an hermaphrodite!
Now, prithee, sweet soul, in all thy variation,
Which body would'st thou choose, to keep up thy station?
And. *Troth, this I am in: even here would I tarry.*
Nan. *'Cause here the delight of each sex thou canst vary?*
And. *Alas, those pleasures be stale and forsaken;*
No, 'tis your fool wherewith I am so taken,
The only one creature that I can call blessed;
For all other forms I have proved most distressed.
Nan. *Spoke true, as thou wert in Pythagoras still.*
This learned opinion we celebrate will,
Fellow eunuch, as behoves us, with all our wit and art,
To dignify that whereof ourselves are so great and special a part.
Vol. Now, very, very pretty! Mosca, this
Was thy invention?
Mos. If it please my patron,
Not else.
Volp. It doth, good Mosca.
Mos. Then it was, sir.

NANO *and* CASTRONE *sing.*

Fools, they are the only nation
Worth men's envy or admiration;
Free from care or sorrow-taking,
Selves and others merry making:
All they speak or do is sterling.
Your fool he is your great man's darling,
And you ladies' sport and pleasure;
Tongue and bauble are his treasure.

E'en his face begetteth laughter,
And he speaks truth free from slaughter;[1]
He's the grace of every feast,
And sometimes the chiefest guest;
Hath his trencher and his stool,
When wit waits upon the fool.
O, who would not be
He, he, he? [Knocking without.

Volp. Who's that? Away! [*Exeunt Nano and Castrone.*] Look, Mosca. Fool, begone! [*Exit Androgyno.*

Mos. 'Tis signior Voltore, the advocate;
I know him by his knock.
Volp. Fetch me my gown,
My furs, and night-caps; say, my couch is changing:
And let him entertain himself awhile
Without i' the gallery. [*Exit Mosca.*] Now, now my clients
Begin their visitation! Vulture, kite,

[1] *And he speaks truth* free from slaughter;] i. e. he is indulged in speaking truth, without being punished, or called to account for it. This impunity, however, if it really existed, did not long survive the period of this song; as Mass Stone, who is mentioned in the second act, found to his sorrow.

Jonson makes slaughter rhyme to laughter; it seems, however, to have been considered as improper, and to have excited some degree of disapprobation. In the *Faune*, which appeared shortly after this comedy, Marston speaks of two critics, one of which "had lost his flesh with fishing at the measure of Plautus's verses, and the other had vowed to get the consumption of the lungs, or leave to posterity the *true pronunciation and orthography of laughing.*" A. IV. Shakspeare spells the word *loffe*, in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, to accommodate it to *cough*; and it is not improbable but that he, as well as Jonson, might be in Marston's thoughts: not that our great bard was in much danger of a consumption from his abstruse studies for the benefit of posterity. To do him justice, few cared less about these matters than himself.

Raven, and gorcrow, all my birds of prey,
That think me turning carcase, now they come;
I am not for them yet. —

Re-enter MOSCA, *with the gown, &c.*

How now! the news?

Mos. A piece of plate, sir.

Volp. Of what bigness?

Mos. Huge,
Massy, and antique, with your name inscribed,
And arms engraven.

Volp. Good! and not a fox
Stretch'd on the earth, with fine delusive sleights,
Mocking a gaping crow?[2] ha, Mosca!

Mos. Sharp, sir.

Volp. Give me my furs. [*Puts on his sick dress.*]
Why dost thou laugh so, man?

Mos. I cannot choose, sir, when I apprehend
What thoughts he has without now, as he walks:
That this might be the last gift he should give;
That this would fetch you; if you died to-day,
And gave him all, what he should be to morrow;
What large return would come of all his ventures;
How he should worship'd be, and reverenced;
Ride with his furs, and foot-cloths; waited on
By herds of fools, and clients; have clear way
Made for his mule, as letter'd as himself;
Be call'd the great and learned advocate:
And then concludes, there's nought impossible.

Volp. Yes, to be learned, Mosca.

[2] ——————— *And not a fox*
Stretch'd on the earth, with fine delusive sleights,
Mocking a gaping crow?] From Horace:
——————— *Plerumque recoctus*
Scriba ex quinqueviro corvum deludet hiantem.
The fable is well known.

Mos. O, no: rich
Implies it. Hood an ass with reverend purple,
So you can hide his two ambitious ears,
And he shall pass for a cathedral doctor.[3]
Volp. My caps, my caps, good Mosca. Fetch him in.
Mos. Stay, sir; your ointment for your eyes.
Volp. That's true;
Dispatch, dispatch: I long to have possession
Of my new present.
Mos. That, and thousands more,
I hope to see you lord of.
Volp. Thanks, kind Mosca.
Mos. And that, when I am lost in blended dust,
And hundred such as I am, in succession——
Volp. Nay, that were too much, Mosca.
Mos. You shall live,
Still, to delude these harpies.
Volp. Loving Mosca!
'Tis well: my pillow now, and let him enter.
[*Exit Mosca.*
Now, my feign'd cough,[4] my phtisic, and my gout,
My apoplexy, palsy, and catarrhs,
Help, with your forced functions, this my posture,
Wherein, this three year, I have milk'd their hopes.
He comes; I hear him—Uh! [*coughing.*] uh! uh! uh! O—

[3] ——— *Hood an ass with reverend purple,*
So you can hide his two ambitious *ears,*
And he shall pass for a cathedral doctor.] This, as Upton well observes, is true satire, and very elegantly expressed.—*Ambitious* is used according to its original meaning in the Latin language.

[4] *Now my feign'd* cough, &c.] "*Secundùm hanc formulam imperamus Eumolpo lacrimum tussiat, ut sit modò salatiaris stomachi,*" &c. P[illegible]

Re-enter MOSCA, *introducing* VOLTORE *with a piece of Plate.*

Mos. You still are what you were, sir. Only you,
Of all the rest, are he commands his love,
And you do wisely to preserve it thus,
With early visitation, and kind notes
Of your good meaning to him, which, I know,
Cannot but come most grateful. Patron! sir!
Here's signior Voltore is come——
Volp. [*faintly.*] What say you?
Mos. Sir, signior Voltore is come this morning
To visit you.
Volp. I thank him.
Mos. And hath brought
A piece of antique plate, bought of St. Mark,[5]
With which he here presents you.
Volp. He is welcome.
Pray him to come more often.
Mos. Yes.
Volt. What says he?
Mos. He thanks you, and desires you see him often.
Volp. Mosca.
Mos. My patron!
Volp. Bring him near, where is he?
I long to feel his hand.
Mos. The plate is here, sir.
Volt. How fare you, sir?
Volp. I thank you, signior Voltore;
Where is the plate? mine eyes are bad.

[5] ——————— *bought of St. Mark,*] The great mart of Venice. Whalley supposed the allusion to be to the treasury in St. Mark's church: he did not know, perhaps, that this celebrated edifice was surrounded with shops of all kinds, particularly goldsmiths.

Volt. [*putting it into his hands.*] I'm sorry,
To see you still thus weak.
Mos. That he's not weaker. [*Aside.*
Volp. You are too munificent.
Volt. No, sir; would to heaven,
I could as well give health to you, as that plate!
Volp. You give, sir, what you can; I thank you. Your love
Hath taste in this, and shall not be unanswer'd:
I pray you see me often.
Volt. Yes, I shall, sir.
Volp. Be not far from me.
Mos. Do you observe that, sir?
Volp. Hearken unto me still; it will concern you.
Mos. You are a happy man, sir; know your good.
Volp. I cannot now last long——
Mos. You are his heir, sir.
Volt. Am I?
Volp. I feel me going; Uh! uh! uh! uh!
I'm sailing to my port, Uh! uh! uh! uh!
And I am glad I am so near my haven.
Mos. Alas, kind gentleman! Well, we must all go——
Volt. But, Mosca——
Mos. Age will conquer.
Volt. 'Pray thee, hear me:
Am I inscribed his heir for certain?
Mos. Are you!
I do beseech you, sir, you will vouchsafe
To write me in your family.[6] All my hopes

[6] *To write me in your family.*] This, as Upton says, is borrowed from Horace; *Scribe tui gregis hunc.* It may be so; though it is quite as probable that it was "borrowed" from the poet's own times; when it was the custom for the names and offices of the servants and retainers of great families, to be

Depend upon your worship: I am lost,
Except the rising sun do shine on me.
Volt. It shall both shine, and warm thee, Mosca.
Mos. Sir,
I am a man, that hath not done your love
All the worst offices: here I wear your keys,
See all your coffers and your caskets lock'd,
Keep the poor inventory of your jewels,
Your plate and monies; am your steward, sir,
Husband your goods here.
Volt. But am I sole heir?
Mos. Without a partner, sir; confirm'd this morning:
The wax is warm yet, and the ink scarce dry
Upon the parchment.
Volt. Happy, happy, me!
By what good chance, sweet Mosca?
Mos. Your desert, sir;
I know no second cause.
Volt. Thy modesty
Is not to know it; well, we shall requite it.
Mos. He ever liked your course, sir; that first took him.
I oft have heard him say, how he admired
Men of your large profession, that could speak
To every cause, and things mere contraries,
Till they were hoarse again, yet all be law;
That, with most quick agility, could turn,
And [re-]return; [could][7] make knots, and undo them;
Give forked counsel; take provoking gold

entered in the *Household Book:* of this practice many proofs yet remain. The conduct of this scene is above all praise.

7 I have ventured to interpolate a word in this verse, which, as it stands in the old copies, is too imperfect to have come from the hands of Jonson. What is added might easily have been lost at the press.

On either hand, and put it up: these men,
He knew, would thrive with their humility.
And, for his part, he thought he should be blest
To have his heir of such a suffering spirit,
So wise, so grave, of so perplex'd a tongue,
And loud withal, that would not wag, nor scarce
Lie still, without a fee; when every word
Your worship but lets fall, is a chequin!—
[*Knocking without.*
Who's that? one knocks; I would not have you seen, sir.
And yet—pretend you came, and went in haste;
I'll fashion an excuse——and, gentle sir,
When you do come to swim in golden lard,[8]
Up to the arms in honey, that your chin
Is born up stiff, with fatness of the flood,
Think on your vassal; but remember me:
I have not been your worst of clients.
Volt. Mosca!——
Mos. When will you have your inventory brought, sir?
Or see a copy of the Will?——Anon![9]—
I'll bring them to you, sir. Away, be gone,
Put business in your face. [*Exit Voltore.*
Volp. [*springing up.*] Excellent Mosca!
Come hither, let me kiss thee.
Mos. Keep you still, sir.
Here is Corbaccio.

[8] ——————————— *and, gentle sir,*
When you do come to swim in golden lard, &c.] Upton was too busy with his trite classical imitations, to notice this bold and beautiful adoption of the eastern metaphor for a state of prosperity.

[9] *Anon!*] In the margin of Whalley's copy, a note in the hand-writing of Mr. Waldron gives this expression to *Voltore.* It belongs, however, to *Mosca,* who pretends to speak to some one without, in order to quicken the advocate's departure.

Volp. Set the plate away:
The vulture's gone, and the old raven's come![1]
Mos. Betake you to your silence, and your sleep.
Stand there and multiply. [*Putting the plate to the rest.*] Now, shall we see
A wretch who is indeed more impotent
Than this can feign to be; yet hopes to hop
Over his grave—

Enter CORBACCIO.

Signior Corbaccio!
You're very welcome, sir.
Corb. How does your patron?
Mos. Troth, as he did, sir; no amends.
Corb. What! mends he?
Mos. No, sir: he's rather worse.
Corb. That's well. Where is he?
Mos. Upon his couch, sir, newly fall'n asleep.
Corb. Does he sleep well?
Mos. No wink, sir, all this night,
Nor yesterday; but slumbers.
Corb. Good! he should take
Some counsel of physicians: I have brought him
An opiate here, from mine own doctor.
Mos. He will not hear of drugs.
Corb. Why? I myself
Stood by while it was made, saw all the ingredients;
And know, it cannot but most gently work:
My life for his, 'tis but to make him sleep.
Volp. Ay, his last sleep, if he would take it.
[*Aside.*

[1] *The vulture's gone, and the old raven's come!*] In allusion to their different names. *Corbaccio*, in Italian, signifies an old raven. WHAL.

Mos. Sir,
He has no faith in physic.
Corb. Say you, say you?
Mos. He has no faith in physic: he does think
Most of your doctors are the greater danger,
And worse disease, to escape. I often have
Heard him protest, that your physician
Should never be his heir.
Corb. Not I his heir?
Mos. Not your physician, sir.
Corb. O, no, no, no,
I do not mean it.
Mos. No, sir, nor their fees
He cannot brook: he says, they flay a man,
Before they kill him.
Corb. Right, I do conceive you.
Mos. And then they do it by experiment;
For which the law not only doth absolve them,
But gives them great reward: and he is loth
To hire his death, so.
Corb. It is true, they kill
With as much license as a judge.
Mos. Nay, more;
For he but kills, sir, where the law condemns,
And these can kill him too.
Corb. Ay, or me;
Or any man. How does his apoplex?
Is that strong on him still?
Mos. Most violent.
His speech is broken, and his eyes are set,
His face drawn longer than 'twas wont——
Corb. How! how!
Stronger than he was wont?
Mos. No, sir: his face
Drawn longer than 'twas wont.
Corb. O, good!

Mos. His mouth
Is ever gaping, and his eyelids hang.
Corb. Good.
Mos. A freezing numbness stiffens all his joints,
And makes the colour of his flesh like lead.
Corb. 'Tis good.
Mos. His pulse beats slow, and dull.
Corb. Good symptoms still.
Mos. And from his brain——
Corb. I conceive you; good.
Mos. Flows a cold sweat, with a continual rheum,
Forth the resolved corners of his eyes.
Corb. Is't possible? Yet I am better, ha!
How does he, with the swimming of his head?
Mos. O, sir, 'tis past the scotomy;[a] he now
Hath lost his feeling, and hath left to snort:
You hardly can perceive him, that he breathes.
Corb. Excellent, excellent! sure I shall outlast him:
This makes me young again, a score of years.
Mos. I was a coming for you, sir.
Corb. Has he made his Will?
What has he given me?
Mos. No, sir.
Corb. Nothing! ha?
Mos. He has not made his will, sir.
Corb. Oh, oh, oh!
What then did Voltore, the lawyer, here?
Mos. He smelt a carcase, sir, when he but heard
My master was about his testament;
As I did urge him to it for your good——
Corb. He came unto him, did he? I thought so.
Mos. Yes, and presented him this piece of plate.
Corb. To be his heir?
Mos. I do not know, sir.

[a] *O, sir, 'tis past the* scotomy;] *Scotomia* is a dizziness or swimming in the head. See Massinger, vol. IV. 521.

Corb. True:
I know it too
Mos. By your own scale, sir. [*Aside.*
Corb. Well,
I shall prevent him, yet. See, Mosca, look,
Here, I have brought a bag of bright chequines,
Will quite weigh down his plate.
Mos. [*taking the bag.*] Yea, marry, sir.
This is true physic, this your sacred medicine;
No talk of opiates, to this great elixir!
Corb. 'Tis aurum palpabile, if not potabile.
Mos. It shall be minister'd to him, in his bowl.
Corb. Ay, do, do, do.
Mos. Most blessed cordial!
This will recover him.
Corb. Yes, do, do, do.
Mos. I think it were not best, sir.
Corb. What?
Mos. To recover him.
Corb. O, no, no, no; by no means.
Mos. Why, sir, this
Will work some strange effect, if he but feel it.
Corb. 'Tis true, therefore forbear; I'll take my venture:
Give me it again.
Mos. At no hand; pardon me:
You shall not do yourself that wrong, sir. I
Will so advise you, you shall have it all.
Corb. How?
Mos. All, sir; 'tis your right, your own; no man
Can claim a part: 'tis yours without a rival,
Decreed by destiny.
Corb. How, how, good Mosca?
Mos. I'll tell you, sir. This fit he shall recover.
Corb. I do conceive you.
Mos. And, on first advantage
Of his gain'd sense, will I re-importune him

Unto the making of his testament:
And shew him this. [*Pointing to the money.*
Corb. Good, good.
Mos. 'Tis better yet,
If you will hear, sir.
Corb. Yes, with all my heart.
Mos. Now, would I counsel you, make home with speed;
There, frame a Will; whereto you shall inscribe
My master your sole heir.
Corb. And disinherit
My son!
Mos. O, sir, the better: for that colour
Shall make it much more taking.
Corb. O, but colour?
Mos. This Will, sir, you shall send it unto me.
Now, when I come to inforce, as I will do,
Your cares, your watchings, and your many prayers,
Your more than many gifts, your this day's present,
And last, produce your Will; where, without thought,
Or least regard, unto your proper issue,
A son so brave, and highly meriting,
The stream of your diverted love hath thrown you
Upon my master, and made him your heir:
He cannot be so stupid, or stone-dead,
But out of conscience, and mere gratitude——
Corb. He must pronounce me his?
Mos. 'Tis true.
Corb. This plot
Did I think on before.
Mos. I do believe it.
Corb. Do you not believe it?
Mos. Yes, sir.
Corb. Mine own project.
Mos. Which, when he hath done, sir——

Corb. Publish'd me his heir?
Mos. And you so certain to survive him——
Corb. Ay.
Mos. Being so lusty a man——
Corb. 'Tis true.
Mos. Yes, sir——
Corb. I thought on that too. See, how he should be
The very organ to express my thoughts!
Mos. You have not only done yourself a good——
Corb. But multiplied it on my son.
Mos. 'Tis right, sir.
Corb. Still, my invention.
Mos. 'Las, sir! heaven knows,
It hath been all my study, all my care,
(I e'en grow gray withal,) how to work things——
Corb. I do conceive, sweet Mosca.
Mos. You are he,
For whom I labour, here.
Corb. Ay, do, do, do:
I'll straight about it. [*Going.*
Mos. Rook go with you, raven![3]
Corb. I know thee honest.
Mos. You do lie, sir! [*Aside.*
Corb. And——

[3] *Rook go with you, raven!*] May you, *raven*, be *rooked*, or cheated! as Upton explains it. There never was a scene of avarice in the extremity of old age better drawn than this. WHAL.

Nor ever so well. Hurd (who had just been reading Congreve's letters to Dennis) terms the humour of it "inordinate;" and blames Jonson for sporting so freely with the infirmities of Corbaccio. I can see no occasion for this. If avarice be, in any case, a legitimate object of satire, surely it is eminently so when accompanied, as here, with age and infirmity. Bad passions become more odious in proportion as the motives for them are weakened; and gratuitous vice cannot be too indignantly exposed to reprehension.

Mos. Your knowledge is no better than your ears, sir.

Corb. I do not doubt, to be a father to thee.

Mos. Nor I to gull my brother of his blessing.

Corb. I may have my youth restored to me, why not?

Mos. Your worship is a precious ass!

Corb. What say'st thou?

Mos. I do desire your worship to make haste, sir.

Corb. 'Tis done, 'tis done; I go. [*Exit.*

Volp. [*leaping from his couch.*] O, I shall burst! Let out my sides, let out my sides—

Mos. Contain
Your flux of laughter, sir: you know this hope
Is such a bait, it covers any hook.

Volp. O, but thy working, and thy placing it! I cannot hold; good rascal, let me kiss thee: I never knew thee in so rare a humour.

Mos. Alas, sir, I but do as I am taught; Follow your grave instructions; give them words;[4] Pour oil into their ears, and send them hence.

Volp. 'Tis true, 'tis true. What a rare punishment Is avarice to itself!

Mos. Ay, with our help, sir.

[4] ——————*give them words;*] i. e. deceive or impose on them:

——— *An ut ignotum, dare nobis*
Verba putas? Horat. L. i. Sat. 3.

This is Upton's remark. That *dare verba* signifies to cajole, to impose upon, is certain; such, however, is not the sense of the expression here. By *give them words*, Mosca simply, or rather artfully, means, that he clothes the "grave instructions" of his patron in fitting language. He speaks of Volpone, not of Corbaccio and the rest, who are distinctly noticed in the next line. The glimpse of a classical allusion is a perfect *ignis fatuus* to Upton, who is sure to blunder after it at all hazards

Volp. So many cares, so many maladies,[5]
So many fears attending on old age,
Yea, death so often call'd on, as no wish
Can be more frequent with them, their limbs faint,
Their senses dull, their seeing, hearing, going,
All dead before them; yea, their very teeth,
Their instruments of eating, failing them:
Yet this is reckon'd life! nay, here was one,
Is now gone home, that wishes to live longer!
Feels not his gout, nor palsy; feigns himself
Younger by scores of years, flatters his age
With confident belying it, hopes he may,
With charms, like Æson, have his youth restored:
And with these thoughts so battens, as if fate
Would be as easily cheated on, as he,
And all turns air! [*knocking within.*] Who's that there, now? a third!

Mos. Close, to your couch again; I hear his voice:
It is Corvino, our spruce merchant.

Volp. [*lies down as before.*] Dead.

Mos. Another bout, sir, with your eyes. [*anointing them.*]—Who's there?

Enter CORVINO.

Signior Corvino! come most wish'd for! O,
How happy were you, if you knew it, now!

Corv. Why? what? wherein?

Mos. The tardy hour is come, sir.

Corv. He is not dead?

Mos. Not dead, sir, but as good;
He knows no man.

[5] *So many cares,* &c.] * In this fine speech Jonson has again laid the fragments of the Greek drama under contribution; Lucian and Juvenal, however, had set him the example.

Corv. How shall I do then?
Mos. Why, sir?
Corv. I have brought him here a pearl.
Mos. Perhaps he has
So much remembrance left, as to know you, sir:
He still calls on you; nothing but your name
Is in his mouth. Is your pearl orient, sir?[6]
Corv. Venice was never owner of the like.
Volp. [*faintly.*] Signior Corvino!
Mos. Hark.
Volp. Signior Corvino!
Mos. He calls you; step and give it him.—He's here, sir,
And he has brought you a rich pearl.
Corv. How do you, sir?
Tell him, it doubles the twelfth caract.[7]
Mos. Sir,
He cannot understand, his hearing's gone;
And yet it comforts him to see you——
Corv. Say,
I have a diamond for him, too.
Mos. Best shew it, sir;
Put it into his hand; 'tis only there
He apprehends: he has his feeling, yet.
See how he grasps it!
Corv. 'Las, good gentleman!
How pitiful the sight is!

[6] *Is your pearl* orient, *sir?*] i. e. bright, sparkling, pellucid. Thus Shakspeare:

"Bright *orient* pearl, alack! too timely shaded."

And Milton,

——"Offering to every wearied traveller
"His *orient* liquor in a crystal glass." *Comus*, v. 64.

[7] *It doubles the twelfth* caract.] A caract is a weight of four grains, by which jewels are weighed. The same expression occurs in Cartwright:

"——Diamonds, *two whereof*
"Do *double the twelfth caract.*" Lady Errant.

Mos. Tut! forget, sir.
The weeping of an heir should still be laughter
Under a visor.[8]
Corv. Why, am I his heir?
Mos. Sir, I am sworn, I may not show the Will
Till he be dead; but here has been Corbaccio,
Here has been Voltore, here were others too,
I cannot number 'em, they were so many;
All gaping here for legacies: but I,
Taking the vantage of his naming you,
Signior Corvino, Signior Corvino, took
Paper, and pen, and ink, and there I ask'd him,
Whom he would have his heir? *Corvino.* Who
Should be executor? *Corvino.* And,
To any question he was silent to,
I still interpreted the nods he made,
Through weakness, for consent: and sent home th' others,
Nothing bequeath'd them, but to cry and curse.[9]
Corv. O, my dear Mosca! [*They embrace.*] Does he not perceive us?
Mos. No more than a blind harper. He knows no man,
No face of friend, nor name of any servant,
Who 'twas that fed him last, or gave him drink:
Not those he hath begotten, or brought up,
Can he remember.
Corv. Has he children?
Mos. Bastards,
Some dozen, or more, that he begot on beggars,

[8] *The weeping of an heir should still be laughter Under a visor.*]

Hæredis fletus sub persond risus est. P. Syrus.

[9] *Nothing bequeath'd them, but to cry and curse.*] From Horace, as Upton observes:

——————— *Invenietque*
Nil sibi legatum, præter plorare, suisque.

Gypsies,[1] and Jews, and black-moors, when he was drunk.
Knew you not that, sir? 'tis the common fable.
The dwarf, the fool, the eunuch, are all his;
He's the true father of his family,
In all, save me:—but he has given them nothing.
Corv. That's well, that's well! Art sure he does not hear us?
Mos. Sure, sir! why, look you, credit your own sense. [*Shouts in Vol.'s ear.*
The pox approach, and add to your diseases,
If it would send you hence the sooner, sir,
For your incontinence, it hath deserv'd it
Throughly and throughly, and the plague to boot!—
You may come near, sir.—Would you would once close
Those filthy eyes of yours, that flow with slime,
Like two frog-pits; and those same hanging cheeks,
Cover'd with hide instead of skin—Nay, help, sir—[2]
That look like frozen dish-clouts set on end!

[1] *Bastards,*
Some dozen, or more, that he begot on beggars,
Gypsies, &c.] This is a playful application of Martial's epigram on Quirinalis:

Uxorem habendam non putat Quirinalis,
Cum vult habere filios; et invenit
Quo possit istud more: (amplectitur) ancillas,
Domumque et agros implet equitibus vernis.
Paterfamilias verus est Quirinalis. Lib. i. ep. 85.

Upton also points out the allusions to Juvenal; but they are too well known to call for particular notice.

[2] *Nay,* help, *sir,*] i. e. to rail and abuse Volpone. This exposure of Corvino is happily designed: but, indeed, the whole of the act is a master-piece of truth and genuine comic humour.

Corv. [*aloud.*] Or like an old smoked wall, on which the rain
Ran down in streaks!
Mos. Excellent, sir! speak out:
You may be louder yet; a culverin
Discharged in his ear would hardly bore it.
Corv. His nose is like a common sewer, still running.
Mos. 'Tis good! And what his mouth?
Corv. A very draught.
Mos. O, stop it up———
Corv. By no means.
Mos. 'Pray you, let me:
Faith I could stifle him rarely with a pillow,
As well as any woman that should keep him.
Corv. Do as you will; but I'll begone.
Mos. Be so;
It is your presence makes him last so long.
Corv. I pray you, use no violence.
Mos. No, sir! why?
Why should you be thus scrupulous, pray you, sir?
Corv. Nay, at your discretion.
Mos. Well, good sir, be gone.
Corv. I will not trouble him now, to take my pearl.[3]
Mos. Puh! nor your diamond. What a needless care
Is this afflicts you? Is not all here yours?
Am not I here, whom you have made your creature?
That owe my being to you?
Corv. Grateful Mosca!
Thou art my friend, my fellow, my companion,
My partner, and shalt share in all my fortunes.

[3] *I will not trouble him now, to take my pearl.*] i. e. to wrest it from Volpone, who, in his supposed state of insensibility, had closed his hand upon it.

Mos. Excepting one.
Corv. What's that?
Mos. Your gallant wife, sir.— [*Exit Corv.*
Now is he gone: we had no other means
To shoot him hence, but this.
Volp. My divine Mosca!
Thou hast to-day outgone thyself. [*Knocking within.*]—Who's there?
I will be troubled with no more. Prepare
Me music, dances, banquets, all delights;
The Turk is not more sensual in his pleasures,
Than will Volpone. [*Exit Mos.*] Let me see; a pearl!
A diamond! plate! chequines! Good morning's purchase.
Why, this is better than rob churches, yet;
Or fat, by eating, once a month, a man—

Re-enter MOSCA.

Who is't?
Mos. The beauteous lady Would-be, sir,
Wife to the English knight, sir Politick Would-be,
(This is the style, sir, is directed me,)
Hath sent to know how you have slept to-night,
And if you would be visited?
Volp. Not now:
Some three hours hence—
Mos. I told the squire so much.
Volp. When I am high with mirth and wine; then, then:
'Fore heaven, I wonder at the desperate valour
Of the bold English, that they dare let loose
Their wives to all encounters!
Mos. Sir, this knight
Had not his name for nothing, he is *politick*,
And knows, howe'er his wife affect strange airs,

She hath not yet the face to be dishonest:
But had she signior Corvino's wife's face—[4]
Volp. Has she so rare a face?
Mos. O, sir, the wonder,
The blazing star of Italy! a wench
Of the first year! a beauty ripe as harvest!
Whose skin is whiter than a swan all over,
Than silver, snow, or lilies! a soft lip,
Would tempt you to eternity of kissing!
And flesh that melteth in the touch to blood!
Bright as your gold, and lovely as your gold!
Volp. Why had not I known this before?
Mos. Alas, sir,
Myself but yesterday discover'd it.
Volp. How might I see her?
Mos. O, not possible;
She's kept as warily as is your gold;
Never does come abroad, never takes air,
But at a window. All her looks are sweet,
As the first grapes or cherries, and are watch'd
As near as they are.
Volp. I must see her.
Mos. Sir,
There is a guard of spies ten thick upon her,
All his whole household; each of which is set
Upon his fellow, and have all their charge,
When he goes out, when he comes in, examined.
Volp. I will go see her, though but at her window.
Mos. In some disguise, then.
Volp. That is true; I must
Maintain mine own shape still the same: we'll think. [*Exeunt.*

[4] *But had she signior Corvino's wife's face*—] This circumstance, on which the catastrophe of the play hinges, is very naturally introduced. Mosca's glowing description of the lady might inflame the imagination of a less voluptuous sensualist than Volpone.

ACT II. SCENE I.

St. Mark's *Place; a retired corner before* Corvino's *House.*

Enter Sir POLITICK WOULD-BE, *and* PEREGRINE.

Sir P. Sir, to a wise man, all the world's his soil:
It is not Italy, nor France, nor Europe,
That must bound me, if my fates call me forth.
Yet, I protest, it is no salt desire
Of seeing countries, shifting a religion,
Nor any disaffection to the state
Where I was bred, and unto which I owe
My dearest plots, hath brought me out; much less,
That idle, antique, stale, gray-headed project
Of knowing men's minds and manners, with Ulysses!
But a peculiar humour of my wife's,
Laid for this height of Venice, to observe,
To quote,[4] to learn the language, and so forth—
I hope you travel, sir, with license?
Per. Yes.
Sir P. I dare the safelier converse——How long, sir,
Since you left England?
Per. Seven weeks.

[4] *To* quote, *&c.*] To quote, is to notice, to write down. Thus Polonius:

"I'm sorry that with better heed and judgment
I had not *quoted* him."

And thus Webster, in the *White Devil*,

"It is reported you possess a book
Wherein you have *quoted* by intelligence,
The names of all offenders."

The triumph of Sir Politick over poor Ulysses, is an excellent trait of character.

Sir P. So lately!
You have not been with my lord ambassador?*
Per. Not yet, sir.
Sir P. Pray you, what news, sir, vents our climate?
I heard last night a most strange thing reported
By some of my lord's followers, and I long
To hear how 'twill be seconded.
Per. What was't, sir?
Sir P. Marry, sir, of a raven that should build
In a ship royal of the king's.
Per. This fellow,
Does he gull me, trow? or is gull'd? [*Aside.*] Your name, sir.
Sir P. My name is Politick Would-be.
Per. O, that speaks him.—[*Aside.*].
A knight, sir?
Sir P. A poor knight, sir.
Per. Your lady
Lies here in Venice, for intelligence
Of tires and fashions, and behaviour,
Among the courtezans?* the fine lady Would-be?
Sir P. Yes, sir; the spider and the bee, oftimes,
Suck from one flower.
Per. Good sir Politick,
I cry you mercy; I have heard much of you:
'Tis true, sir, of your raven.
Sir P. On your knowledge?
Per. Yes, and your lion's whelping in the Tower.
Sir P. Another whelp![5]

* The celebrated sir Henry Wotton. Coryat found "his lordship" here, he says, in 1608, and experienced "much kindness at his hands." He was introduced to sir Henry, by Mr. Richard Martin (the person to whom Jonson dedicated *the Poetaster*) in a letter which plays upon the simple vanity of our traveller, in a most arch and entertaining manner.

[5] *Another whelp!*] The birth of the first is thus gravely recorded by Stow: "Sunday, the fifth of August (1604), a lionesse, named Elizabeth, in the Tower of London, brought

Per. Another, sir.
Sir P. Now heaven!
What prodigies be these? The fires at Berwick!
And the new star! these things concurring, strange,
And full of omen! Saw you those meteors?
Per. I did, sir.
Sir P. Fearful! Pray you, sir, confirm me,
Were there three porpoises seen above the bridge,
As they give out?
Per. Six, and a sturgeon, sir.
Sir P. I am astonish'd.
Per. Nay, sir, be not so;
I'll tell you a greater prodigy than these,
Sir P. What should these things portend?
Per. The very day
(Let me be sure) that I put forth from London,
There was a whale discover'd in the river,
As high as Woolwich, that had waited there,
Few know how many months, for the subversion
Of the Stode fleet.

foorth a lyons whelpe, which lyons whelpe lived not longer then till the next day." The other, which is spoken of here, was whelped, as Stow also carefully informs us, on the 26th of February, 1606.—As the former had lived so short a time, James ordered this to be taken from the dam, and brought up by hand; by which wise mode of management, the animal was speedily dispatched after his brother. These were the first whelps produced, in a tame state, in this country, and perhaps in Europe.

[6] *Were there three* porpoises *seen above the bridge, &c.*] This prodigy, and that of the appearance of the whale at Woolwich, mentioned just below, are duly noticed by Stow: "The 19th of January (1605), a great *porpus* was taken alive at Westham, —and within a few days after, a very great *whale* came up *as high as Woolwich;* and when she tasted the fresh water, and scented the land, she returned into the sea." p. 881. The references to the remaining prodigies, I have (fortunately for the reader's patience) mislaid, or overlooked among my notes.

Sir P. Is't possible? believe it,
'Twas either sent from Spain, or the archdukes:
Spinola's whale, upon my life, my credit!
Will they not leave these projects? Worthy sir,
Some other news.

Per. Faith, Stone the fool is dead,
And they do lack a tavern fool extremely.

Sir P. Is Mass Stone dead?[7]

Per. He's dead, sir; why, I hope
You thought him not immortal?—O, this knight,
Were he well known, would be a precious thing
To fit our English stage: he that should write
But such a fellow, should be thought to feign
Extremely, if not maliciously. [*Aside.*

Sir P. Stone dead!

Per. Dead.—Lord! how deeply, sir, you apprehend it!
He was no kinsman to you?

[7] *Is* Mass *Stone dead?*] In the margin of his copy, Whalley has written "*Mass*, an abridgment of Master." The thing scarcely deserved a note; but he is wrong: Mass is an abridgment of Messer, an old Italian word, familiarly applied to a priest, or person above the lower rank of life. I have already alluded to the castigation of Mass Stone: the following passage relating to him is curious. On the expensive preparations for the earl of Northampton's embassy to Spain, Sir Dudley Carlton thus writes to Mr. Winwood. "My Lord Admiral's number is 500, and he swears 500 oaths he will not admit of one man more. But if he will stand to that rule, and take in one as another will desire to be discharged, in my opinion, all men's turn will be served. There was great execution done lately upon Stone the fool, who was well whipped in Bridewell, for a blasphemous speech, "that there went sixty fools into Spaine, besides my Lord Admiral and his two sons." But he is now at liberty again, and for this unexpected release, gives his lordship the praise of a very pittiful lord. His comfort is, that the news of El Senor Piedra (i. e. Seignior Stone) will be in Spaine before our embassador." Winwood's Memorials, Vol. II. p. 52.

Sir P. That I know of.
Well! that same fellow was an unknown fool.
Per. And yet you knew him, it seems?
Sir P. I did so. Sir,
I knew him one of the most dangerous heads
Living within the state, and so I held him.
Per. Indeed, sir?
Sir P. While he lived, in action.
He has received weekly intelligence,
Upon my knowledge, out of the Low Countries,
For all parts of the world, in cabbages;[8]
And those dispensed again to ambassadors,
In oranges, musk-melons, apricocks,
Lemons, pome-citrons, and such-like; sometimes
In Colchester oysters, and your Selsey cockles.
Per. You make me wonder.
Sir P. Sir, upon my knowledge.
Nay, I've observed him, at your public ordinary,
Take his advertisement from a traveller,
A conceal'd statesman, in a trencher of meat;
And instantly, before the meal was done,
Convey an answer in a tooth-pick.
Per. Strange!
How could this be, sir?
Sir P. Why, the meat was cut
So like his character, and so laid, as he
Must easily read the cipher.

[8] *He has received weekly intelligence,*
Out of the Low Countries, in cabbages;] This is not an expression thrown out at random. *Cabbages* were not originally the growth of England; but about this time were sent to us from Holland, and so became the product of our kitchen-gardens. I mention this circumstance, trifling as it seems, because it serves to point out that propriety and decorum, which so strongly mark the character of Jonson. WHAL.

"'Tis scarce an hundred years," says Evelyn, in his *Discourse of Sallets*, 1706, "since we first had *cabbages* out of Holland, Sir Arth. Ashley, of Wiburg St. Giles, in Dorsetshire, being, as I am told, the first who planted them in England."

Per. I have heard,
He could not read, sir.
Sir P. So 'twas given out,
In policy, by those that did employ him:
But he could read, and had your languages,
And to't, as sound a noddle——
Per. I have heard, sir,
That your baboons were spies, and that they were
A kind of subtle nation near to China.
Sir P. Ay, ay, your Mamaluchi. Faith, they had
Their hand in a French plot or two; but they
Were so extremely given to women, as
They made discovery of all: yet I
Had my advices here, on Wednesday last,
From one of their own coat, they were return'd,
Made their relations, as the fashion is,
And now stand fair for fresh employment.
Per. 'Heart! [*Aside.*
This sir Pol will be ignorant of nothing.
It seems, sir, you know all.
Sir P. Not all, sir; but
I have some general notions. I do love
To note and to observe: though I live out,
Free from the active torrent, yet I'd mark
The currents and the passages of things,
For mine own private use; and know the ebbs
And flows of state.
Per. Believe it, sir, I hold
Myself in no small tie unto my fortunes,
For casting me thus luckily upon you,
Whose knowledge, if your bounty equal it,
May do me great assistance, in instruction
For my behaviour, and my bearing, which
Is yet so rude and raw.
Sir P. Why? came you forth
Empty of rules for travel?

Per. Faith, I had
Some common ones, from out that vulgar grammar,
Which he that cried Italian to me, taught me.[9]
Sir P. Why this it is that spoils all our brave bloods,
Trusting our hopeful gentry unto pedants,
Fellows of outside, and mere bark.[1] You seem
To be a gentleman, of ingenuous race:——
I not profess it, but my fate hath been
To be, where I have been consulted with,
In this high kind, touching some great men's sons,
Persons of blood and honour.——

[9] *Which he that* cried *Italian to me, taught me.*] "Some learned gentlemen," proposed, (as Mr. Whalley informs us,) to "correct" the text here, and alter *cried* to *read*. "If *chiamare* (says one of these "learned gentlemen," who appears to be poor Sympson) "had been used in the sense of *indottrinare*, I should have liked it much!" This is not a bad specimen of the manner in which notes on our old poets are sometimes composed. Utterly unacquainted with the style and idiom of foreign languages, the commentators run to their dictionaries, and with great labour pick out just enough to expose their own ignorance, and mislead the unlearned reader. Sympson knew that *clamare* was to cry:—but he wanted the Italian synonym, he therefore turns to *chiamare*, and boldly produces it at once, as an equivalent to the English word *cry*, though it merely means to call! We have too many Sympsons now-a-days. To return to Jonson. He had certainly heard enough of Italian to be sensible that it was read with a kind of musical intonation; and this is just what he means. Peregrine's language is purposely affected, to set off the simplicity of Sir Politick.

[1] *Fellows of outside, and mere bark.*] This, as Upton observes, is a Greek phrase; Φλοιωδης ὁ ανηρ, *Long. sect.* 3.

Daniel has the same expression, in his *Hymen's Triumph*:

"And never let her think on me, who am
"But e'en the *bark* and *outside* of a man."

Enter MOSCA *and* NANO *disguised, followed by persons with materials for erecting a Stage.*

Per. Who be these, sir?
Mos. Under that window, there 't must be.
The same.
Sir. P. Fellows, to mount a bank. Did your instructor
In the dear tongues, never discourse to you
Of the Italian mountebanks?
Per. Yes, sir.
Sir P. Why,
Here you shall see one.
Per. They are quacksalvers,
Fellows that live by venting oils and drugs.
Sir P. Was that the character he gave you of them?
Per. As I remember.
Sir P. Pity his ignorance.
They are the only knowing men of Europe!
Great general scholars, excellent physicians,
Most admired statesmen, profest favourites,
And cabinet counsellors to the greatest princes;
The only languaged men of all the world!
Per. And, I have heard, they are most lewd impostors;[2]
Made all of terms and shreds; no less beliers
Of great men's favours, than their own vile med'cines;
Which they will utter upon monstrous oaths:

[2] *They are most* lewd *impostors;*] i. e. ignorant, unlearned. The old and approved sense of the word. Thus Chaucer:

"And as *leude* pepill demith commonlie
"Of thingis, that ben made more subtilie
"Then thei can in ther *leudness* comprehend."

Squier's Tale, 241.

Selling that drug for two-pence, ere they part,
Which they have valued at twelve crowns before.
Sir P. Sir, calumnies are answer'd best with silence.
Yourself shall judge.—Who is it mounts, my friends?
Mos. Scoto of Mantua, sir.[3]
Sir P. Is't he? Nay, then
I'll proudly promise, sir, you shall behold
Another man than has been phant'sied to you.
I wonder yet, that he should mount his bank,
Here in this nook, that has been wont t'appear
In face of the Piazza!—Here he comes.

Enter VOLPONE *disguised as a mountebank Doctor, and followed by a crowd of people.*

Volp. Mount, zany. [*to Nano.*]
Mob. Follow, follow, follow, follow!

[3] *Scoto of Mantua, sir.*] I know not whether Jonson had any contemporary quack in view here. The name he has taken from an Italian juggler who was in England about this time, and exhibited petty feats of legerdemain. See the *Epigrams.* Our poet was a great reader and admirer of the facetious fopperies of a former age; and I am strongly inclined to think that he intended to imitate Andrew Borde, a physician of reputation in Henry VIII's time, who used to frequent fairs and markets, and there address himself to the people. Here is an evident imitation of his language. "He would make," Hearne says, "humorous speeches, couched in such language as caused mirth, and wonderfully propagated his fame." But Borde was a man of learning, and knew how to deal with the vulgar. He travelled much, to perfect himself in physic.

Antony Wood says that Borde was esteemed "a noted poet, a witty and ingeniose person, and an excellent physician of his time." *Ath. Ox.* V. I. 74. Having a rambling head and an inconstant mind, he travelled over a great part of Christendom, and finally concluded his vagaries and his life, as many other "ingeniose persons" have done, in the Fleet, in 1549.

Sir P. See how the people follow him! he's a man
May write ten thousand crowns in bank here.
Note, [*Volpone mounts the Stage.*
Mark but his gesture:—I do use to observe
The state he keeps in getting up.

Per. 'Tis worth it, sir.

Volp. *Most noble gentlemen, and my worthy patrons! It may seem strange, that I, your Scoto Mantuano, who was ever wont to fix my bank in face of the public Piazza, near the shelter of the Portico to the Procuratia, should now, after eight months absence from this illustrious city of Venice, humbly retire myself into an obscure nook of the Piazza.*

Sir. P. Did not I now object the same?

Per. Peace, sir.

Volp. *Let me tell you: I am not, as your Lombard proverb saith, cold on my feet; or content to part with my commodities at a cheaper rate, than I accustomed: look not for it. Nor that the calumnious reports of that impudent detractor, and shame to our profession, (Alessandro Buttone, I mean,) who gave out, in public, I was condemned a sforzato to the galleys, for poisoning the cardinal Bembo's —— cook, hath at all attached, much less dejected me. No, no, worthy gentlemen; to tell you true, I cannot endure to see the rabble of these ground ciarlitani,[4] that spread their cloaks on the pavement, as*

4. *These ground ciarlitani, &c.*] These ground ciarlitani (petty charlatans, impostors, babblers) are to be found in Italy at this hour, occupied precisely as they were in the days of Scoto Mantuano. Coryat gives a similar account of them: "I have seen," he says, some of them stand *upon the ground* when they tell their tales, which are such as they commonly call ciaratanoes, or ciarlatans. The principal place where they act, is

if they meant to do feats of activity, and then come in lamely, with their mouldy tales out of Boccacio, like stale Tabarine, the fabulist :[5] *some of them discoursing their travels, and of their tedious captivity in the Turks gallies, when, indeed, were the truth known, they were the Christians gallies, where very temperately they eat bread, and drunk water, as a wholesome penance, enjoined them by their confessors, for base pilferies.*

Sir P. Note but his bearing, and contempt of these.

Volp. *These turdy-facy-nasty-paty-lousy-fartical rogues, with one poor groat's-worth of unprepared antimony, finely wrapt up in several scartoccios,*[6] *are able, very well, to kill their twenty a week, and play; yet, these meagre, starved spirits, who have half stopt the organs of their minds with earthy oppilations, want not their favourers among your shrivell'd sallad eating artizans, who are overjoyed that they may have their half-pe'rth of physic; though it purge them into another world, it makes no matter.*

the first part of St. Mark's-street." These tales, or recitations, it should be observed, are merely to draw the people together; and always terminate with the production of some trumpery articles for sale.

[5] *Like stale* Tabarine, *the fabulist :*] This Tabarin, who is mentioned by Boileau, in his "*Art of Poetry*,"

"*Apollon travesti devint un Tabarin*,"

and, again, in his "*Critical Reflections*," was, as his annotators inform us, a celebrated jack-pudding in the service of one Mondor: "*Ce Mondor étoit un charlatan, ou vendeur du beaume, qui établissoit son théatre dans la Place Dauphine, vers le commencement du* xvii *siècle. Il rouloit aussi dans les autres villes du roïaume avec Tabarin, le bouffon de sa troupe. Les* plaisanteries *de Tabarin ont été imprimées plusieurs fois à Paris et à Lyons.—Elles ne peuvent plaire qu'à la canaille.*"

[6] *Scartoccios,*] i. e. covers, folds of paper; whence our *cartouch.*

Sir P. Excellent! have you heard better language, sir.

Volp. *Well, let them go. And, gentlemen, honourable gentlemen, know, that for this time, our bank, being thus removed from the clamours of the canaglia, shall be the scene of pleasure and delight; for I have nothing to sell, little or nothing to sell.*

Sir P. I told you, sir, his end.

Per. You did so, sir.

Volp. *I protest, I, and my six servants, are not able to make of this precious liquor, so fast as it is fetch'd away from my lodging by gentlemen of your city; strangers of the Terra-firma;* worshipful merchants; ay, and senators too: who, ever since my arrival, have detained me to their uses, by their splendidous liberalities. And worthily; for, what avails your rich man to have his magazines stuft with moscadelli, or of the purest grape, when his physicians prescribe him, on pain of death, to drink nothing but water cocted with aniseeds? O, health! health! the blessing of the rich! the riches of the poor! who can buy thee at too dear a rate, since there is no enjoying this world without thee? Be not then so sparing of your purses, honourable gentlemen, as to abridge the natural course of life——*

Per. You see his end.

Sir P. Ay, is't not good?

Volp. *For, when a humid flux, or catarrh, by the mutability of air, falls from your head into an arm or shoulder, or any other part; take you a ducket, or your chequin of gold, and apply to the place affected: see what good effect it can work. No, no, 'tis this blessed unguento, this rare extraction, that*

* *Terra-firma;*] It may be just worth while to notice, that the Venetians distinguish their continental possessions by this expression.

hath only power to disperse all malignant humours that proceed either of hot, cold, moist, or windy causes——

Per. I would he had put in dry too.

Sir P. 'Pray you, observe.

Volp. *To fortify the most indigest and crude stomach, ay, were it of one that, through extreme weakness, vomited blood, applying only a warm napkin to the place, after the unction and fricace;— for the vertigine in the head, putting but a drop into your nostrils, likewise behind the ears; a most sovereign and approved remedy: the mal caduco, cramps, convulsions, paralysies, epilepsies, tremor-cordia, retired nerves, ill vapours of the spleen, stopping of the liver, the stone, the strangury, hernia ventosa, iliaca passio; stops a dysenteria immediately; easeth the torsion of the small guts; and cures melancholia hypondriaca, being taken and applied, according to my printed receipt.* [pointing to his bill and his vial.] *For, this is the physician, this the medicine; this counsels, this cures; this gives the direction, this works the effect; and, in sum, both together may be termed an abstract of the theorick and practick in the Æsculapian art. 'Twill cost you eight crowns. And,—Zan Fritada, prithee sing a verse extempore in honour of it.*

Sir P. How do you like him, sir?

Per. Most strangely, I!

Sir P. Is not his language rare?

Per. But alchemy,
I never heard the like; or Broughton's books.'

[7] But *alchemy,*
I never heard the like; or Broughton's books, &c.] i. e. except alchemy, &c. The reader will understand the force of this, when he comes to the next volume. Broughton was a man of very considerable learning, particularly in the Hebrew; but disputatious, scurrilous, extravagant, and incomprehensible. He was engaged in controversy during the greatest part of his life. So

NANO *sings.*

Had old Hippocrates, or Galen,
That to their books put med'cines all in,
But known this secret, they had never
(Of which they will be guilty ever)
Been murderers of so much paper,
Or wasted many a hurtless taper;
No Indian drug had e'er been famed,
Tobacco, sassafras not named;
Ne yet, of guacum one small stick, sir,
Nor Raymund Lully's great elixir.
Ne had been known the Danish Gonswart,[9]
Or Paracelsus, with his long sword.[1]

common a circumstance scarcely deserved notice; yet there was this peculiarity in Broughton's case, namely, that he should find people to contest what must have been equally unintelligible to all parties. See the *Alchemist.*

[8] *Nor Raymund Lully's* great elixir.] Lully was a celebrated character of the fourteenth century. He was born in Majorca, and studied what was then termed natural philosophy, i. e. the transmutation of metals, &c. In this he was very successful; having, as every one knows, discovered the philosopher's stone, and above all, the *great elixir*, or drink of immortality. Thus secured against poverty and death, he turned beggar, hermit, missionary, and, finally, lost his life by an unlucky blow, while preaching to the wild inhabitants of Mount Atlas. In a credulous age, and while men obstinately shut their eyes to conviction, Lully enjoyed an extraordinary degree of reputation. He is now deservedly forgotten. The following distich on him, is as old as Zan Fritada's song:

Qui Lulli lapidem *quærit, quem quærere nulli*
Profuit; haud Lullus, sed mihi Nullus erit.

[9] *The Danish Gonswart,*] Having no acquaintance with the Danish Gonswart, I cannot give the reader his history. WHAL.

I regret to say, that I am equally unable to assist him: though my researches have been pretty extensive.

[1] *Or Paracelsus, with* his long sword.] For Paracelsus, see the *Alchemist.* I cannot account for the introduction of the *long sword*, which yet must have been popular; for it is mentioned also by Fletcher: "Were Paracelsus the German now living,

Per. All this, yet, will not do; eight crowns is high.

Volp. *No more.—Gentlemen, if I had but time to discourse to you the miraculous effects of this my oil, surnamed Oglio del Scoto; with the countless catalogue of those I have cured of the aforesaid, and many more diseases; the patents and privileges of all the princes and commonwealths of Christendom; or but the depositions of those that appeared on my part, before the signiory of the Sanita and most learned College of Physicians; where I was authorized, upon notice taken of the admirable virtues of my medicaments, and mine own excellency in matter of rare and unknown secrets, not only to disperse them publicly in this famous city, but in all the territories, that happily joy under the government of the most pious and magnificent states of Italy. But may some other gallant fellow say, O, there be divers that make profession to have as good, and as experimented receipts as yours: indeed, very many have assayed, like apes, in imitation of that, which is really and essentially in me, to make of this oil; bestowed great cost in furnaces, stills, alembecks, continual fires, and preparation of the ingredients, (as indeed there goes to it six hundred several simples, besides some quantity of human fat, for the conglutination, which we buy of the anatomists,) but, when these practitioners come to the last decoction, blow, blow, puff, puff, and all flies in fumo: ha, ha, ha! Poor wretches! I rather pity their folly and indiscretion, than their*

he (Forobosco) would take up his single rapier against his *horrible long sword.*" *Fair Maid of the Inn*, A. IV. Perhaps the allusion is to some print of Paracelsus, who, as he was certainly present at many sieges and battles, might choose to be represented with this formidable appendage to his physician's cloak. It must not be forgotten, that Paracelsus always carried a familiar or demon in the hilt of this celebrated *long sword*; so that it was not without its use.

loss of time and money; for these may be recovered by industry: but to be a fool born, is a disease incurable.

For myself, I always from my youth have endeavoured to get the rarest secrets, and book them, either in exchange, or for money: I spared nor cost nor labour, where any thing was worthy to be learned. And, gentlemen, honourable gentlemen, I will undertake, by virtue of chemical art, out of the honourable hat that covers your head, to extract the four elements; that is to say, the fire, air, water, and earth, and return you your felt without burn or stain. For, whilst others have been at the Balloo,[2] I have been at my book; and am now past the craggy paths of study, and come to the flowery plains of honour and reputation.

Sir P. I do assure you, sir, that is his aim.

Volp. *But to our price*——

Per. And that withal, sir Pol.

Volp. *You all know, honourable gentlemen, I never valued this ampulla, or vial, at less than eight crowns; but for this time, I am content to be deprived of it for six: six crowns is the price, and less in courtesy I know you cannot offer me; take it or leave it, howsoever, both it and I am at your service. I ask you not as the value of the thing, for then I should demand of you a thousand crowns, so the cardinals Montalto, Fernese, the great duke of Tuscany, my gossip,[3] with divers other princes, have*

[2] *at the Balloo,*] This play, in which a huge ball is driven forward by a flat piece of wood, fastened to the arm, is still much practised on the continent. It is mentioned in *Eastward Hoe!* "We had a match at *baloon* too, with my lord Whackum," for four crowns." A. I. The Mall takes its name from this game, *(pasle maile,* Fr.) which was often played there by the cavaliers who returned with Charles II. from France.

[3] *The great duke of Tuscany, my* gossip,] i. e. my godfather. "*Godsib,* now pronounced *gossip.* Our Christian ancestors

given me; but I despise money. Only to shew my affection to you, honourable gentlemen, and your illustrious State here, I have neglected the messages of these princes, mine own offices, framed my journey hither, only to present you with the fruits of my travels.—Tune your voices once more to the touch of your instruments, and give the honourable assembly some delightful recreation.

Per. What monstrous and most painful circumstance
Is here, to get some three or four gazettes,[4]
Some three-pence in the whole! for that 'twill come to.

NANO *sings.*

You that would last long, list to my song,
Make no more coil, but buy of this oil.
Would you be ever fair and young?
Stout of teeth, and strong of tongue?
Tart of palate? quick of ear?
Sharp of sight? of nostril clear?

understanding a spirituall affinitie to grow between the parents and such as undertook for the chyld at baptisme, called each other by the name of *godsib*, which is as much as to say, as that they were *sib* together, that is, of kin together through God. And the chyld in like manner called such, his godfathers or god-mothers," &c. *Verstegan. Restitution of decayed Intelligence*, &c. p. 223.

[4] ——— *What painful circumstance*
Is here to get some three or four gazettes?] Peregrine is not in the secret: Volpone spins out his harangue in order to increase the chance of getting a sight of Celia. A *gazette* is a small Venetian coin, worth about three farthings; and as this was the usual price given for the news-papers, the name of the coin was afterwards transferred to be the name of the news-paper itself. WHAL.

These *news-papers*, as Whalley calls them, were merely loose slips of paper, on which the occurrences of the day were written. There were no printed gazettes, as he seems to think.

Moist of hand? and light of foot?
Or, I will come nearer to't,
Would you live free from all diseases?
Do the act your mistress pleases,
Yet fright all aches from your bones?
Here's a med'cine for the nones.[5]

Volp. *Well, I am in a humour at this time to make a present of the small quantity my coffer contains; to the rich in courtesy, and to the poor for God's sake. Wherefore now mark: I ask'd you six crowns; and six crowns, at other times, you have paid me; you shall not give me six crowns, nor five, nor four, nor three, nor two, nor one; nor half a ducat; no, nor a moccinigo.*[6] *Sixpence it will cost*

[5] *Here's a med'cine* for the nones,] i. e. for the present occasion; for the immediate purpose. It is impossible to reflect without scorn on the elaborate attempts to explain the origin of this most simple and common expression. To say nothing of the *Dii minores*, even Tyrwhitt, who, when he mixes with the commentators on Shakspeare is no longer recognisable, gravely tells us that the phrase "was originally a corruption of corrupt Latin." Thus, says he, from *pro nunc* came *for the nunc*, and so for the nonce; just as from *ad nunc* came anon! This, it must be confessed, is sufficiently foolish: but by what term shall we characterize the stupendous absurdity of Mr. Chalmers? "The expression (he says) is local." It is as universal as the language. "This word (he continues) is probably derived from the Fr. *nonce*, a nuncio, the prelate whom the pope used to send for his special purposes." *Glossary to Lyndsay. For the nonce* is simply *for the once*, for the *one thing* in question, whatever it be. This is invariably its meaning. The aptitude of many of our monosyllables beginning with a vowel, to assume the *n* is well known; but the progress of this expression is distinctly marked in our early writers, "a ones," "an anes," "for the ones," "for the nanes." "for the nones," "for the nonce." Shall we have any more repetitions of *pro nunc*," and "*pro nuntio*, the prelate?" I am not without my fears; for, as I lately had occasion to observe, the race of Ding-dong's sheep is far from being extinct.

[6] *No, nor a* moccinigo.] A moccinigo, as Florio informs us

you, or six hundred pound——expect no lower price, for, by the banner of my front, I will not bate a bagatine,[7]*—that I will have, only, a pledge of your loves, to carry something from amongst you, to shew I am not contemn'd by you. Therefore, now, toss your handkerchiefs, cheerfully, cheerfully; and be advertised, that the first heroic spirit that deigns to grace me with a handkerchief, I will give it a little remembrance of something, beside, shall please it better, than if I had presented it with a double pistolet.*

Per. Will you be that *heroic spark*, sir Pol?

[*Celia at a window above, throws down her handkerchief.*

O, see! the window has prevented you.

Volp. *Lady, I kiss your bounty; and for this timely grace you have done your poor Scoto of Mantua, I will return you, over and above my oil, a secret of that high and inestimable nature, shall make you for ever enamour'd on that minute, wherein your eye first descended on so mean, yet not altogether to be despised, an object. Here is a powder conceal'd in this paper, of which, if I should speak to the worth, nine thousand volumes were but as one page, that page as a line, that line as a word; so short is this pilgrimage of man (which some call life) to the expressing of it. Would I reflect on the price? why, the whole world is but as an empire, that empire as a province, that province as a bank, that bank as a private purse to the purchase of it. I will only tell you; it is the powder that made Venus a goddess, (given her by Apollo,) that kept her perpetually young, clear'd her wrinkles, firm'd her gums,*

in his *Worlde of Wordes*, is "a kinde of small coyne used in Venice." It is worth about nine-pence.

[7] *A bagatine.*] A bagatine, he says, is "a little coyne used in Italie." It is about the third part of a farthing.

fill'd her skin, colour'd her hair; from her derived to Helen, and at the sack of Troy unfortunately lost; till now, in this our age, it was as happily recovered, by a studious antiquary, out of some ruins of Asia, who sent a moiety of it to the court of France, (but much sophisticated,) wherewith the ladies there, now, colour their hair. The rest, at this present, remains with me; extracted to a quintessence: so that, wherever it but touches, in youth it perpetually preserves, in age restores the complexion; seats your teeth, did they dance like virginal jacks, firm as a wall; makes them white as ivory, that were black as———

Enter CORVINO.

Cor. Spight o' the devil, and my shame! come down, here;
Come down;—No house but mine to make your scene?
Signior Flaminio, will you down, sir? down?
What, is my wife your Franciscina, sir?
No windows on the whole Piazza, here,
To make your properties, but mine? but mine?
[*Beats away Volpone, Nano, &c.*
Heart! ere to-morrow I shall be new-christen'd,
And call'd the Pantalone di Besogniosi,[8]
About the town.

Per. What should this mean, sir Pol?

Sir P. Some trick of state, believe it; I will home.

Per. It may be some design on you.

Sir P. I know not.
I'll stand upon my guard.

[8] ——————— *I shall be new christen'd,*
And call'd the Pantalone di Besogniosi,] i. e. the zany or fool of the beggars. Such, at least, is the vulgar import of the words; but Jonson probably affixed a more opprobrious sense to them.

Per. It is your best, sir.
Sir P. This three weeks, all my advices, all my letters,
They have been intercepted.
Per. Indeed, sir!
Best have a care.
Sir P. Nay, so I will.
Per. This knight,
I may not lose him, for my mirth, till night.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Volpone's *House.*

Enter VOLPONE *and* MOSCA.

Volp. O, I am wounded!
Mos. Where, sir?
Volp. Not without;
Those blows were nothing: I could bear them ever.
But angry Cupid,* bolting from her eyes,
Hath shot himself into me like a flame;
Where, now, he flings about his burning heat,
As in a furnace an ambitious fire,
Whose vent is stopt. The fight is all within me.
I cannot live, except thou help me, Mosca;
My liver melts, and I, without the hope
Of some soft air, from her refreshing breath,
Am but a heap of cinders.
Mos. 'Las, good sir,
Would you had never seen her!
Volp. Nay, would thou
Hadst never told me of her!
Mos. Sir, 'tis true;

* *But angry Cupid, &c.*] This is prettily imitated from the concluding lines of the 14th Ode of Anacreon.

I do confess I was unfortunate,
And you unhappy: but I'm bound in conscience,
No less than duty, to effect my best
To your release of torment, and I will, sir.
Volp. Dear Mosca, shall I hope?
Mos. Sir, more than dear,
I will not bid you to despair of aught
Within a human compass.
Volp. O, there spoke
My better angel. Mosca, take my keys,
Gold, plate, and jewels, all's at thy devotion;
Employ them how thou wilt; nay, coin me too:
So thou, in this, but crown my longings, Mosca.
Mos. Use but your patience.
Volp. So I have.
Mos. I doubt not
To bring success to your desires.
Volp. Nay, then,
I not repent me of my late disguise.
Mos. If you can horn him, sir, you need not.
Volp. True:
Besides, I never meant him for my heir.—
Is not the colour of my beard and eyebrows
To make me known?
Mos. No jot.
Volp. I did it well.
Mos. So well, would I could follow you in mine,
With half the happiness!—and yet I would
Escape your epilogue.[9] [*Aside.*
Volp. But were they gull'd
With a belief that I was Scoto?
Mos. Sir,
Scoto himself could hardly have distinguish'd!
I have not time to flatter you now, we'll part:
And as I prosper, so applaud my art. [*Exeunt.*

9 ——————— *and yet I would*
Escape your epilogue.] i. e. the beating which Volpone had received from Corvino.

SCENE III.

A Room in Corvino's *House.*

Enter CORVINO, *with his sword in his hand, dragging in* CELIA.

Corv. Death of mine honour, with the city's fool!
A juggling, tooth-drawing, prating mountebank!
And at a public window! where, whilst he,
With his strain'd action, and his dole of faces,[1]
To his drug-lecture draws your itching ears,
A crew of old, unmarried, noted letchers,
Stood leering up like satyrs: and you smile
Most graciously, and fan your favours forth,
To give your hot spectators satisfaction!
What, was your mountebank their call? their whistle?
Or were you enamour'd on his copper rings,
His saffron jewel, with the toad-stone in't,
Or his embroider'd suit, with the cope-stitch,
Made of a herse cloth? or his old tilt-feather?
Or his starch'd beard? Well! you shall have him, yes!
He shall come home, and minister unto you
The fricace for the mother. Or, let me see,
I think you'd rather mount; would you not mount?

[1] ——— *whilst he,*
With his strain'd action, and his dole of faces,] *Dole of faces,* is the grimace, or change of features, which accompanied Volpone's action. We have a parallel expression in the beginning of *Sejanus:*

"We have no shift of faces." WHAL.

Why, if you'll mount, you may; yes, truly, you may:
And so you may be seen, down to the foot.
Get you a cittern, lady Vanity,
And be a dealer with the virtuous man;
Make one: I'll but protest myself a cuckold,
And save your dowry. I'm a Dutchman, I!
For, if you thought me an Italian,
You would be damn'd, ere you did this, you whore!
Thou'dst tremble, to imagine, that the murder
Of father, mother, brother, all thy race,
Should follow, as the subject of my justice.
Cel. Good sir, have patience.
Corv. What couldst thou propose[a]
Less to thyself, than in this heat of wrath,
And stung with my dishonour, I should strike
This steel into thee, with as many stabs,
As thou wert gaz'd upon with goatish eyes?
Cel. Alas, sir, be appeased! I could not think
My being at the window should more now
Move your impatience, than at other times.
Corv. No! not to seek and entertain a parley
With a known knave, before a multitude!
You were an actor with your handkerchief,
Which he most sweetly kist in the receipt,
And might, no doubt, return it with a letter,
And point the place where you might meet; your sister's,
Your mother's, or your aunt's might serve the turn.
Cel. Why, dear sir, when do I make these excuses,
Or ever stir abroad, but to the church?
And that so seldom——

[a] *What couldst thou propose, &c.*] This outrageous respect for his honour is an admirable preparation for his conduct in the ensuing conversation with Mosca.

Corv. Well, it shall be less;
And thy restraint before was liberty,
To what I now decree: and therefore mark me.
First, I will have this bawdy light damm'd up;
And till't be done, some two or three yards off,
I'll chalk a line: o'er which if thou but chance
To set thy desperate foot, more hell, more horror,
More wild remorseless rage shall seize on thee,
Than on a conjuror, that had heedless left
His circle's safety ere his devil was laid.
Then here's a lock which I will hang upon thee,
And, now I think on't, I will keep thee backwards;
Thy lodging shall be backwards; thy walks backwards;
Thy prospect, all be backwards; and no pleasure,
That thou shalt know but backwards: nay, since you force
My honest nature, know, it is your own,
Being too open, makes me use you thus:
Since you will not contain your subtle nostrils
In a sweet room, but they must snuff the air
Of rank and sweaty passengers. [*Knocking within.*]
—One knocks.
Away, and be not seen, pain of thy life;
Nor look toward the window: if thou dost——
Nay, stay, hear this—let me not prosper, whore,
But I will make thee an anatomy,
Dissect thee mine own self, and read a lecture
Upon thee to the city, and in public.
Away!— [*Exit Celia.*

Enter Servant.

Who's there?
Ser. 'Tis signior Mosca, sir.
Corv. Let him come in. [*Exit Serv.*] His master's dead: there's yet
Some good to help the bad.—

Enter Mosca.

My Mosca, welcome!
I guess your news.
Mos. I fear you cannot, sir.
Corv. Is't not his death?
Mos. Rather the contrary.
Corv. Not his recovery?
Mos. Yes, sir.
Corv. I am curs'd,
I am bewitch'd, my crosses meet to vex me.
How? how? how? how?
Mos. Why, sir, with Scoto's oil;
Corbaccio and Voltore brought of it,
Whilst I was busy in an inner room——
Corv. Death! that damn'd mountebank! but for the law
Now, I could kill the rascal: it cannot be,
His oil should have that virtue. Have not I
Known him a common rogue, come fidling in
To the osteria,[3] with a tumbling whore,
And, when he has done all his forced tricks, been glad
Of a poor spoonful of dead wine, with flies in't?
It cannot be. All his ingredients
Are a sheep's gall, a roasted bitch's marrow,
Some few sod earwigs, pounded caterpillars,
A little capon's grease, and fasting spittle:
I know them to a dram.
Mos. I know not, sir;
But some on't, there, they pour'd into his ears,

[3] *To the* osteria,] The inn or hotel. So Fletcher,

"*Host.* Thy master
That lodges here in my *osteria*." *Fair Maid of the Inn.*

WHAL.

Some in his nostrils, and recover'd him;
Applying but the fricace.
Corv. Pox o' that fricace!
Mos. And since, to seem the more officious
And flatt'ring of his health, there, they have had,
At extreme fees, the college of physicians
Consulting on him, how they might restore him;
Where one would have a cataplasm of spices,
Another a flay'd ape clapp'd to his breast,
A third would have it a dog, a fourth an oil,
With wild cats' skins: at last, they all resolved
That, to preserve him, was no other means,
But some young woman must be straight sought out,
Lusty, and full of juice, to sleep by him;
And to this service, most unhappily,
And most unwillingly, am I now employ'd,
Which here I thought to pre-acquaint you with,
For your advice, since it concerns you most;
Because, I would not do that thing might cross
Your ends, on whom I have my whole dependance, sir:
Yet, if I do it not, they may delate[4]
My slackness to my patron, work me out
Of his opinion; and there all your hopes,
Ventures, or whatsoever, are all frustrate!
I do but tell you, sir. Besides, they are all
Now striving, who shall first present him; therefore—
I could entreat you, briefly conclude somewhat;
Prevent them if you can.
Corv. Death to my hopes,
This is my villainous fortune! Best to hire
Some common courtezan.

[4] ——— *they may* delate
My slackness to my patron,] i. e. accuse, or complain of: a vile latinism. "*Prevent* them," just below, is anticipate them.

Mos. Ay, I thought on that, sir;
But they are all so subtle, full of art—
And age again doting and flexible,
So as—I cannot tell—we may, perchance,
Light on a quean may cheat us all.
Corv. 'Tis true.
Mos. No, no: it must be one that has no tricks, sir,
Some simple thing, a creature made unto it;*
Some wench you may command. Have you no kinswoman?
Odso—Think, think, think, think, think, think, think, sir.
One o' the doctors offer'd there his daughter.
Corv. How!
Mos. Yes, signior Lupo, the physician.
Corv. His daughter!
Mos. And a virgin, sir. Why, alas,
He knows the state of's body, what it is;
That nought can warm his blood, sir, but a fever;[5]
Nor any incantation raise his spirit:
A long forgetfulness hath seized that part.
Besides, sir, who shall know it? some one or two—
Corv. I pray thee give me leave. [*walks aside.*]
If any man
But I had had this luck—The thing in't self,
I know, is nothing—Wherefore should not I
As well command my blood and my affections,
As this dull doctor? In the point of honour,
The cases are all one of wife and daughter.

* *A creature* made *unto it.*] See p. 45.

[5] *That nought can warm his blood, sir, but a fever;*]

Præterea minimus gelido jam corpore sanguis
Febre calet sola. Juv. Sat.

What follows is from the same satire.

Mos. I hear him coming.[6] [*Aside.*
Corv. She shall do't: 'tis done.
Slight! if this doctor, who is not engaged,
Unless 't be for his counsel, which is nothing,
Offer his daughter, what should I, that am
So deeply in? I will prevent him: Wretch!
Covetous wretch!'—Mosca, I have determined.
Mos. How, sir?
Corv. We'll make all sure. The party you wot of
Shall be mine own wife, Mosca.
Mos. Sir, the thing,
But that I would not seem to counsel you,
I should have motion'd to you, at the first:
And make your count, you have cut all their throats.
Why, 'tis directly taking a possession!
And in his next fit, we may let him go.
'Tis but to pull the pillow from his head,
And he is throttled: it had been done before,
But for your scrupulous doubts.
Corv. Ay, a plague on't,
My conscience fools my wit! Well, I'll be brief,
And so be thou, lest they should be before us:

[6] *I hear him* coming.] Mosca, who overhears Corvino's last words, speaks this aside; and he means, that he is yielding, or *coming* into the plot he had laid, to procure his wife for Volpone. So in *Eastward Hoe!* A. V. "No more; I am *coming* already: if I should give any further ear, I were taken." WHAL.

* ——————— *Wretch!*
Covetous wretch!] "How finely," says Upton, "is it imagined by our poet, to make Corvino see the basely covetous character of the physician, and yet be so strangely ignorant of his own! This is an instance of our comedian's great insight into the characters of mankind."

This is one of ten thousand: but, indeed, no language can do full justice to the various excellencies of this truly attic drama.

Go home, prepare him, tell him with what zeal
And willingness I do it; swear it was
On the first hearing, as thou may'st do, truly,
Mine own free motion.
Mos. Sir, I warrant you,
I'll so possess him with it, that the rest
Of his starv'd clients shall be banish'd all;
And only you received. But come not, sir,
Until I send, for I have something else
To ripen for your good, you must not know't.
Corv. But do not you forget to send now.
Mos. Fear not. [*Exit.*
Corv. Where are you, wife? my Celia! wife!

Re-enter CELIA.

—What, blubbering?
Come, dry those tears. I think thou thought'st me in earnest;
Ha! by this light I talk'd so but to try thee:
Methinks, the lightness of the occasion
Should have confirm'd thee. Come, I am not jealous.
Cel. No!
Corv. Faith I am not, I, nor never was;
It is a poor unprofitable humour.
Do not I know, if women have a will,
They'll do 'gainst all the watches of the world,
And that the fiercest spies are tamed with gold?
Tut, I am confident in thee, thou shalt see't;
And see I'll give thee cause too, to believe it.
Come kiss me. Go, and make thee ready straight,
In all thy best attire, thy choicest jewels,
Put them all on, and, with them, thy best looks:
We are invited to a solemn feast,
At old Volpone's, where it shall appear
How far I am free from jealousy or fear. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter Mosca.

Mos. I fear, I shall begin to grow in love
With my dear self, and my most prosperous parts,
They do so spring and burgeon; I can feel
A whimsy in my blood: I know not how,
Success hath made me wanton. I could skip
Out of my skin, now, like a subtle snake,
I am so limber. O! your parasite
Is a most precious thing, dropt from above,
Not bred 'mongst clods and clodpoles, here on earth.
I muse, the mystery was not made a science,
It is so liberally profest! almost
All the wise world is little else, in nature,
But parasites or sub-parasites.—And, yet,
I mean not those that have your bare town-art,
To know who's fit to feed them; have no house,
No family, no care, and therefore mould
Tales for men's ears, to bait that sense; or get
Kitchen-invention, and some stale receipts
To please the belly, and the groin; nor those,
With their court dog-tricks, that can fawn and fleer,
Make their revenue out of legs and faces,[7]

[7] *Make their revenue out of* legs and faces,] i. e out of bows, and smiles, or rather, perhaps, as Juvenal expresses it, moulding their faces to suit the humour of their patron's—*alienum sumere vultum, &c.*

Echo my lord, and lick away a moth:[9]
But your fine elegant rascal, that can rise,
And stoop, almost together, like an arrow;
Shoot through the air as nimbly as a star;
Turn short as doth a swallow; and be here,
And there, and here, and yonder, all at once;
Present to any humour, all occasion;
And change a visor, swifter than a thought!
This is the creature had the art born with him;
Toils not to learn it, but doth practise it
Out of most excellent nature: and such sparks
Are the true parasites, others but their zanis.[1]

[9] *Echo my lord, and* lick away a moth:] This, as Upton affectedly observes, is an allusion "to such officious kind of parasites, as are called in Low Dutch *pluyme-strücker, qui plumas pilosque ex vestibus assentatoriè legit.*" All this learning is from Minshieu: Jonson, however, did not go to Holland for his flatterer, but to Attica, a country with which he was much better acquainted: Απο τε ἱματιε αφελειν κροκιδα και εαν τι προς το τριχωμα της κεφαλης απο πνευματος προσενεχθη αχυρον καρφιλογησαι. Theophras. περι κολακειας.

Hall has the same allusion:

"But some one, like a claw-backe parasite,
"Pick'd *mothes from his patron's* cloake in sight."

Sat. Lib. 6.

[1] Mr. Cumberland parallels this exquisite speech with that of a parasite, preserved to us in a fragment of Eupolis. The advantage, however, is on the side of Jonson. His "fine elegant rascal,

"that can rise,
"And stoop, almost together, like an arrow;
"Shoot through the air as nimbly as a star;
"Turn short as doth a swallow," &c.

is much superior to the parasite of the Greek dramatist, whom our poet undoubtedly had in view, and over whom he manifestly triumphs in the conclusion of his speech.

Lucian's parasite, who is here brought forward by Upton, is, it must be confessed, a sprightly, impudent, pleasant fellow;

Enter BONARIO.

Who's this? Bonario, old Corbaccio's son?
The person I was bound to seek. —Fair sir,
You are happily met.
Bon. That cannot be by thee.
Mos. Why, sir?
Bon. Nay, pray thee know thy way, and leave me:
I would be loth to interchange discourse
With such a mate as thou art.
Mos. Courteous sir,
Scorn not my poverty.
Bon. Not I, by heaven;
But thou shalt give me leave to hate thy baseness.
Mos. Baseness!
Bon. Ay; answer me, is not thy sloth
Sufficient argument? thy flattery?
Thy means of feeding?
Mos. Heaven be good to me!
These imputations are too common, sir,
And easily stuck on virtue when she's poor.
You are unequal to me,[2] and however
Your sentence may be righteous, yet you are not,
That, ere you know me, thus proceed in censure:
St. Mark bear witness 'gainst you, 'tis inhuman.
[*Weeps.*
Bon. What! does he weep? the sign is soft and good:
I do repent me that I was so harsh. [*Aside.*

from him, however, Jonson has taken nothing, but the idea that "the mystery should be made a science," &c. Indeed the two characters are perfectly distinct.

[2] *You are* unequal *to me, &c.*] i. e. unjust; you do not judge equitably. The sentiment itself is from the *Medea* of Seneca:

Qui statuit aliquid, parte inauditâ alterâ,
Æquum licet statuerit, haud æquus fuit. WHAL.

Mos. 'Tis true, that, sway'd by strong necessity,
I am enforced to eat my careful bread
With too much obsequy; 'tis true, beside,
That I am fain to spin mine own poor raiment
Out of my mere observance, being not born
To a free fortune: but that I have done
Base offices, in rending friends asunder,
Dividing families, betraying counsels,
Whispering false lies, or mining men with praises,
Train'd their credulity with perjuries,
Corrupted chastity, or am in love
With mine own tender ease, but would not rather
Prove the most rugged, and laborious course,
That might redeem my present estimation,
Let me here perish, in all hope of goodness.

Bon. This cannot be a personated passion.—
[*Aside.*
I was to blame, so to mistake thy nature;
Prithee forgive me: and speak out thy business.

Mos. Sir, it concerns you; and though I may seem,
At first to make a main offence in manners,
And in my gratitude unto my master;
Yet, for the pure love, which I bear all right,
And hatred of the wrong, I must reveal it.
This very hour your father is in purpose
To disinherit you——

Bon. How!

Mos. And thrust you forth,
As a mere stranger to his blood; 'tis true, sir.
The work no way engageth me, but, as
I claim an interest in the general state
Of goodness and true virtue, which I hear
To abound in you; and, for which mere respect,
Without a second aim, sir, I have done it.

Bon. This tale hath lost thee much of the late trust

Thou hadst with me; it is impossible:
I know not how to lend it any thought,
My father should be so unnatural.
Mos. It is a confidence that well becomes
Your piety; and form'd, no doubt, it is
From your own simple innocence: which makes
Your wrong more monstrous and abhorr'd. But, sir,
I now will tell you more. This very minute,
It is, or will be doing; and, if you
Shall be but pleased to go with me, I'll bring you,
I dare not say where you shall see, but where
Your ear shall be a witness of the deed;
Hear yourself written bastard, and profest
The common issue of the earth.
Bon. I am mazed!
Mos. Sir, if I do it not, draw your just sword,
And score your vengeance on my front and face;
Mark me your villain: you have too much wrong,
And I do suffer for you, sir. My heart
Weeps blood in anguish——
Bon. Lead; I follow thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Volpone's *House.*

Enter VOLPONE.

Volp. Mosca stays long, methinks.—Bring forth your sports,
And help to make the wretched time more sweet.

Enter NANO, ANDROGYNO, *and* CASTRONE.

Nan. *Dwarf, fool, and eunuch, well met here we be.*
A question it were now, whether of us three,
Being all the known delicates of a rich man,
In pleasing him, claim the precedency can?
Cas. *I claim for myself.*
And. *And so doth the fool.*
Nan. *'Tis foolish indeed: let me set you both to school.*
First for your dwarf, he's little and witty,
And every thing, as it is little, is pretty;
Else why do men say to a creature of my shape,
So soon as they see him, It's a pretty little ape?
And why a pretty ape, but for pleasing imitation
Of greater men's actions, in a ridiculous fashion?
Beside, this feat body of mine doth not crave
Half the meat, drink, and cloth, one of your bulks will have.
Admit your fool's face be the mother of laughter,
Yet, for his brain, it must always come after:
And though that do feed him, it's a pitiful case,
His body is beholding to such a bad face.
[Knocking within.

Volp. Who's there? my couch; away! look! Nano, see: [*Exe. And. and Cas.*
Give me my caps, first——go, enquire. [*Exit Nano.*]—Now, Cupid
Send it be Mosca, and with fair return!
Nan. [*within.*] It is the beauteous madam——
Vol. Would-be——is it?
Nan. The same.
Vol. Now torment on me! Squire her in;
For she will enter, or dwell here for ever:

Nay, quickly. [*Retires to his couch.*]—That my fit were past! I fear
A second hell too, that my lothing this
Will quite expel my appetite to the other:
Would she were taking now her tedious leave.
Lord, how it threats me what I am to suffer!

Re-enter NANO *with Lady* POLITICK WOULD-BE.

Lady P. I thank you, good sir. 'Pray you signify
Unto your patron, I am here.—This band
Shews not my neck enough.—I trouble you, sir;
Let me request you, bid one of my women
Come hither to me.—In good faith, I am drest
Most favourably to-day! It is no matter:
'Tis well enough.—

Enter 1. Waiting-woman.

Look, see, these petulant things,
How they have done this!
Volp. I do feel the fever
Entering in at mine ears; O, for a charm,
To fright it hence! [*Aside.*
Lady P. Come nearer: is this curl
In his right place, or this? Why is this higher
Than all the rest? You have not wash'd your eyes, yet!
Or do they not stand even in your head?
Where is your fellow? call her. [*Exit* 1. *Woman.*
Nan. Now, St. Mark
Deliver us! anon, she'll beat her women,
Because her nose is red.

Re-enter 1. *with* 2. Woman.

Lady P. I pray you, view
This tire, forsooth: are all things apt, or no?
1 *Wom.* One hair a little, here, sticks out, forsooth.
Lady P. Does 't so, forsooth! and where was your dear sight,
When it did so, forsooth! What now! bird-eyed?[3]
And you, too? 'Pray you, both approach and mend it.
Now, by that light, I muse you are not ashamed!
I, that have preach'd these things so oft unto you,
Read you the principles, argued all the grounds,
Disputed every fitness, every grace,
Call'd you to counsel of so frequent dressings—
Nan. More carefully than of your fame or honour. [*Aside.*
Lady P. Made you acquainted, what an ample dowry
The knowledge of these things would be unto you,
Able, alone, to get you noble husbands
At your return: and you thus to neglect it!
Besides, you seeing what a curious nation
The Italians are, what will they say of me?
The English lady cannot dress herself.

[3] *What now!* bird-eyed?] What particular defect is here meant I know not; unless it be *near-sightedness*. We had the expression in *Cynthia's Revels*, (Vol. II. p. 342.) "'Tis the horse-start out of a brown study. *Amor*. Rather, the *bird-eyed* stroke." It is also in Bulleyn's *Dialogue*, republished by Mr. Waldron; where the citizen says to his wife, whose horse had just started, "He is a *bird-eyed* jade, I warrant you." Perhaps the allusion is to the askaunt or side view, which birds appear to take of every object.

Upton has noticed various imitations of Juvenal's sixth *Satire*, in lady Would-be's colloquy with her maids: they are all,

Here's a fine imputation to our country!
Well, go your ways, and stay in the next room.
This fucus was too coarse too; it's no matter.—
Good sir, you'll give them entertainment?
[*Exeunt Nano and Waiting-women.*

Volp. The storm comes toward me.

Lady P. [*goes to the couch.*] How does my Volpone?

Volp. Troubled with noise, I cannot sleep; I dreamt
That a strange fury enter'd, now, my house,
And, with the dreadful tempest of her breath,
Did cleave my roof asunder.

Lady P. Believe me, and I
Had the most fearful dream, could I remember't—

Volp. Out on my fate! I have given her the occasion
How to torment me: she will tell me her's. [*Aside.*

Lady P. Me thought, the golden mediocrity,
Polite, and delicate——

Volp. O, if you do love me,
No more: I sweat, and suffer, at the mention
Of any dream; feel how I tremble yet.

Lady P. Alas, good soul! the passion of the heart.
Seed-pearl were good now, boil'd with syrup of apples,
Tincture of gold, and coral, citron-pills,
Your elicampane root, myrobalanes——

Volp. Ah me, I have ta'en a grass-hopper by the wing![4] [*Aside.*

however, so obvious as scarcely to require pointing out, though Whalley copied most of them.

[4] *Ah me, I have ta'en a* grass-hopper *by the wing!*] "This," says Upton, who merely copies Erasmus (*in Adag.*) "was a proverb of the poet Archilochus, as Lucian tells us in the beginning of his *Pseudologista*: Το δε τυ Αρχιλοχυ εκεινο ηδη σοι λεγω, ὁτι τεττιγα τις πιαζε συνειληφας. For the faster you hold them by the wings the

Lady P. Burnt silk, and amber: You have muscadel
Good in the house——
Volp. You will not drink, and part?
Lady P. No, fear not that. I doubt, we shall not get
Some English saffron, half a dram would serve;
Your sixteen cloves, a little musk, dried mints,
Bugloss, and barley-meal——
Volp. She's in again!
Before I feign'd diseases, now I have one. [*Aside.*
Lady P. And these applied with a right scarlet cloth.[5]
Volp. Another flood of words! a very torrent! [*Aside.*
Lady P. Shall I, sir, make you a poultice?
Volp. No, no, no,
I'm very well, you need prescribe no more.
Lady P. I have a little studied physic; but now,
I'm all for music, save, in the forenoons,
An hour or two for painting. I would have
A lady, indeed, to have all, letters and arts,

louder they scream.—But is this true of grass-hoppers? *Cicada* and Τεττιξ is not a grass-hopper, for the poets describe it as sitting and singing on trees: however, the common translations must excuse our poet."

This is certainly not our grass-hopper, which is the locust. It is to be wished that we could adopt some other name for the foreign insect, to prevent confusion: *cigale* or *chicale* would serve; though, indeed, *tettix* is as good as either. Both Ray and Chandler witnessed the *singing* of the cicada, the one in Italy, and the other in Greece: they do not speak of it with much raptnre; and, to say the truth, a more tiresome annoying sound cannot well be heard. See the *Poetaster*, Vol. II. p. 543.

[5] *And these applied with a* right scarlet cloth.] The virtues of a *right scarlet cloth* were once held so extraordinary, that Dr. John Gaddesden, by wrapping a patient in scarlet, cured him of the small-pox, without leaving so much as one mark in his face: and he commends it for an excellent method of cure: *Capiatur scarletum, et involvatur variolosus totaliter, sicut ego feci, et est bona cura.* WHAL.

Be able to discourse, to write, to paint,
But principal, as Plato holds, your music,
And so does wise Pythagoras, I take it,
Is your true rapture: when there is concent [6]
In face, in voice, and clothes: and is, indeed,
Our sex's chiefest ornament.

Volp. The poet
As old in time as Plato, and as knowing,
Says, that your highest female grace is silence.' [7]

Lady P. Which of your poets? Petrarch, or Tasso, or Dante?
Guarini? Ariosto? Aretine?
Cieco di Hadria? I have read them all.

Volp. Is every thing a cause to my destruction?
[*Aside.*

Lady P. I think I have two or three of them about me.

Volp. The sun, the sea, will sooner both stand still
Than her eternal tongue! nothing can 'scape it.
[*Aside.*

[6] *When there is* concent.] i. e. agreement or harmony, a Platonic expression.

[7] ——————— *The poet*
As old in time as Plato, and as knowing,
Says that your *highest female grace is silence.*] The poet perhaps is Sophocles,

Γυναιξι κοσμον ἡ σιγη φερει.

Or Euripides, whom the Oracle pronounced the wiser,

Γυναικι γαρ σιγη τε, και το σωφρονειν
Καλλιστον.

This is Upton's note, though fathered, as usual, by Whalley. Jonson, however, whose reading was far more extensive than Upton suspected, alludes to a passage in Libanius. (*Declam.* vi.) Συ δε, ει μη εμε, αλλα κ'αν τον σοφωτατον ποιητην αισχυνθητι, λεγοντα,

Γυναι, γυναιξι κοσμον ἡ σιγη φερει. κ. τ. α.

As what follows in the rhetorician, sufficiently demonstrates.

Lady P. Here's Pastor Fido——
Volp. Profess obstinate silence ;
That's now my safest. [*Aside.*
Lady P. All our English writers,
I mean such as are happy in the Italian,
Will deign to steal out of this author, mainly;
Almost as much as from Montagnié :
He has so modern and facile a vein,
Fitting the time, and catching the court-ear!
Your Petrarch is more passionate, yet he,
In days of sonnetting, trusted them with much:[8]
Dante is hard, and few can understand him.
But, for a desperate wit, there's Aretine ;
Only, his pictures are a little obscene——
You mark me not,
Volp. Alas, my mind's perturb'd.
Lady P. Why, in such cases, we must cure ourselves,
Make use of our philosophy——

[8] *Your Petrarch is more passionate, yet he,*
In days of sonnetting, trusted them with much:] Lady Would-be is perfectly correct, both in what she says here of Petrarch, and above of Guarini. The *Pastor Fido* was plundered without mercy, or judgment: yet the theft was not unhappy; for though much poor conceit, and unnatural passion was thus introduced among us, many graces of expression, and delicacies of feeling accompanied them, which in the gradual improvement of taste, now first become an object of concern, enriched the language with beauties, which have not yet lost their power to charm. To Petrarch we are still more indebted—though the coarse and wholesale manner in which he was at first copied gave occasion to the well-merited reproofs of our early satirists. Thus Hall,

"Or filch whole pages at a clap for need,
"From honest Petrarch, clad in English weed."

Again:

"Or an 'hos ego' from old Petrarch's spright,
Unto a plagiary sonnet-wight," &c.

Volp. Oh me!
Lady P. And as we find our passions do rebel,
Encounter them with reason, or divert them,
By giving scope unto some other humour
Of lesser danger: as, in politic bodies,
There's nothing more doth overwhelm the judgment,
And cloud the understanding, than too much
Settling and fixing, and, as 'twere, subsiding
Upon one object. For the incorporating
Of these same outward things, into that part,
Which we call mental, leaves some certain fæces
That stop the organs, and, as Plato says,
Assassinate our knowledge.
Volp. Now, the spirit
Of patience help me! [*Aside.*
Lady P. Come, in faith, I must
Visit you more a days; and make you well:
Laugh and be lusty.
Volp. My good angel save me! [*Aside.*
Lady P. There was but one sole man in all the world,
With whom I e'er could sympathise; and he
Would lie you, often, three, four hours together,
To hear me speak; and be sometime so rapt,
As he would answer me quite from the purpose,
Like you, and you are like him, just. I'll discourse,
An't be but only, sir, to bring you asleep,
How we did spend our time and loves together,
For some six years.
Volp. Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh!
Lady P. For we were coætanei, and brought up—
Volp. Some power, some fate, some fortune rescue me!

Enter Mosca.

Mos. God save you, madam!
Lady P. Good sir.
Volp. Mosca! welcome,
Welcome to my redemption.
Mos. Why, sir?
Volp. Oh,
Rid me of this my torture, quickly, there;
My madam, with the everlasting voice:
The bells, in time of pestilence, ne'er made
Like noise, or were in that perpetual motion!
The Cock-pit comes not near it.[9] All my house,
But now, steam'd like a bath with her thick breath,
A lawyer could not have been heard; nor scarce
Another woman, such a hail of words
She has let fall. For hell's sake, rid her hence.
Mos. Has she presented?
Volp. O, I do not care;
I'll take her absence, upon any price,
With any loss.
Mos. Madam——
Lady P. I have brought your patron
A toy, a cap here, of mine own work.
Mos. 'Tis well,
I had forgot to tell you, I saw your knight,
Where you would little think it.——

[9] *The Cock-pit comes not near it.*] The *Cock-pit!* Had Jonson forgot that he was now in Venice?—But, perhaps, he saw no impropriety in giving this name to a theatre there. The Cock-pit was one of our earliest theatres, and from the allusion in the text, as well as from many others which occur in our old dramatists, it may be collected that it was frequented by the lowest and most disorderly of the people. After all, Venice was not much injured:—for Coryat, who was there about this time,

Lady P. Where?
Mos. Marry,
Where yet, if you make haste, you may apprehend him,
Rowing upon the water in a gondole,
With the most cunning courtezan of Venice.[1]
Lady P. Is't true?
Mos. Pursue them, and believe your eyes:
Leave me, to make your gift. [*Exit Lady P. hastily.*]—I knew 'twould take:
For, lightly,[2] they that use themselves most license,
Are still most jealous.
Volp. Mosca, hearty thanks,
For thy quick fiction, and delivery of me.
Now to my hopes, what say'st thou?

Re-enter Lady P. WOULD-BE.

Lady P. But do you hear, sir?——
Volp. Again! I fear a paroxysm.
Lady P. Which way
Row'd they together?
Mos. Toward the Rialto.
Lady P. I pray you lend me your dwarf.

says, "I was at one of their play-houses, where I saw a comedie acted. The house is very beggarly and base in comparison of our stately play-houses in England: neither can the actors compare with us for apparel, shewes, and musicke." p. 247. The conclusion of this speech is from Juvenal. *Sat.* vi.

[1] *With the* most cunning courtezan *of Venice.*] Venice succeeded, and not unjustly, to all the celebrity of Corinth for rapacious, subtle, and accomplished wantons. Shakspeare notices this circumstance; as, indeed, do all the writers of his age, who have occasion to mention the city. The "leg-stretcher of Odcombe," (as Coryat aptly calls himself,) whose simple love of novelty involved him in the most ridiculous adventures, has a great deal of curious matter on this subject.

[2] *For, lightly,*] i. e. usually, or in common course. WHAL. See Vol. II. p. 255.

Mos. I pray you take him.— [*Exit Lady P.*
Your hopes, sir, are like happy blossoms, fair,
And promise timely fruit, if you will stay
But the maturing; keep you at your couch,
Corbaccio will arrive straight, with the Will;
When he is gone, I'll tell you more. [*Exit.*
Volp. My blood,
My spirits are return'd; I am alive:
And, like your wanton gamester at primero,[3]
Whose thought had whisper'd to him, not go less,
Methinks I lie, and draw——for an encounter.
[*The scene closes upon Volpone.*

SCENE II.

The Passage leading to Volpone's *Chamber.*

Enter Mosca *and* Bonario.

Mos. Sir, here conceal'd, [*shews him a closet.*]
you may hear all. But, pray you,
Have patience, sir; [*knocking within.*]—the same's
your father knocks:
I am compell'd to leave you. [*Exit.*
Bon. Do so.—Yet
Cannot my thought imagine this a truth.
[*Goes into the closet.*

[3] *And like your wanton gamester at primero,* &c.] Jonson has adopted the terms of this game, as they appear in, what sir John Harrington is pleased to call, an *Epigram* upon "The story of Marcus' life at Primero."

"Our Marcus never can *encounter* right,
"Yet *drew* two aces, and, for further spight,
"Had colour for it with a hopeful *draught*,
"But not *encountered* it avail'd him naught."

Not *to go less*, as I have already observed,—is not to adventure a smaller sum.

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Same.

Enter MOSCA *and* CORVINO, CELIA *following.*

Mos. Death on me! you are come too soon, what meant you?
Did not I say, I would send?
Corv. Yes, but I fear'd
You might forget it, and then they prevent us.
Mos. Prevent! did e'er man haste so, for his horns?
A courtier would not ply it so, for a place. [*Aside.*
Well, now there is no helping it, stay here;
I'll presently return. [*Exit.*
Corv. Where are you, Celia?
You know not wherefore I have brought you hither?
Cel. Not well, except you told me.
Corv. Now, I will:
Hark hither. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Closet opening into a Gallery.

Enter MOSCA *and* BONARIO.

Mos. Sir your father hath sent word,
It will be half an hour ere he come;
And therefore, if you please to walk the while
Into that gallery—at the upper end,
There are some books to entertain the time:
And I'll take care no man shall come unto you, sir.

Bon. Yes, I will stay there.—I do doubt this fellow. [*Aside, and exit.*

Mos. [*Looking after him.*] There; he is far enough; he can hear nothing:
And, for his father, I can keep him off. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Volpone's *Chamber.*—VOLPONE *on his couch.* MOSCA *sitting by him.*

Enter CORVINO *forcing in* CELIA.

Corv. Nay, now, there is no starting back, and therefore,
Resolve upon it: I have so decreed.
It must be done. Nor would I move't afore,
Because I would avoid all shifts and tricks,
That might deny me.

Cel. Sir, let me beseech you,
Affect not these strange trials; if you doubt
My chastity, why, lock me up for ever;
Make me the heir of darkness. Let me live,
Where I may please your fears, if not your trust.

Corv. Believe it, I have no such humour, I.
All that I speak I mean; yet I'm not mad;
Nor horn-mad, see you? Go to, shew yourself
Obedient, and a wife.

Cel. O heaven!

Corv. I say it,
Do so.

Cel. Was this the train?

Corv. I've told you reasons;
What the physicians have set down; how much
It may concern me; what my engagements are;
My means; and the necessity of those means,

For my recovery: wherefore, if you be
Loyal, and mine, be won, respect my venture.
Cel. Before your honour?
Corv. Honour! tut, a breath:[4]
There's no such thing in nature: a mere term
Invented to awe fools. What is my gold
The worse for touching, clothes for being look'd on?
Why, this 's no more. An old decrepit wretch,
That has no sense, no sinew; takes his meat
With others fingers; only knows to gape,
When you do scald his gums; a voice, a shadow;
And, what can this man hurt you?
Cel. Lord! what spirit
Is this hath enter'd him? [*Aside.*
Corv. And for your fame,
That's such a jig; as if I would go tell it,
Cry it on the Piazza! who shall know it,
But he that cannot speak it, and this fellow,
Whose lips are in my pocket? save yourself,
(If you'll proclaim't, you may,) I know no other
Should come to know it.
Cel. Are heaven and saints then nothing?
Will they be blind or stupid?
Corv. How!
Cel. Good sir,
Be jealous still, emulate them; and think
What hate they burn with toward every sin.
Corv. I grant you: if I thought it were a sin,
I would not urge you. Should I offer this
To some young Frenchman, or hot Tuscan blood

[4] *Honour? tut, a breath*, &c.] This is excellent after what we had from him, p. 224. The genius and skill with which Jonson has conceived and conducted this extraordinary vicious character, are altogether surprising. The conclusion of this speech is from Juvenal:

——————*hujus*
Pallida labra cibum capiunt digitis alienis:
Ipse ad conspectum cœnæ diducere rictum
Suetus, hiat tantum &c. Sat. x.

That had read Aretine, conn'd all his prints,
Knew every quirk within lust's labyrinth,
And were profest critic in lechery;
And I would look upon him, and applaud him,
This were a sin: but here, 'tis contrary,
A pious work, mere charity for physic,
And honest polity, to assure mine own.
Cel. O heaven! canst thou suffer such a change?
Volp. Thou art mine honour, Mosca, and my pride,
My joy, my tickling, my delight! Go bring them.
Mos. [*advancing.*] Please you draw near, sir.
Corv. Come on, what——
You will not be rebellious? by that light——
Mos. Sir,
Signior Corvino, here, is come to see you.
Volp. Oh!
Mos. And hearing of the consultation had,
So lately, for your health, is come to offer,
Or rather, sir, to prostitute——
Corv. Thanks, sweet Mosca.
Mos. Freely, unask'd, or unintreated——
Corv. Well.
Mos. As the true fervent instance of his love,
His own most fair and proper wife; the beauty,
Only of price in Venice——
Corv. 'Tis well urged.
Mos. To be your comfortress, and to preserve you.
Volp. Alas, I am past, already! Pray you, thank him
For his good care and promptness; but for that,
'Tis a vain labour e'en to fight 'gainst heaven;
Applying fire to stone—uh, uh, uh, uh! [*coughing.*]
Making a dead leaf grow again. I take
His wishes gently, though; and you may tell him,
What I have done for him: marry, my state is hopeless.

Will him to pray for me; and to use his fortune
With reverence, when he comes to't.
Mos. Do you hear, sir?
Go to him with your wife.
Corv. Heart of my father!
Wilt thou persist thus? come, I pray thee, come.
Thou seest 'tis nothing, Celia. By this hand,
I shall grow violent. Come, do't, I say.
Cel. Sir, kill me, rather: I will take down poison,
Eat burning coals, do any thing.——
Corv. Be damn'd!
Heart, I will drag thee hence, home, by the hair;
Cry thee a strumpet through the streets; rip up
Thy mouth unto thine ears; and slit thy nose,
Like a raw rochet![5]—Do not tempt me; come,
Yield, I am loth—Death! I will buy some slave
Whom I will kill, and bind thee to him, alive;
And at my window hang you forth, devising
Some monstrous crime, which I, in capital letters,
Will eat into thy flesh with aquafortis,
And burning corsives, on this stubborn breast.
Now, by the blood thou hast incensed, I'll do it!
Cel. Sir, what you please, you may, I am your martyr.
Corv. Be not thus obstinate, I have not deserved it:
Think who it is intreats you. 'Prithee, sweet;—
Good faith, thou shalt have jewels, gowns, attires,
What thou wilt think, and ask. Do but go kiss him.
Or touch him, but. For my sake.—At my suit.—
This once.—No! not! I shall remember this.
Will you disgrace me thus? Do you thirst my undoing?

[5] *Like a* raw rochet!] A *rochet* or *rouget*, so named from its *red colour*, is a fish of the gurnet kind, but not so large. WHAL.

Mos. Nay, gentle lady, be advised.
Corv. No, no.
She has watch'd her time. Ods precious, this is scurvy,
'Tis very scurvy; and you are—
Mos. Nay, good sir,
Corv. An arrant locust, by heaven, a locust!
Whore, crocodile, that hast thy tears prepared,
Expecting, how thou'lt bid them flow[6]——
Mos. Nay, 'pray you, sir!
She will consider.
Cel. Would my life would serve
To satisfy—
Corv. S'death! if she would but speak to him,
And save my reputation, it were somewhat;
But spightfully to affect my utter ruin!
Mos. Ay, now you have put your fortune in her hands.
Why i'faith, it is her modesty, I must quit her.
If you were absent, she would be more coming;
I know it: and dare undertake for her.
What woman can before her husband? 'pray you,
Let us depart, and leave her here.
Corv. Sweet Celia,
Thou may'st redeem all, yet; I'll say no more:
If not, esteem yourself as lost. Nay, stay there.
[*Shuts the door, and exit with Mosca.*
Cel. O God, and his good angels! whither, whither,
Is shame fled human breasts? that with such ease,
Men dare put off your honours, and their own?

[6] ——*that hast thy tears prepared,*
Expecting, how thou'lt bid them flow.]

——*Plorat*
Uberibus semper lacrymis, semperque paratis
In statione suâ, atque expectantibus illam,
Quo jubeat manare modo. Juv. *Sat.* vi.

Is that, which ever was a cause of life,
Now placed beneath the basest circumstance,
And modesty an exile made, for money?
Volp. Ay, in Corvino, and such earth-fed minds,
* [*Leaping from his couch.*
That never tasted the true heaven of love.
Assure thee, Celia, he that would sell thee,
Only for hope of gain, and that uncertain,
He would have sold his part of Paradise
For ready money, had he met a cope-man.[7]
Why art thou mazed to see me thus revived?
Rather applaud thy beauty's miracle;
'Tis thy great work: that hath, not now alone,
But sundry times raised me, in several shapes,
And, but this morning, like a mountebank,
To see thee at thy window: ay, before
I would have left my practice, for thy love,
In varying figures, I would have contended
With the blue Proteus, or the horned flood.[8]
Now art thou welcome.
Cel. Sir!
Volp. Nay, fly me not.
Nor let thy false imagination
That I was bed-rid, make thee think I am so:
Thou shalt not find it. I am, now, as fresh,
As hot, as high, and in as jovial plight,
As when, in that so celebrated scene,
At recitation of our comedy,
For entertainment of the great Valois,*

7 "———*Had he met a* cope-man.] "For this we now say chapman; which is as much as to say, a merchant, or *cope-man*." Verstegan on the word *ceapman*. WHAL.
Is it not rather pure Dutch, *koopman*, or *coopman*?

8 *Or the horned flood.*] I should have passed this, had I not observed a query as to "the pagan deity" here meant, in the margin of Mr. Whalley's copy. It is Acheloüs, of whose "contention" there is a pretty story in Ovid.

* *For entertainment of the great Valois,*] He probably alludes

I acted young Antinous; and attracted
The eyes and ears of all the ladies present,
To admire each graceful gesture, note, and footing.
[*Sings.*

Come, my Celia,[9] *let us prove,*
While we can, the sports of love,
Time will not be ours for ever,
He, at length, our good will sever;
Spend not then his gifts in vain:
Suns, that set, may rise again;
But if once we lose this light,
'Tis with us perpetual night.
Why should we defer our joys?
Fame and rumour are but toys.
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poor household spies?

to the magnificent spectacles which were exhibited for the amusement of Henry III., in 1574, when he passed through Venice, in his return from Poland, to take possession of the crown of France, vacant by the death of his brother Charles, of infamous memory.

9 *Come, my Celia, &c.*] This song, as Upton says, is imitated from Catullus. WHAL.

As the original is not long, it is subjoined, that the extent of Jonson's obligation to it may be seen at once:

Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus,
Rumoresque senum severiorum
Omnes unius æstimemus assis.
Soles occidere et redire possunt;
Nobis, cum semel occidit brevis lux,
Nox est perpetua una dormiunda.
Da me basia mille, deinde centum,
Dein mille altera, dein secunda centum;
Dein usque altera mille, deinde centum.
Dein, cum millia multa fecerimus,
Conturbabimus illa, ne sciamus,
Aut ne quis malus invidere possit,
Cum tantum sciat esse basiorum.

Here is nothing similar to the concluding lines of this beautiful little poem, which seem to bear an ingenious reference to the well-known Institutes of Sparta respecting theft. The praise, however, which is bestowed on Jonson's genius, can

Or his easier ears beguile,
Thus removed by our wile?—
'Tis no sin love's fruits to steal;
But the sweet thefts to reveal:
To be taken, to be seen,
These have crimes accounted been.

Cel. Some serene blast me,[1] or dire lightning strike
This my offending face!
Volp. Why droops my Celia?

scarcely be extended to his judgment, in this instance. The song is evidently introduced somewhat too much in the style of that in the *Rovers*, where the conspirators join in a chorus "to conceal their purpose." This impropriety has not escaped the critics. "Celia," says one of them, "is surprised, and would fain fly; but being seized and forced to stay, she quietly listens to *an entertainment of music*. Methinks she should have rent, torn, and cried out for help, as she does afterwards:—but that would have spoiled the song." From the words in italics, it might be supposed that Volpone had called in a band of musicians to amuse Celia, instead of endeavouring to captivate her by a few of the "graceful notes" which had "attracted the ears of the ladies" at the Doge's palace.

Nor is it clear that she "ought to have rent, torn, &c." She had hitherto sustained no actual violence, nor seemed to be in immediate danger of any. Her husband, for aught she knew, was in the plot against her; and having delivered her up to prostitution, was not likely to be recalled by her complaints. Afterwards, indeed, when she is seized by Volpone, her innate horror of impurity prevails over every other consideration, and her cries are just and natural. I have said thus much, to moderate, if possible, the indiscriminate levity with which the faults of this great man are censured; and not to defend the introduction of the song itself, which is confessedly ill-timed.

[1] *Some* serene *blast me*,] "I found" (says Upton) "this passage thus printed, in a modern edition, '*Some siren* blast me'; and the editor hugged himself, I dare say, with the thought of this emendation: but the poet alludes to a disease in the eye called by physicians *gutta serena*," p. 44. O Nemesis, how watchful art thou!—and Upton, "I dare say, hugged himself;" although his explanation is just as little to the purpose as the emendation of his predecessor. A *serene*, as Whalley discovered

Thou hast, in place of a base husband, found
A worthy lover: use thy fortune well,
With secrecy and pleasure. See, behold,
What thou art queen of; not in expectation,
As I feed others: but possess'd and crown'd.
See, here, a rope of pearl; and each, more orient
Than that the brave Ægyptian queen caroused:
Dissolve and drink them. See, a carbuncle,
May put out both the eyes of our St. Mark;
A diamond, would have bought Lollia Paulina,
When she came in like star-light, hid with jewels,
That were the spoils of provinces;[2] take these,
And wear, and lose them: yet remains an earring
To purchase them again, and this whole state.
A gem but worth a private patrimony,
Is nothing: we will eat such at a meal.

in Cotgrave, while his work was in the press, (for the word is pure French,) is "a mildew, or that harmful dew of moist summer evenings, which occasions blights." Jonson uses it again in his *Epigrams;*

"——Wherever death doth please t' appear,
"Seas, *serenes*, swords, shot, sickness, all are there"

Epig. 32.

And it is used also by Daniel, in the same sense:

"The fogs and the *serene* offend us more,
"Or we may think so, than they did before."

Queen's Arcadia, A. I. S. 1.

WHAL.

[2] *A diamond would have bought Lollia Paulina,*
When she came in, like star-light, hid with jewels,
That were the spoils of provinces:] *Lolliam Paulinam, quæ fuit Caii principis matrona, ne serio quidem, aut solemni cærimoniarum aliquo apparatu, sed mediocrium etiam sponsalium cænâ, vidi smaragdis margaritisque opertam, alterno textu fulgentibus, toto capite, crinibus, spirâ, auribus, collo, monilibus, digitisque.—Nec dona prodigi principis fuerant, sed avitæ opes,* provinciarum scilicet spoliis partæ. *Plin.* L. 9. 3. 58.

This extract Whalley found in Upton, who refers to Tacitus

The heads of parrots, tongues of nightingales,
The brains of peacocks, and of estriches,
Shall be our food:[3] and, could we get the phœnix,
Though nature lost her kind, she were our dish.
Cel. Good sir, these things might move a mind affected
With such delights; but I, whose innocence
Is all I can think wealthy, or worth th'enjoying,
And which, once lost, I have nought to lose beyond it,
Cannot be taken with these sensual baits:
If you have conscience———
Volp. 'Tis the beggar's virtue;
If thou hast wisdom, hear me, Celia.
Thy baths shall be the juice of July-flowers,
Spirit of roses, and of violets,
The milk of unicorns, and panthers' breath[4]
Gather'd in bags, and mixt with Cretan wines.
Our drink shall be prepared gold and amber;

and Suetonius for further proofs of the extravagance of this lady; which, indeed, is frequently noticed by our old dramatists. Thus Machin:

———"And for thee, not
"Lollia Paulina, nor those blazing stars
"Which make the world the apes of Italy,
"Shall match thyself in *sun-bright* splendancy."
Dumb Knight.

Milton applies this epithet (sun-bright) to the chariot of Satan, and is complimented for it by one of his editors, as having "beautifully improved" the *light-bright* of old Joshua Sylvester! Milton has a thousand claims to our admiration; but that of introducing beautiful epithets into the language, is not one of them. He found them formed to his hands.

[3] *The heads of parrots, tongues of nightingales,*
The brains of peacocks, and of estriches
Shall be our food:] This is a strain of luxury taken from the emperor Heliogabalus. *Comedit*, says Ælius Lampridius, *linguas pavonum et lusciniarum:* and he had the brains of 500 ostriches to furnish out a single dish. WHAL.

[4] *The* milk of unicorns, *and* panthers' breath] I know not

Which we will take, until my roof whirl round
With the vertigo: and my dwarf shall dance,
My eunuch sing, my fool make up the antic,
Whilst we, in changed shapes, act Ovid's tales,
Thou, like Europa now, and I like Jove,
Then I like Mars, and thou like Erycine:
So, of the rest, till we have quite run through,
And wearied all the fables of the gods.
Then will I have thee in more modern forms,
Attired like some sprightly dame of France,

for what particular quality the milk of unicorns is celebrated, the animal being confined to the terra incognita of Africa, where few can go to suck it. Pliny, indeed, observes that "the milk of camels is extremely sweet;" and this may have been in Jonson's mind:—but his knowledge was so universal, that it is very hazardous, at least in one so little read as myself, to decide upon his authorities. The sweetness of the panther's breath, or, rather, body, is sufficiently notorious. It is remarked by Pliny, Lib. xxi. c. 7. "*Animalium nullum odoratum nisi de pantheris quod dictum est, credimus.*" Ælian also mentions it; but the passage which our author had in view was probably the following: Εκ τε στοματος αυτε ευωδια τις εξεισιν αρωματικη δι' ης τα αλλα ζωα θελγομενα τα εγγυς και τα ποῤῥωθεν εγγιζουσιν αυτω και επονται. Eustat. *Comment.* in *Hexaëmeron*, 4to. p. 38. Frequent allusions to this circumstance occur in our old poets. Thus Shirley:

——"Your Grace is bound
"To hunt this spotted *panther* to his ruin,
"Whose *breath is only sweet* to poison virtue."
The Royal Master.

And Glapthorne,

——"the panther so,
"Breathes odours precious as the fragrant gums
"Of eastern groves; but the delicious scent,
"Not taken in at distance, chokes the sense
"With the too muskie savour." *The Hollander.*

And Randolph, in some pretty stanzas to a "very deformed gentlewoman, but of a voice incomparable sweet:"

"Say, monster strange, what may'st thou be?
"Whence shall I fetch thy pedigree?——
"What but a panther could beget
"A beast so foul, a breath so sweet?"

Brave Tuscan lady, or proud Spanish beauty;
Sometimes, unto the Persian sophy's wife;
Or the grand signior's mistress; and, for change,
To one of our most artful courtezans,
Or some quick Negro, or cold Russian;
And I will meet thee in as many shapes:
Where we may so transfuse our wandering souls
Out at our lips, and score up sums of pleasures,
[*Sings.*

That the curious[5] *shall not know*
How to tell them as they flow;
And the envious, when they find
What their number is, be pined.

Cel. If you have ears that will be pierced—or eyes
That can be open'd—a heart that may be touch'd—
Or any part that yet sounds man about you—
If you have touch of holy saints—or heaven—
Do me the grace to let me 'scape—if not,
Be bountiful and kill me. You do know,
I am a creature, hither ill betray'd,
By one, whose shame I would forget it were:
If you will deign me neither of these graces,
Yet feed your wrath, sir, rather than your lust,
(It is a vice comes nearer manliness,)

[5] *That the curious, &c.*] These lines form an elegant imitation of the concluding hendecasyllables from Catullus, (p. 254,) and are reprinted, together with the rest, in *The Forest*, a collection of the author's smaller poems.

It would scarcely be just to Jonson's merits to pass over this admirable scene without remarking on the boundless fertility of his mind. Temptations are heaped upon temptations with a rapidity which almost outstrips the imagination; and a richness, variety, and beauty, which render mean and base all the allurements that preceding poets have invented and combined, to facilitate the overthrow of purity and virtue.

And punish that unhappy crime of nature,
Which you miscall my beauty: flay my face,
Or poison it with ointments, for seducing
Your blood to this rebellion. Rub these hands,
With what may cause an eating leprosy,
E'en to my bones and marrow: any thing,
That may disfavour me, save in my honour—
And I will kneel to you, pray for you, pay down
A thousand hourly vows, sir, for your health;
Report, and think you virtuous——
Volp. Think me cold,
Frozen and impotent, and so report me?
That I had Nestor's hernia, thou wouldst think.
I do degenerate, and abuse my nation,
To play with opportunity thus long;
I should have done the act, and then have parley'd.
Yield, or I'll force thee. [*Seizes her.*
Cel. O! just God!
Volp. In vain——
Bon. [*rushing in.*] Forbear, foul ravisher! libidinous swine!
Free the forced lady, or thou diest, impostor.
But that I'm loth to snatch thy punishment
Out of the hand of justice, thou shouldst, yet,
Be made the timely sacrifice of vengeance,
Before this altar, and this dross, thy idol.——
Lady, let's quit the place, it is the den
Of villainy; fear nought, you have a guard:
And he, ere long, shall meet his just reward.
[*Exeunt Bon. and Cel.*
Volp. Fall on me, roof, and bury me in ruin!
Become my grave, that wert my shelter! O!
I am unmask'd, unspirited, undone,
Betray'd to beggary, to infamy———

Enter MOSCA, *wounded, and bleeding.*

Mos. Where shall I run, most wretched shame of men,
To beat out my unlucky brains?
Volp. Here, here.
What! dost thou bleed?
Mos. O that his well-driv'n sword
Had been so courteous to have cleft me down
Unto the navel, ere I lived to see
My life, my hopes, my spirits, my patron, all
Thus desperately engaged, by my error!
Volp. Woe on thy fortune!
Mos. And my follies, sir.
Volp. Thou hast made me miserable.
Mos. And myself, sir.
Who would have thought he would have hearken'd so?
Volp. What shall we do?
Mos. I know not; if my heart
Could expiate the mischance, I'd pluck it out.
Will you be pleased to hang me, or cut my throat?
And I'll requite you, sir. Let's die like Romans,[6]
Since we have lived like Grecians.

[*Knocking within.*

[6]—— *Let's* die like Romans,] i. e. by our own hands, fearlessly. *Since we have lived like Grecians*; like debauchees: *pergrœcari*, as Upton observes, from Plautus, is "to spend the hours in mirth, wine, and banquets." All this is very well; but when he adds, "Hence the proverb, *as merry as a Greek*;" and "hence too Sebastian in *Twelfth-Night*, calls the clown *foolish Greek*, for his unseasonable *mirth*;" he talks as idly, as the *commentators* on Shakspeare usually do, on this subject. How often will it be necessary to observe, that our old dramatists affixed no appropriate idea to these patronymic appellations; which were used merely as augmentatives, and must be understood from the context? To be as mad or as merry, as foolish or as wise, as Greeks, Trojans, Lacedemonians, &c. (for all these terms were indiscriminately used) was simply to be *very*

Volp. Hark! who's there?
I hear some footing; officers, the saffi,[7]
Come to apprehend us! I do feel the brand
Hissing already at my forehead; now,
Mine ears are boring.
Mos. To your couch, sir, you,
Make that place good, however. [*Volpone lies down, as before.*]—Guilty men
Suspect what they deserve still.*

mad, merry, foolish, &c., and nothing can be more absurd than the attempts to fasten upon such expressions a constant and determinate sense. One happy specimen of this is before me. In the *Lover's Melancholy*, Cuculus, a foolish courtier, says—"I come to speak with a young lady, the old *Trojan's* daughter of this house." To explain this obscure speech, the editor musters up all his wisdom. "The popularity," he says, "of the achievements of the Greeks and Trojans led to an application of their names not very honourable to them," (Mr. Weber wanted Partridge at his elbow,) "the former being used for cheats, and the latter for thieves"—So that "old Trojan" in the text, means old *thief;* and being applied to the general of the Famagostan armies, and the most respectable character in the drama, does as much credit to the judgment of Ford, as to the sagacity of Mr. Weber. It would be a pity to withhold the grave conclusion of this note from the reader: "It is difficult to conceive a greater degradation, if we except the common misapplication of the venerable names of Hector, Cæsar, Pompey, &c. to dogs."—*venerable!*—but let it go: it is some praise to be uniform even in folly.

[7] ——*The* saffi,] "These," says Whalley, "as we learn from Coryat, are officers subordinate to the Podestaes and Prætors; of whom some have authority only by land, and some by sea. Their habit is a red camlet gown with long sleeves." It is impossible that Coryat could say this; for the *saffi* are mere bailiffs' followers, and subordinate to the commandadori. Whalley, probably mistook *savi* for *saffi*. The *savi*, indeed, wear a red gown, as doctors of law; but they rank *above* the Podestaes and Prætors, not below them, as he says. In short, his whole note is a blunder.

* *Guilty men*, &c.] The occasional qualms of these two knaves, who pass with the rapidity of Falstaff "from praying to purse-taking," are marked throughout this scene with admirable truth and humour.

Enter CORBACCIO.

Signior Corbaccio!
Corb. Why, how now, Mosca?
Mos. O, undone, amazed, sir.
Your son, I know not by what accident,
Acquainted with your purpose to my patron,
Touching your Will, and making him your heir,
Enter'd our house with violence, his sword drawn,
Sought for you, call'd you wretch, unnatural,
Vow'd he would kill you.
Corb. Me!
Mos. Yes, and my patron.
Corb. This act shall disinherit him indeed:
Here is the Will.
Mos. 'Tis well, sir.
Corb. Right and well:
Be you as careful now for me

Enter VOLTORE *behind.*

Mos. My life, sir,
Is not more tender'd; I am only yours.
Corb. How does he? will he die shortly, think'st thou?
Mos. I fear
He'll outlast May.
Corb. To-day?
Mos. No, last out May, sir.
Corb. Could'st thou not give him a dram?
Mos. O, by no means, sir.
Corb. Nay, I'll not bid you.
Volt. [*coming forward.*] This is a knave, I see.
Mos. [*seeing Volt.*] How! signior Voltore! did he hear me? [*Aside.*
Volt. Parasite!
Mos. Who's that?—O, sir, most timely welcome—

Volt. Scarce,
To the discovery of your tricks, I fear.
You are his, *only?* and mine also, are you not?
Mos. Who? I, sir!
Volt. You, sir. What device is this
About a Will?
Mos. A plot for you, sir.
Volt. Come,
Put not your foists[8] upon me; I shall scent them.
Mos. Did you not hear it?
Volt. Yes, I hear Corbaccio
Hath made your patron there his heir.
Mos. 'Tis true,
By my device, drawn to it by my plot,
With hope——
Volt. Your patron should reciprocate?
And you have promised?
Mos. For your good, I did, sir.
Nay, more, I told his son, brought, hid him here,
Where he might hear his father pass the deed;
Being persuaded to it by this thought, sir,
That the unnaturalness, first, of the act,
And then his father's oft disclaiming in him,[9]

[8] *Put not,* &c.] Foists are juggling tricks, frauds; but the line contains also a punning allusion to a meaning, which our delicate ancestors affixed to the word, when they gave the name of foisting-hounds to the ladies favourites, the small chamber-dogs of those days.

[9] *And then his father's* oft disclaiming in him;] i. e. disclaiming him. Our poet's cotemporaries use the same diction: so Fletcher,

"——Thou *disclaim'st in me;*
"Tell me thy name." *Philaster.* Act. II.

WHAL.

And Shakspeare

"Cowardly rascal! Nature *disclaims in thee.*"
Lear. A. II. S. 2.

The expression is very common in our old writers: it seems, however, to have been wearing out about this time, since it is

(Which I did mean t' help on,) would sure enrage him
To do some violence upon his parent,
On which the law should take sufficient hold,
And you be stated in a double hope:
Truth be my comfort, and my conscience,
My only aim was to dig you a fortune
Out of these two old rotten sepulchres—[1]
Volt. I cry thee mercy, Mosca.
Mos. Worth your patience,
And your great merit, sir. And see the change!
Volt. Why, what success?
Mos. Most hapless! you must help, sir.
Whilst we expected the old raven,[2] in comes
Corvino's wife, sent hither by her husband—
Volt. What, with a present?
Mos. No, sir, on visitation;
(I'll tell you how anon;) and staying long,
The youth he grows impatient, rushes forth,
Seizeth the lady, wounds me, makes her swear
(Or he would murder her, that was his vow)
To affirm my patron to have done her rape:
Which how unlike it is, you see! and hence,
With that pretext he's gone, to accuse his father,
Defame my patron, defeat you——
Volt. Where is her husband?
Let him be sent for straight.
Mos. Sir, I'll go fetch him.
Volt. Bring him to the Scrutineo.
Mos. Sir, I will.

found far less frequently in the second than in the first impressions of these plays. Two instances of *disclaim in* occur in the quarto edition of *Every Man in his Humour;* both of which, in the folio, are simplified into *disclaim.*

[1] *My only aim was to dig you a fortune*
Out of these two old rotten sepulchres—] The expression is as natural, as the image is just: treasure has been often found in ancient monuments and sepulchres. WHAL.

[2] *Whilst we expected the old raven,*] *i. e.* Corbaccio. WHAL.

Volt. This must be stopt.
Mos. O you do nobly, sir.
Alas, 'twas labour'd all, sir, for your good;
Nor was there want of counsel in the plot:
But fortune can, at any time, o'erthrow
The projects of a hundred learned clerks, sir.
Corb. [*listening.*] What's that?
Volt. Will't please you, sir, to go along? [*Exit Corbaccio followed by Voltore.*
Mos. Patron, go in, and pray for our success.
Volp. [*rising from his couch.*] Need makes devotion: heaven your labour bless! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter sir POLITICK WOULD-BE *and* PEREGRINE.

Sir P. I told you, sir, it was a plot; you see
What observation is! You mention'd me
For some instructions: I will tell you, sir,
(Since we are met here in this height of Venice,)
Some few particulars I have set down,
Only for this meridian, fit to be known
Of your crude traveller; and they are these.
I will not touch, sir, at your phrase, or clothes,
For they are old.[3]
Per. Sir, I have better.

[3] Sir P. *I will not touch, sir at your phrase, or clothes, For they are old.*
Per. *Sir, I have better.*] This captious kind of wit (such as it is) occurs in Donne:

"Your *only* wearing is your grogram.
"Not so, sir: I have more." *Sat.* iv.

Sir P. Pardon,
I meant, as they are themes.
Per. O, sir, proceed:
I'll slander you no more of wit, good sir.
Sir P. First, for your garb, it must be grave and serious,
Very reserv'd and lock'd; not tell a secret
On any terms, not to your father; scarce
A fable, but with caution: make sure choice
Both of your company, and discourse; beware
You never speak a truth——
Per. How!
Sir P. Not to strangers,
For those be they you must converse with most;
Others I would not know, sir, but at distance,
So as I still might be a saver in them:
You shall have tricks else past upon you hourly.
And then, for your religion, profess none,
But wonder at the diversity of all;
And, for your part, protest, were there no other
But simply the laws o' th' land, you could content you.
Nic. Machiavel, and monsieur Bodin,* both
Were of this mind. Then must you learn the use
And handling of your silver fork at meals,[5]
The metal of your glass; (these are main matters

[4] *First, for your garb, it must be grave and serious,* &c.] Jonson with much humour ridicules the stale counsel and advice, which at this time, when travelling to Italy was so much in vogue, were retailed by every pretender to a knowledge of the world. WHAL.

* Monsieur Bodin was a French lawyer of eminence, and a very voluminous writer. Not being so well acquainted with his works as sir Pol, I cannot tell to which of them he alludes, unless it be to his "Republics," which was once read at our Universities, and, about the time when this play appeared, translated into English, by Richard Knolles. Bodin died in 1596.

[5] *Then must you learn the use*
And handling of your silver fork *at meals,*] See *Devil's an Ass.*

With your Italian;) and to know the hour
When you must eat your melons, and your figs.
Per. Is that a point of state too?
Sir P. Here it is:
For your Venetian, if he see a man
Preposterous in the least, he has him straight;
He has; he strips him. I'll acquaint you, sir,
I now have lived here, 'tis some fourteen months:
Within the first week of my landing here,
All took me for a citizen of Venice,
I knew the forms so well——
Per. And nothing else. [*Aside.*
Sir P. I had read Contarene,[6] took me a house,
Dealt with my Jews to furnish it with moveables—

[6] *I had read* Contarene,] A treatise *della republica et magistrati di Venetia, di Gasp. Contarini.* WHAL.

It was translated in 1599, by Lewis Lewkenor, Esq. Coryat speaks of this work as very elegantly rendered into English; though somewhat deficient in the description of sign-posts, grave-stones, &c., matters in which Tom greatly delighted. But a more valuable testimony to its merits is the approbation of Spenser, who accompanied the publication (as the manner then was) with a commendatory sonnet, now become not a little interesting from the fallen estate of this "flower of the last world's delight."—Rome, in defiance of Spenser's prophecy, may yet rise from her ashes; but Venice, like Babylon, is sunk for ever.

"The antique *Babel*, Empresse of the East,
Upreard her buildinges to the threatned skie:
And Second *Babel*, tyrant of the West,
Her ayry towers upraised much more high.
But with the weight of their own surquedrie
They both are fallen, that all the earth did feare,
And buried now in their own ashes lye;
Yet shewing by their heapes how great they were.
But in their place doth now a third appeare,
Fayre Venice, flower of the last world's delight,
And next to them in beauty draweth neare,
But farre exceedes in policie of right.
Yet not so fayre her buildinges to behold,
As Lewkenors stile that hath her beautie told."

Well, if I could but find one man, one man
To mine own heart, whom I durst trust, I would—
Per. What, what, sir?
Sir P. Make him rich; make him a fortune:
He should not think again. I would command it.
Per. As how?
Sir P. With certain projects that I have;
Which I may not discover.
Per. If I had
But one to wager with, I would lay odds now,
He tells me instantly. [*Aside.*
Sir P. One is, and that
I care not greatly who knows, to serve the state
Of Venice with red herrings for three years,
And at a certain rate, from Rotterdam,
Where I have correspondence. There's a letter,
Sent me from one o' the states, and to that purpose:
He cannot write his name, but that's his mark.
Per. He is a chandler?
Sir P. No, a cheesemonger.
There are some others too with whom I treat
About the same negociation;
And I will undertake it: for, 'tis thus.
I'll do't with ease, I have cast it all: Your hoy
Carries but three men in her, and a boy;
And she shall make me three returns a year:
So, if there come but one of three, I save;
If two, I can defalk:—but this is now,
If my main project fail.
Per. Then you have others?
Sir P. I should be loth to draw the subtle air
Of such a place, without my thousand aims.
I'll not dissemble, sir: where'er I come,
I love to be considerative; and 'tis true,
I have at my free hours thought upon
Some certain goods unto the state of Venice,

Which I do call *my Cautions;* and, sir, which
I mean, in hope of pension, to propound
To the Great Council, then unto the Forty,
So to the Ten. My means are made already—
Per. By whom?
Sir P. Sir, one that, though his place be obscure,
Yet he can sway, and they will hear him. He's
A commandador.
Per. What! a common serjeant?
Sir P. Sir, such as they are, put it in their mouths,
What they should say, sometimes; as well as greater:
I think I have my notes to shew you——
[*Searching his pockets.*
Per. Good sir.
Sir P. But you shall swear unto me, on your gentry,
Not to anticipate——
Per. I, sir!
Sir P. Nor reveal
A circumstance——My paper is not with me.
Per. O, but you can remember, sir.
Sir P. My first is
Concerning tinder-boxes.[1] You must know,

[1] *My first is*
Concerning tinder-boxes. &c.] Surely Jack the Painter had stumbled upon Sir Pol's memorandums; for this was precisely the mode which he pursued in firing the naval arsenal at Portsmouth. It would not be much amiss if men in trust would sometimes turn over the pages of our crack-brained projectors; for though their schemes are, as Milton says, "slothful to good," yet a knowledge of them may occasionally furnish a hint for obviating the effects of any partial and mischievous adoption of them. The whole of this scene is a most ingenious satire on the extravagant passion for monopolies, which prevailed at this time; and which was encouraged by the greedy favourites of the court, who were allowed to receive large sums for procuring the patents. Many of these monopolies were for objects

No family is here without its box.
Now, sir, it being so portable a thing,
Put case, that you or I were ill affected
Unto the state, sir; with it in our pockets,
Might not I go into the Arsenal,
Or you, come out again, and none the wiser?
Per. Except yourself, sir.
Sir P. Go to, then. I therefore
Advertise to the state, how fit it were,
That none but such as were known patriots,
Sound lovers of their country, should be suffer'd
To enjoy them in their houses; and even those
Seal'd at some office, and at such a bigness
As might not lurk in pockets.
Per. Admirable!
Sir P. My next is, how to enquire, and be resolv'd,
By present demonstration, whether a ship,
Newly arrived from Soria,[8] or from
Any suspected part of all the Levant,
Be guilty of the plague: and where they use
To lie out forty, fifty days, sometimes,
About the Lazaretto, for their trial;
I'll save that charge and loss unto the merchant,
And in an hour clear the doubt.
Per. Indeed, sir!
Sir P. Or——I will lose my labour.
Per. 'My faith, that's much.
Sir P. Nay, sir, conceive me. It will cost me in onions,
Some thirty livres——

altogether as absurd as this of sir Politick. The subject is resumed with great pleasantry and effect in the *Devil's an Ass.*

[8] ——————— *Whether a ship*
Newly arrived from Soria,] i. e. *Syria.* The city Tyre, from whence the whole country had its name, was anciently called *Zur* or *Zor*; since the Arabs erected their empire in the East, it has been again called *Sor*, and is at this day known by no

Per. Which is one pound sterling.
Sir P. Beside my water-works: for this I do, sir.
First, I bring in your ship 'twixt two brick-walls;
But those the state shall venture: On the one
I strain me a fair tarpauling, and in that
I stick my onions, cut in halves; the other
Is full of loop-holes, out at which I thrust
The noses of my bellows; and those bellows
I keep, with water-works, in perpetual motion,
Which is the easiest matter of a hundred.
Now, sir, your onion, which doth naturally
Attract the infection, and your bellows blowing
The air upon him, will shew, instantly,
By his changed colour, if there be contagion;
Or else remain as fair as at the first.
—Now it is known, 'tis nothing.
Per. You are right, sir.
Sir P. I would I had my note.
Per. 'Faith, so would I:
But you have done well for once, sir.
Sir P. Were I false,
Or would be made so, I could shew you reasons
How I could sell this state now to the Turk,
Spite of their gallies, or their——
[*Examining his papers.*
Per. Pray you, sir Pol.
Sir P. I have them not about me.
Per. That I fear'd:
They are there, sir.
Sir P. No, this is my diary,
Wherein I note my actions of the day.
Per. Pray you let's see, sir. What is here?
Notandum, [*Reads.*
A rat had gnawn my spur-leathers;[9] *notwithstanding,*

other name in those parts. Hence the Italians formed their *Soria.* WHAL.

[9] *A rat had gnawn my spur-leathers; &c.*] This is from Theo-

I put on new, and did go forth: but first
I threw three beans over the threshold. Item,
I went and bought two tooth-picks, whereof one
I burst immediately, in a discourse
With a Dutch merchant, 'bout ragion del stato.
From him I went and paid a moccinigo
For piecing my silk stockings; by the way
I cheapen'd sprats; and at St. Mark's I urined.
'Faith these are politic notes!
Sir P. Sir, I do slip
No action of my life, but thus I quote it.
Per. Believe me, it is wise!
Sir P. Nay, sir, read forth.

Enter, at a distance, Lady POLITICK WOULD-BE, NANO, *and two* Waiting-women.

Lady P. Where should this loose knight be, trow? sure he's housed.
Nan. Why, then he's fast.
Lady P. Ay, he plays both with me.[1]
I pray you stay. This heat will do more harm
To my complexion, than his heart is worth.

phrastus; and if superstition were not of all ages and countries, might be thought somewhat too recondite for sir Pol. The expiatory virtues of the bean have been acknowledged, since the days of Pythagoras, by every dealer in old wives fables: *In faba*, says Pliny with great gravity, *peculiaris religio*; especially, I presume, when administered by "*threes*," the sacred number. Smollett has made good use of this speech in his *Peregrine Pickle*.

[1] *Ay, he plays* both *with me.*] i. e. *both* fast and loose. WHAL. This game, to which our old dramatists are fond of alluding, is now better known by the vulgar appellation of "pricking i' the garter." There is both truth and humour in the following reference to it, by Butler:

"For when he'd got himself a name
"For fraud and tricks, he spoil'd his game;
"And forced his neck into a noose,
"To shew his play at *fast and loose.*" *Hud.* Pt. iii. l. 2.

(I do not care to hinder, but to take him.)
How it comes off! [*Rubbing her cheeks.*
1 *Wom.* My master's yonder.
Lady P. Where?
2 *Wom.* With a young gentleman.
Lady P. That same's the party;
In man's apparel! 'Pray you, sir, jog my knight:
I will be tender to his reputation,
However he demerit.
Sir P. [*seeing her.*] My lady!
Per. Where?
Sir P. 'Tis she indeed, sir; you shall know her. She is,
Were she not mine, a lady of that merit,
For fashion and behaviour; and for beauty
I durst compare——
Per. It seems you are not jealous,
That dare commend her.
Sir P. Nay, and for discourse——
Per. Being your wife, she cannot miss that.
Sir P. [*introducing Per.*] Madam,
Here is a gentleman, pray you, use him fairly;
He seems a youth, but he is——
Lady P. None.
Sir P. Yes, one
Has put his face as soon into the world——
Lady P. You mean, as early? but to-day?
Sir P. How's this?
Lady P. Why, in this habit, sir; you apprehend me:—
Well, master Would-be, this doth not become you;
I had thought the odour, sir, of your good name
Had been more precious to you; that you would not
Have done this dire massacre on your honour;
One of your gravity, and rank besides!
But knights, I see, care little for the oath
They make to ladies; chiefly, their own ladies.

Sir P. Now, by my spurs, the symbol of my knighthood,—
Per. Lord, how his brain is humbled for an oath!* [*Aside.*
Sir P. I reach you not.
Lady P. Right, sir, your policy
May bear it through thus.—Sir, a word with you. [*To Per.*
I would be loth to contest publicly
With any gentlewoman, or to seem
Froward, or violent, as the courtier says;
It comes too near rusticity in a lady,
Which I would shun by all means: and however
I may deserve from master Would-be, yet
T'have one fair gentlewoman thus be made
The unkind instrument to wrong another,
And one she knows not, ay, and to persever;
In my poor judgment, is not warranted
From being a solecism in our sex,
If not in manners.
Per. How is this!
Sir P. Sweet madam,
Come nearer to your aim.
Lady P. Marry, and will, sir.
Since you provoke me with your impudence,
And laughter of your light land-syren here,
Your Sporus, your hermaphrodite——
Per. What's here?
Poetic fury, and historic storms!
Sir P. The gentleman, believe it, is of worth,
And of our nation.
Lady P. Ay, your White-friars nation.*

* *Lord, how his brain is* humbled *for an oath!*] How so? Surely Peregrine forgets that the *spurs* are the most honourable part of a knight's dress.

* *Ay, your White-friars nation.*] White-friars was at this

Come, I blush for you, master Would-be, I;
And am asham'd you should have no more fore-
head,
Than thus to be the patron, or St. George,
To a lewd harlot, a base fricatrice,
A female devil, in a male out-side.
Sir P. Nay,
An you be such a one, I must bid adieu
To your delights. The case appears too liquid.
[*Exit.*
Lady P. Ay, you may carry't clear, with your
state-face!—
But for your carnival concupiscence,
Who here is fled for liberty of conscience,
From furious persecution of the marshal,
Her will I dis'ple.[3]
Per. This is fine, i'faith!
And do you use this often? Is this part
Of your wit's exercise, 'gainst you have occasion?
Madam——
Lady P. Go to, sir.
Per. Do you hear me, lady?
Why, if your knight have set you to beg shirts,
Or to invite me home, you might have done it
A nearer way, by far.

time, a privileged spot, in which fraudulent debtors, gamblers, prostitutes, and other outcasts of society usually resided. They formed a community, adopted the cant language of pick-pockets, and openly resisted the execution of every legal process upon any of their members. To the disgrace of the civil power, this atrocious combination was not broken up till the commencement of the last century.

[3] *Her will I* dis'ple.] i. e. teach by the whip: disciple, or discipline. The word is thus used by Spenser, and others of our old writers:

"And bitter pennance with an iron whip
"Was wont him once to *disple* every day."
F. Q. B. I. c. x. S. 27.

Lady P. This cannot work you
Out of my snare.
Per. Why, am I in it, then?
Indeed your husband told me you were fair,
And so you are; only your nose inclines,[4]
That side that's next the sun, to the queen-apple.
Lady P. This cannot be endured, by any patience.

Enter Mosca.

Mos. What is the matter, madam?
Lady P. If the senate
Right not my quest in this, I will protest them
To all the world, no aristocracy.
Mos. What is the injury, lady?
Lady P. Why, the callet[5]
You told me of, here I have ta'en disguised.
Mos. Who? this! what means your ladyship? the creature
I mention'd to you is apprehended now,
Before the senate; you shall see her——
Lady P. Where?
Mos. I'll bring you to her. This young gentleman,
I saw him land this morning at the port.

[4] ——————*Only your nose inclines,*
That side that's next the sun, to the queen-apple.] This burlesque similitude seems to have furnished sir John Suckling with a very pretty allusion, in his description of the rural bride:

"For streaks of red were mingled there,
"Such as are on a catharin-pear,
"The side that's next the sun." WHAL.

[5] *Why, the* callet, *&c.*] *Callet, callat*, or *calot*, is used by all our old writers for a strumpet of the basest kind. It is derived, as Urry observes, from *calote*, Fr. a sort of cap once worn by country-girls; and, like a hundred other terms of this nature, from designating poverty or meanness, finally came, by no unnatural progress, to denote depravity and vice.

Lady P. Is't possible! how has my judgment wander'd?
Sir, I must, blushing, say to you, I have err'd;
And plead your pardon.
Per. What, more changes yet!
Lady P. I hope you have not the malice to remember
A gentlewoman's passion. If you stay
In Venice here, please you to use me, sir——
Mos. Will you go, madam?
Lady P. 'Pray you, sir, use me; in faith,
The more you see me, the more I shall conceive
You have forgot our quarrel.
[*Exeunt Lady Would-be, Mosca, Nano, and Waiting-women.*
Per. This is rare!
Sir Politick Would-be? no; sir Politick Bawd,
To bring me thus acquainted with his wife!
Well, wise sir Pol, since you have practised thus
Upon my freshman-ship, I'll try your salt-head,
What proof it is against a counter-plot. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Scrutineo, or Senate House.

Enter VOLTORE, CORBACCIO, CORVINO, *and* MOSCA.

Volt. Well, now you know the carriage of the business,
Your constancy is all that is required
Unto the safety of it.
Mos. Is the lie
Safely convey'd amongst us? is that sure?
Knows every man his burden?

Corv. Yes.
Mos. Then shrink not.
Corv. But knows the advocate the truth?
Mos. O, sir,
By no means; I devised a formal tale,
That salv'd your reputation. But be valiant, sir.
Corv. I fear no one but him, that this his pleading
Should make him stand for a co-heir——
Mos. Co-halter!
Hang him; we will but use his tongue, his noise,
As we do croaker's here.[6]
Corv. Ay, what shall he do?
Mos. When we have done, you mean?
Corv. Yes.
Mos. Why, we'll think:
Sell him for mummia; he's half dust already.
Do you not smile, [*to Voltore.*] to see this buffalo,
How he doth sport it with his head?—I should,
If all were well and past. [*Aside.*]—Sir, [*to Corbaccio.*] only you
Are he that shall enjoy the crop of all,
And these not know for whom they toil.
Corb. Ay, peace.
Mos. [*turning to Corvino.*] But you shall eat it.
Much![7] [*Aside.*]—Worshipful sir, [*to Voltore.*
Mercury sit upon your thundering tongue,

[6] ——————*We will but use his tongue,*
As we do croaker's, *here.*] i.e. the old raven's, Corbaccio's: this word would not have required a note, had not its meaning been overlooked by Upton, who wishes to read "*crackers*, that is squibs"!

[7] *But you shall eat it. Much!*] Upton and Whalley constantly mistake the sense of this interjection; they will have it to be elliptical, for "Much good may it do you!" whereas it is merely ironical, as I have already observed, and means, *Not at all.*

Or the French Hercules,[8] and make your language
As conquering as his club, to beat along,
As with a tempest, flat, our adversaries;
But much more yours, sir.

Volt. Here they come, have done.

Mos. I have another witness, if you need, sir, I can produce.

Volt. Who is it?

Mos. Sir, I have her.

Enter Avocatori *and take their seats*, Bonario, Celia, Notario, *Commandadori*, *Saffi*, *and other Officers of justice.*

1 *Avoc.* The like of this the senate never heard of.

2 *Avoc.* 'Twill come most strange to them when we report it.

4 *Avoc.* The gentlewoman has been ever held
Of unreproved name,

3 *Avoc.* So has the youth.

4 *Avoc.* The more unnatural part that of his father.

2 *Avoc.* More of the husband.

1 *Avoc.* I not know to give
His act a name, it is so monstrous!

4 *Avoc.* But the impostor, he's a thing created
To exceed example!

1 *Avoc.* And all after-times!

2 *Avoc.* I never heard a true voluptuary
Described, but him.

[8] *Or the* French Hercules,] "The *Gallic* or *Celtic Hercules* (says Upton) was the symbol of eloquence. Lucian has a treatise on this *French Hercules*, surnamed *Ogmius:* he was pictured drest in his lion's skin; in his right hand he held his club; in his left, his bow: several very small chains were figured reaching from his tongue to the ears of crowds of men at some distance."

3 *Avoc.* Appear yet those were cited?
Not. All but the old magnifico, Volpone.
1 *Avoc.* Why is not he here?
Mos. Please your fatherhoods,
Here is his advocate: himself's so weak,
So feeble——
4 *Avoc.* What are you?
Bon. His parasite,
His knave, his pandar: I beseech the court,
He may be forced to come, that your grave eyes
May bear strong witness of his strange impostures.
Volt. Upon my faith and credit with your virtues,
He is not able to endure the air.
2 *Avoc.* Bring him, however.
3 *Avoc.* We will see him.
4 *Avoc.* Fetch him.
Volt. Your fatherhoods fit pleasures be obey'd;
[*Exeunt Officers.*
But sure, the sight will rather move your pities,
Than indignation. May it please the court,
In the mean time, he may be heard in me:
I know this place most void of prejudice,
And therefore crave it, since we have no reason
To fear our truth should hurt our cause.
3 *Avoc.* Speak free.
Volt. Then know, most honour'd fathers, I must now
Discover to your strangely abused ears,
The most prodigious and most frontless piece
Of solid impudence, and treachery,
That ever vicious nature yet brought forth
To shame the state of Venice. This lewd woman,
That wants no artificial looks or tears
To help the vizor she has now put on,
Hath long been known a close adulteress
To that lascivious youth there; not suspected,

I say, but known, and taken in the act
With him; and by this man, the easy husband,
Pardon'd; whose timeless bounty makes him now
Stand here, the most unhappy, innocent person,
That ever man's own goodness made accused.
For these not knowing how to owe a gift
Of that dear grace, but with their shame; being placed
So above all powers of their gratitude,
Began to hate the benefit; and, in place
Of thanks, devise to extirpe the memory
Of such an act: wherein I pray your fatherhoods
To observe the malice, yea, the rage of creatures
Discover'd in their evils; and what heart
Such take, even from their crimes:—but that anon
Will more appear.—This gentleman, the father,
Hearing of this foul fact, with many others,
Which daily struck at his too tender ears,
And grieved in nothing more than that he could not
Preserve himself a parent, (his son's ills
Growing to that strange flood,) at last decreed
To disinherit him.

1 *Avoc.* These be strange turns!

2 *Avoc.* The young man's fame was ever fair and honest.

Volt. So much more full of danger is his vice,
That can beguile so under shade of virtue.
But, as I said, my honour'd sires, his father
Having this settled purpose, by what means
To him betray'd, we know not, and this day
Appointed for the deed; that parricide,
I cannot style him better, by confederacy
Preparing this his paramour to be there,
Enter'd Volpone's house, (who was the man,
Your fatherhoods must understand, design'd

For the inheritance,) there sought his father:—
But with what purpose sought he him, my lords?
I tremble to pronounce it, that a son
Unto a father, and to such a father,
Should have so foul, felonious intent!
It was to murder him: when being prevented
By his more happy absence, what then did he?
Not check his wicked thoughts; no, now new deeds;
(Mischief doth never end where it begins)[9]
An act of horror, fathers! he dragg'd forth
The aged gentleman that had there lain bed-rid
Three years and more, out of his innocent couch,
Naked upon the floor, there left him; wounded
His servant in the face; and, with this strumpet,
The stale to his forged practice, who was glad
To be so active;—(I shall here desire
Your fatherhoods to note but my collections,
As most remarkable,—) thought at once to stop
His father's ends, discredit his free choice
In the old gentleman, redeem themselves,
By laying infamy upon this man,
To whom, with blushing, they should owe their lives.

1 *Avoc.* What proofs have you of this?

Bon. Most honour'd fathers,
I humbly crave there be no credit given
To this man's mercenary tongue.

2 *Avoc.* Forbear.

Bon. His soul moves in his fee.

3 *Avoc.* O, sir.

[9] *(Mischief doth* ever *end where it begins)*] But the reverse of this seems the truer remark, and what he intended to say; namely, that mischief does not stop where it first began, or set out. So that, notwithstanding the authority of the old copies, it is probable we should read,

Mischief doth never *end where it begins.* WHAL.

Bon. This fellow,
For six sols more, would plead against his Maker.
1 *Avoc.* You do forget yourself.
Volt. Nay, nay, grave fathers,
Let him have scope: can any man imagine
That he will spare his accuser, that would not
Have spared his parent?
1 *Avoc.* Well, produce your proofs.
Cel. I would I could forget I were a creature.
Volt. Signior Corbaccio!
[*Corbaccio comes forward.*
4 *Avoc.* What is he?
Volt. The father.
2 *Avoc.* Has he had an oath?
Not. Yes.
Corb. What must I do now?
Not. Your testimony's craved.
Corb. Speak to the knave?
I'll have my mouth first stopt with earth; my heart
Abhors his knowledge: I disclaim in him.
1 *Avoc.* But for what cause?
Corb. The mere portent of nature!
He is an utter stranger to my loins.
Bon. Have they made you to this?[1]
Corb. I will not hear thee,
Monster of men, swine, goat, wolf, parricide!
Speak not, thou viper.
Bon. Sir, I will sit down,
And rather wish my innocence should suffer,
Than I resist the authority of a father.
Volt. Signior Corvino! [*Corvino comes forward.*
2 *Avoc.* This is strange.
1 *Avoc.* Who's this?

[1] *Have they made you to this?*] Wrought you by previous instruction, &c. See p. 45.

Not. The husband.

4 *Avoc.* Is he sworn?

Not. He is.

3 *Avoc.* Speak then.

Corv. This woman, please your fatherhoods, is a whore,
Of most hot exercise, more than a partrich,[2]
Upon record——

1 *Avoc.* No more.

Corv. Neighs like a jennet.

Not. Preserve the honour of the court.

Corv. I shall,
And modesty of your most reverend ears.
And yet I hope that I may say, these eyes
Have seen her glued unto that piece of cedar,
That fine well timber'd gallant; and that here[3]
The letters may be read, thorough the horn,
That make the story perfect.

Mos. Excellent! sir.

Corv. There is no shame in this now, is there? [*Aside to Mosca.*

Mos. None.

Corv. Or if I said, I hoped that she were onward
To her damnation, if there be a hell
Greater than whore and woman; a good catholic
May make the doubt.

3 *Avoc.* His grief hath made him frantic.

[2] *More than a* partrich,] The salacious nature of this bird is taken notice of by all the ancient writers of natural history. Thus Ælian, L. iii. c. 5. Περδικες δε ακρατορες εισιν αφροδιτης. And again, Ααγνισαλον δε ὁ περδιξ και μοιχικον. Ibid. L. vii. c. 19. And Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* L. x. c. 33: *Neque in alio animali par opus libidini, &c.* WHAL.

[3] *And that*, here, &c.] Δεικτικως, pointing to his forehead: the allusion, in the next line, is to the *horn-book* of children. Our old writers are never weary of their ridiculous jests on the transparency of these badges of cuckoldom: thus Shakspeare; "He hath the *horn* of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it. *Henry IV.* Pt. 2. A. I. S. 2.

1 *Avoc.* Remove him hence.
2 *Avoc.* Look to the woman. [*Celia swoons.*
Corv. Rare!
Prettily feign'd, again!
4 *Avoc.* Stand from about her.
1 *Avoc.* Give her the air.
3 *Avoc.* What can you say? [*to Mosca.*]
Mos. My wound,
May it please your wisdoms, speaks for me, received
In aid of my good patron, when he mist
His sought-for father, when that well-taught dame
Had her cue given her, to cry out, A rape!
Bon. O most laid impudence![4] Fathers——
3 *Avoc.* Sir, be silent;
You had your hearing free, so must they theirs.
2 *Avoc.* I do begin to doubt the imposture here.
4 *Avoc.* This woman has too many moods.
Volt. Grave fathers,
She is a creature of a most profest
And prostituted lewdness.
Corv. Most impetuous,
Unsatisfied, grave fathers!
Volt. May her feignings
Not take your wisdoms: but this day she baited
A stranger, a grave knight, with her loose eyes,
And more lascivious kisses. This man saw them
Together on the water, in a gondola.
Mos. Here is the lady herself, that saw them too,
Without; who then had in the open streets
Pursued them, but for saving her knight's honour.
1 *Avoc.* Produce that lady.
2 *Avoc.* Let her come. [*Exit Mosca.*

[4] *O most laid impudence!*] i. e. plotted, designed, well contrived. WHAL.

4 *Avoc.* These things,
They strike with wonder.
3 *Avoc.* I am turn'd a stone.

Re-enter MOSCA *with Lady* WOULD-BE.

Mos. Be resolute, madam.
Lady P. Ay, this same is she.
[*Pointing to Celia.*
Out, thou camelion harlot! now thine eyes
Vie tears with the hyæna. Dar'st thou look
Upon my wronged face?—I cry your pardons,
I fear I have forgettingly transgrest
Against the dignity of the court——
2 *Avoc.* No, madam.
Lady P. And been exorbitant——
2 *Avoc.* You have not, lady.
4 *Avoc.* These proofs are strong.
Lady P. Surely, I had no purpose
To scandalize your honours, or my sex's.
3 *Avoc.* We do believe it.
Lady P. Surely, you may believe it.
2 *Avoc.* Madam, we do.
Lady P. Indeed you may; my breeding
Is not so coarse——
4 *Avoc.* We know it.
Lady P. To offend
With pertinacy——
3 *Avoc.* Lady—
Lady P. Such a presence!
No surely.
1 *Avoc.* We well think it.
Lady P. You may think it.
1 *Avoc.* Let her o'ercome.[5] What witnesses have you,
To make good your report?

[5] 1 Avoc. *Let her o'ercome.*] There never was a character

Bon. Our consciences.
Cel. And heaven, that never fails the innocent.
4 *Avoc.* These are no testimonies.
Bon. Not in your courts,
Where multitude, and clamour overcomes.
1 *Avoc.* Nay, then you do wax insolent.

Re-enter Officers, bearing VOLPONE *on a couch.*

Volt. Here, here,
The testimony comes, that will convince,
And put to utter dumbness their bold tongues!
See here, grave fathers, here's the ravisher,
The rider on men's wives, the great impostor,
The grand voluptuary! Do you not think
These limbs should affect venery? or these eyes
Covet a concubine? pray you mark these hands;
Are they not fit to stroke a lady's breasts?—
Perhaps he doth dissemble!
Bon. So he does.
Volt. Would you have him tortured?
Bon. I would have him proved.
Volt. Best try him then with goads, or burning irons;
Put him to the strappado: I have heard
The rack hath cured the gout; 'faith, give it him,
And help him of a malady; be courteous.
I'll undertake, before these honour'd fathers,
He shall have yet as many left diseases,
As she has known adulterers, or thou strumpets.—

supported with more propriety, than this of Lady Would-be. She comes into the court in all the violence of passion, and having vented her rage in a hasty epithet or two, relapses into her usual formality, and begins to compliment the judges. Tired with her breeding and eloquence, they cease to notice her, and proceed to the examination of the other parties.
WHAL.

O, my most equal hearers, if these deeds,
Acts of this bold and most exorbitant strain,
May pass with sufferance, what one citizen
But owes the forfeit of his life, yea, fame,
To him that dares traduce him? which of you
Are safe, my honour'd fathers? I would ask,
With leave of your grave fatherhoods, if their plot
Have any face or colour like to truth?
Or if, unto the dullest nostril here,
It smell not rank, and most abhorred slander?
I crave your care of this good gentleman,
Whose life is much endanger'd by their fable;
And as for them, I will conclude with this,
That vicious persons, when they're hot, and flesh'd
In impious acts, their constancy abounds:
Damn'd deeds are done with greatest confidence.

1 *Avoc.* Take them to custody, and sever them.

2 *Avoc.* 'Tis pity two such prodigies should live.

1 *Avoc.* Let the old gentleman be return'd with care: [*Exeunt Officers with Volpone.*
I'm sorry our credulity hath wrong'd him.

4 *Avoc.* These are two creatures!

3 *Avoc.* I've an earthquake in me.

2 *Avoc.* Their shame, even in their cradles, fled their faces.

4 *Avoc.* You have done a worthy service to the state, sir,
In their discovery. [*To Volt.*

1 *Avoc.* You shall hear, ere night,
What punishment the court decrees upon them.
[*Exeunt Avocat. Not. and Officers with Bonario and Celia.*

Volt. We thank your fatherhoods.—How like you it?

Mos. Rare.
I'd have your tongue, sir, tipt with gold for this;
I'd have you be the heir to the whole city;

The earth I'd have want men, ere you want living:
They're bound to erect your statue in St. Mark's.
Signior Corvino, I would have you go
And shew yourself, that you have conquer'd.
Corv. Yes.
Mos. It was much better that you should profess
Yourself a cuckold thus, than that the other
Should have been proved.
Corv. Nay, I consider'd that:
Now it is her fault.
Mos. Then it had been yours.
Corv. True; I do doubt this advocate still.
Mos. I'faith
You need not, I dare ease you of that care.
Corv. I trust thee, Mosca. [*Exit.*
Mos. As your own soul, sir.
Corb. Mosca!
Mos. Now for your business, sir.
Corb. How! have you business?
Mos. Yes, your's sir.
Corb. O, none else?
Mos. None else, not I.
Corb. Be careful then.
Mos. Rest you with both your eyes, sir.
Corb. Dispatch it.
Mos. Instantly.
Corb. And look that all,
Whatever, be put in, jewels, plate, moneys,
Household stuff, bedding, curtains.
Mos. Curtain-rings, sir:
Only the advocate's fee must be deducted.
Corb. I'll pay him now; you'll be too prodigal.
Mos. Sir, I must tender it.
Corb. Two chequines is well.
Mos. No, six, sir.
Corb. 'Tis too much.

Mos. He talk'd a great while;
You must consider that, sir.
Corb. Well, there's three——
Mos. I'll give it him.
Corb. Do so, and there's for thee. [*Exit.*
Mos. Bountiful bones! What horrid strange offence
Did he commit 'gainst nature,[6] in his youth,
Worthy this age? [*Aside.*]—You see, sir, [*to Volt.*] how I work
Unto your ends: take you no notice.
Volt. No,
I'll leave you. [*Exit.*
Mos. All is yours, the devil and all:
Good advocate!—Madam, I'll bring you home.
Lady P. No, I'll go see your patron.
Mos. That you shall not:
I'll tell you why. My purpose is to urge
My patron to reform his will; and for
The zeal you have shewn to-day, whereas before
You were but third or fourth, you shall be now
Put in the first; which would appear as begg'd,
If you were present. Therefore——
Lady P. You shall sway me. [*Exeunt.*

[6] ——————— *What strange offence*
Did he commit 'gainst nature, &c.]

——————Cur hæc in tempore duret?
Quod facinus dignum tam longo admiserit ævo?

Juv. *Sat.* 10.

There are other imitations of Juvenal in this scene, which, like this, are all sufficiently obvious.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in Volpone's *House.*

Enter VOLPONE.

Volp. Well, I am here, and all this brunt is past.
I ne'er was in dislike with my disguise
Till this fled moment: here 'twas good, in private;
But in your public,—*cave* whilst I breathe.
'Fore God, my left leg 'gan to have the cramp,
And I apprehended straight some power had struck me
With a dead palsy:[7] Well! I must be merry,
And shake it off. A many of these fears
Would put me into some villainous disease,
Should they come thick upon me: I'll prevent 'em.
Give me a bowl of lusty wine, to fright

[7] *Fore God, my left leg 'gan to have the* cramp,
And I apprehended straight some power had struck me
With a dead palsy:] Alluding to a piece of ancient superstition, that all sudden consternations of mind, and sudden pains of the body, such as cramps, palpitations of the heart, &c. were ominous, and presages of evil. Hence we may explain, as Mr. Upton remarks, a passage in Plautus's *Miles Gloriosus:*

Schel. *Timeo quod rerum gesserim hic, ita dorsus totus prurit.*

And in his *Bacchides,* Nicobulus says, *Caput prurit, perii.*

WHAL.

This note, the whole of which Whalley took from Upton, is carefully retained in his corrected copy. That two men of learning (for Whalley was also a scholar) should fall into such absurdities, is truly pitiable. Volpone, by lying so long immovable in his constrained situation, naturally begins to feel the cramp: this, his fears, magnified by his guilt, represent as the commencement of a divine punishment. Such is the plain sense of the passage.

This humour from my heart. [*Drinks.*]—hum,
hum, hum!
'Tis almost gone already; I shall conquer.
Any device, now, of rare ingenious knavery,
That would possess me with a violent laughter,
Would make me up again. [*Drinks again.*]—So,
so, so, so!
This heat is life; 'tis blood by this time:—Mosca!

Enter MOSCA.

Mos. How now, sir? does the day look clear
again?
Are we recover'd, and wrought out of error,
Into our way, to see our path before us?
Is our trade free once more?
Volp. Exquisite Mosca!
Mos. Was it not carried learnedly?
Volp. And stoutly:
Good wits are greatest in extremities.
Mos. It were a folly beyond thought, to trust
Any grand act unto a cowardly spirit:
You are not taken with it enough, methinks.
Volp. O, more than if I had enjoy'd the wench:
The pleasure of all woman-kind's not like it.
Mos. Why now you speak, sir. We must here
be fix'd;
Here we must rest; this is our master-piece;
We cannot think to go beyond this.
Volp. True,
Thou hast play'd thy prize, my precious Mosca.
Mos. Nay, sir,
To gull the court———.
Volp. And quite divert the torrent
Upon the innocent.
Mos. Yes, and to make
So rare a music out of discords—
Volp. Right.

That yet to me's the strangest, how thou hast
borne it!
That these, being so divided 'mongst themselves,
Should not scent somewhat, or in me or thee,
Or doubt their own side.
Mos. True, they will not see't.
Too much light blinds them, I think. Each of them
Is so possest* and stuft with his own hopes,
That any thing unto the contrary,
Never so true, or never so apparent,
Never so palpable, they will resist it——
Volp. Like a temptation of the devil.
Mos. Right, sir.
Merchants may talk of trade, and your great
signiors
Of land that yields well; but if Italy
Have any glebe more fruitful than these fellows,
I am deceived. Did not your advocate rare?
Volp. O—*My most honour'd fathers, my grave
fathers,*
Under correction of your fatherhoods,
What face of truth is here? If these strange deeds
May pass, most honour'd fathers—I had much ado
To forbear laughing.
Mos. It seem'd to me, you sweat, sir.
Volp. In troth, I did a little.
Mos. But confess, sir,
Were you not daunted?
Volp. In good faith, I was
A little in a mist, but not dejected;
Never, but still my self.
Mos. I think it, sir.
Now, so truth help me, I must needs say this, sir
And out of conscience for your advocate,

* *Each of them*
Is so possest, &c.] These touches are skilful in the extreme. They are natural in the speaker, and at the same time the best explanation and defence of the plot of the Drama.

He has taken pains, in faith, sir, and deserv'd,
In my poor judgment, I speak it under favour,
Not to contrary you, sir, very richly—
Well—to be cozen'd.
Volp. Troth, and I think so too,
By that I heard him, in the latter end.
Mos. O, but before, sir: had you heard him first
Draw it to certain heads, then aggravate,
Then use his vehement figures—I look'd still
When he would shift a shirt:[8] and, doing this
Out of pure love, no hope of gain——
Volp. 'Tis right.
I cannot answer him Mosca, as I would,
Not yet; but for thy sake, at thy entreaty,
I will begin, even now—to vex them all,
This very instant.
Mos. Good sir.
Volp. Call the dwarf
And eunuch forth.
Mos. Castrone, Nano!

[8] ——————*I look'd still*
When he would shift a shirt;] Through the violence of action, accompanying his eloquence. The modern Italian preachers are known to use great vehemence of gesture in their declamatory harangues; and perhaps it may be equally so with the advocates at the bar. Nor was it otherwise with the advocates of old: the death of the great orator Hortensius was occasioned by a cold he got, after pleading with his usual energy and warmth in behalf of a client. WHAL.

Could Whalley have heard the Neapolitan "advocates" of the present day plead the cause of an ass-driver, or a basket-woman, where the value of the whole matter in dispute (grapes or apples) frequently falls short of three-pence, he would have found his conjecture amply verified. The fees which stimulate the supernatural exertions of these "poor rags" of the law, are not unworthy of the magnificent questions agitated. The *siccus petasunculus et vas Pelamidum*, which, in Juvenal's days, rewarded the toil and skill of their learned predecessors, are now seldom heard of. The joint labours of the whole fraternity would scarcely be estimated at the price of the humblest of such dainties.

Enter CASTRONE *and* NANO.

Nano. Here.
Volp. Shall we have a jig now?[9]
Mos. What you please, sir.
Volp. Go,
Straight give out about the streets, you two,
That I am dead; do it with constancy,
Sadly, do you hear?[1] impute it to the grief
Of this late slander. [*Exeunt Cast. and Nano.*
Mos. What do you mean, sir?
Volp. O,
I shall have instantly my Vulture, Crow,
Raven, come flying hither, on the news,
To peck for carrion, my she-wolf, and all,
Greedy, and full of expectation—
Mos. And then to have it ravish'd from their mouths!
Volp. 'Tis true. I will have thee put on a gown,
And take upon thee, as thou wert mine heir;
Shew them a Will: Open that chest, and reach
Forth one of those that has the blanks; I'll straight
Put in thy name.
Mos. It will be rare, sir. [*Gives him a paper.*
Volp. Ay,
When they ev'n gape, and find themselves deluded—
Mos. Yes.
Volp. And thou use them scurvily!
Dispatch, get on thy gown.

[9] *Shall we have a jig now?*] A piece of low humour, a farce; such as that which he immediately proposes.

[1] Sadly, *do you hear?*] Not sorrowfully; but with a confirmed and *serious* countenance. See Vol. II. p. 465.

Mos. [*putting on a gown.*] But what, sir, if they ask
After the body?
Volp. Say, it was corrupted.
Mos. I'll say, it stunk, sir; and was fain to have it
Coffin'd up instantly, and sent away.
Volp. Any thing; what thou wilt. Hold, here's my Will.
Get thee a cap, a count-book, pen and ink,
Papers afore thee; sit as thou wert taking
An inventory of parcels: I'll get up
Behind the curtain, on a stool, and hearken;
Sometime peep over, see how they do look,
With what degrees their blood doth leave their faces.
O, 'twill afford me a rare meal of laughter!
Mos. [*putting on a cap, and setting out the table, &c.*] Your advocate will turn stark dull upon it.
Volp. It will take off his oratory's edge.
Mos. But your clarissimo, old round-back, he
Will crump you like a hog-louse, with the touch.
Volp. And what Corvino?
Mos. O, sir, look for him,
To-morrow morning, with a rope and dagger,
To visit all the streets; he must run mad.
My lady too, that came into the court,
To bear false witness for your worship—
Volp. Yes,
And kiss'd me 'fore the fathers, when my face
Flow'd all with oils.
Mos. And sweat, sir. Why, your gold
Is such another med'cine, it dries up
All those offensive savours: it transforms
The most deformed, and restores them lovely,

As 'twere the strange poetical girdle.[2] Jove
Could not invent t' himself a shroud more subtle
To pass Acrisius' guards. It is the thing
Makes all the world her grace, her youth, her beauty.
Volp. I think she loves me.
Mos. Who? the lady, sir?
She's jealous of you.
Volp. Dost thou say so? [*Knocking within.*
Mos. Hark,
There's some already.
Volp. Look.
Mos. It is the Vulture;
He has the quickest scent.
Volp. I'll to my place,
Thou to thy posture. [*Goes behind the curtain.*
Mos. I am set.
Volp. But, Mosca,
Play the artificer now, torture them rarely.

Enter VOLTORE.

Volt. How now, my Mosca?
Mos. [writing.] *Turkey carpets, nine*——
Volt. Taking an inventory! that is well.
Mos. *Two suits of bedding, tissue*——
Volt. Where's the Will?
Let me read that the while.

[2] ——————*it transforms*
The most deformed, and restores them lovely,
As 'twere the strange poetical girdle.] This is from the dialogue of Lucian, already quoted: Μεταποιει τας αμορφοτητας ὡσπερ ὁ ποικιλος ἱμας ἱστος. WHAL.

The allusion in the text line is to the well-known fable of Danaë, the daughter of Acrisius.

Enter Servants with CORBACCIO *in a chair.*

Corb. So, set me down,
And get you home. [*Exeunt Servants.*
Volt. Is he come now, to trouble us!
Mos. *Of cloth of gold, two more*——
Corb. Is it done, Mosca?
Mos. *Of several velvets, eight*——
Volt. I like his care.
Corb. Dost thou not hear?

Enter CORVINO.

Corv. Hâ! is the hour come, Mosca?
Volp. [*peeping over the curtain.*] Ay, now they muster.
Corv. What does the advocate here,
Or this Corbaccio?
Corb. What do these here?

Enter Lady POL. WOULD-BE.

Lady P. Mosca!
Is his thread spun?
Mos. *Eight chests of linen*—
Volp. O,
My fine dame Would-be, too!
Corv. Mosca, the Will,
That I may shew it these, and rid them hence.
Mos. *Six chests of diaper, four of damask.*—There.
[*Gives them the Will carelessly, over his shoulder.*
Corb. Is that the Will?
Mos. *Down-beds, and bolsters*—
Volp. Rare!
Be busy still. Now they begin to flutter:
They never think of me. Look, see, see, see!

How their swift eyes run over the long deed,
Unto the name, and to the legacies,
What is bequeath'd them there—
Mos. *Ten suits of hangings—*
Volp. Ay, in their garters, Mosca. Now their hopes
Are at the gasp.
Volt. Mosca the heir!
Corb. What's that?
Volp. My advocate is dumb; look to my merchant,
He has heard of some strange storm, a ship is lost,
He faints; my lady will swoon. Old glazen-eyes,
He hath not reach'd his despair yet.
Corb. All these
Are out of hope; I am, sure, the man.
[*Takes the Will.*
Corv. But, Mosca——
Mos. *Two cabinets——*
Corv. Is this in earnest?
Mos. *One*
Of ebony——
Corv. Or do you but delude me?
Mos. *The other, mother of pearl*—I am very busy.
Good faith, it is a fortune thrown upon me—
Item, one salt of agate—not my seeking.
Lady P. Do you hear, sir?
Mos. *A perfumed box*—'Pray you forbear,
You see I'm troubled—*made of an onyx—*
Lady P. How!
Mos. To-morrow or next day, I shall be at leisure
To talk with you all.
Corv. Is this my large hope's issue?
Lady P. Sir, I must have a fairer answer.
Mos. Madam!
Marry, and shall: 'pray you, fairly quit my house.

Nay, raise no tempest with your looks; but hark you,
Remember what your ladyship offer'd me
To put you in an heir; go to, think on it:
And what you said e'en your best madams did
For maintenance; and why not you? Enough.
Go home, and use the poor sir Pol, your knight, well,
For fear I tell some riddles; go, be melancholy.
[*Exit Lady Would-be.*

Volp. O, my fine devil!

Corv. Mosca, 'pray you a word.

Mos. Lord! will not you take your dispatch hence yet?
Methinks, of all, you should have been the example.
Why should you stay here? with what thought, what promise?
Hear you; do you not know, I know you an ass,
And that you would most fain have been a wittol,
If fortune would have let you? that you are
A declared cuckold, on good terms? This pearl,
You'll say, was yours? right: this diamond?
I'll not deny't, but thank you. Much here else?
It may be so. Why, think that these good works
May help to hide your bad. I'll not betray you;
Although you be but extraordinary,
And have it only in title, it sufficeth:
Go home, be melancholy too, or mad.
[*Exit Corvino.*

Volp. Rare Mosca! how his villainy becomes him!

Volt. Certain he doth delude all these for me.

Corb. Mosca the heir!

Volp. O, his four eyes have found it.

Corb. I am cozen'd, cheated, by a parasite slave;
Harlot, thou hast gull'd me.

Mos. Yes, sir. Stop your mouth,

Or I shall draw the only tooth is left.
Are not you he, that filthy covetous wretch,
With the three legs, that here, in hope of prey,
Have, any time this three years, snuff'd about,
With your most grovelling nose, and would have hired
Me to the poisoning of my patron, sir?
Are not you he that have to-day in court
Profess'd the disinheriting of your son?
Perjured yourself? Go home, and die, and stink;
If you but croak a syllable, all comes out:
Away, and call your porters! [*Exit Corbaccio.*]—Go, go, stink.

Volp. Excellent varlet!

Volt. Now, my faithful Mosca,
I find thy constancy.

Mos. Sir!

Volt. Sincere.

Mos. [writing.] *A table*
Of porphyry—I marle you'll be thus troublesome.

Volt. Nay, leave off now, they are gone.

Mos. Why, who are you?
What! who did send for you? O, cry you mercy,
Reverend sir! Good faith, I am grieved for you,
That any chance of mine should thus defeat
Your (I must needs say) most deserving travails:
But I protest, sir, it was cast upon me,
And I could almost wish to be without it,
But that the will o' the dead must be observ'd.
Marry, my joy is that you need it not;
You have a gift, sir, (thank your education,)
Will never let you want, while there are men,
And malice, to breed causes. Would I had
But half the like, for all my fortune, sir!
If I have any suits, as I do hope,
Things being so easy and direct, I shall not,
I will make bold with your obstreperous aid,
Conceive me,—for your fee, sir. In mean time,

You that have so much law, I know have the conscience
Not to be covetous of what is mine.
Good sir, I thank you for my plate; 'twill help
To set up a young man. Good faith, you look
As you were costive; best go home and purge, sir. [*Exit Voltore.*
Volp. [*comes from behind the curtain.*] Bid him eat lettuce well.* My witty mischief,
Let me embrace thee. O that I could now
Transform thee to a Venus!—Mosca, go,
Straight take my habit of clarissimo,
And walk the streets; be seen, torment them more:
We must pursue, as well as plot. Who would
Have lost this feast?
Mos. I doubt it will lose them.
Volp. O, my recovery shall recover all.
That I could now but think on some disguise
To meet them in, and ask them questions:
How I would vex them still at every turn!
Mos. Sir, I can fit you.
Volp. Canst thou?
Mos. Yes, I know
One o' the commandadori, sir, so like you;
Him will I straight make drunk, and bring you his habit.
Volp. A rare disguise, and answering thy brain!
O, I will be a sharp disease unto them.
Mos. Sir, you must look for curses——
Volp. Till they burst;
The Fox fares ever best when he is curst.
[*Exeunt.*

* *Bid him eat lettuce well.*]—as a soporific. "Did I eat any *lettuce* to supper, last night, that I am so *sleepy?*" *Green's A'n Quoque.* And Pope,

——— "if your point be *rest*,
"*Lettuce*, and cowslip-wine; probatum est."

SCENE II.

A Hall in sir Politick's *House.*

Enter PEREGRINE *disguised, and three* Merchants.

Per. Am I enough disguised?
1 *Mer.* I warrant you.
Per. All my ambition is to fright him only.
2 *Mer.* If you could ship him away, 'twere excellent.
3 *Mer.* To Zant, or to Aleppo?
Per. Yes, and have his
Adventures put i' the Book of Voyages,[3]
And his gull'd story register'd for truth.
Well, gentlemen, when I am in a while,
And that you think us warm in our discourse,
Know your approaches.
1 *Mer.* Trust it to our care.
[*Exeunt Merchants.*

Enter Waiting-woman.

Per. Save you, fair lady! Is sir Pol within?
Wom. I do not know, sir.
Per. Pray you say unto him,

[3] *In the Book of Voyages,*] I know not what particular book Jonson had in view here, unless he may be thought to allude to the early volumes of Hakluyt, a man never to be mentioned without praise and veneration. Collections of voyages, however, were sufficiently numerous in the poet's time, when they formed the delight of all classes of people; many of them, too, contained "stories" not only "registered" but received "for truth," altogether as extravagant as this ridiculous adventure of sir Politick's, which had nothing in it to shock the taste, or even to tax the credulity of our forefathers.

Here is a merchant, upon earnest business,
Desires to speak with him.
Wom. I will see, sir. [*Exit.*
Per. Pray you.—
I see the family is all female here.

Re-enter Waiting-woman.

Wom. He says, sir, he has weighty affairs of state,
That now require him whole; some other time
You may possess him.
Per. Pray you say again,
If those require him whole, these will exact him,
Whereof I bring him tidings. [*Exit Woman.*]—
What might be
His grave affair of state now! how to make
Bolognian sausages here in Venice, sparing
One o' the ingredients?

Re-enter Waiting-woman.

Wom. Sir, he says, he knows
By your word *tidings*,* that you are no statesman,
And therefore wills you stay.
Per. Sweet, pray you return him;
I have not read so many proclamations,
And studied them for words, as he has done——
But—here he deigns to come. [*Exit Woman.*

Enter sir POLITICK.

Sir P. Sir, I must crave
Your courteous pardon. There hath chanced to-day,

* *By your word* tidings,] The state term, I presume, was *intelligence*. Tidings, sir Pol seems to consider as a mercantile or city phrase.

Unkind disaster 'twixt my lady and me;
And I was penning my apology,
To give her satisfaction, as you came now.
Per. Sir, I am grieved I bring you worse disaster:
The gentleman you met at the port to-day,
That told you, he was newly arrived——
Sir P. Ay, was
A fugitive punk?
Per. No, sir, a spy set on you;
And he has made relation to the senate,
That you profest to him to have a plot
To sell the State of Venice to the Turk.
Sir P. O me!
Per. For which, warrants are sign'd by this time,
To apprehend you, and to search your study
For papers———
Sir P. Alas, sir, I have none, but notes
Drawn out of play-books———
Per. All the better, sir.
Sir P. And some essays. What shall I do?
Per. Sir, best
Convey yourself into a sugar-chest;
Or, if you could lie round, a frail were rare,[5]
And I could send you aboard.
Sir P. Sir, I but talk'd so,
For discourse sake merely. [*Knocking within.*
Per. Hark! they are there.
Sir P. I am a wretch, a wretch!
Per. What will you do, sir?
Have you ne'er a currant-butt to leap into?
They'll put you to the rack; you must be sudden.
Sir P. Sir, I have an ingine ——

[5] *A frail were rare,*] A rush-basket, in which raisins and figs are usually packed. WHAL.

3 *Mer.* [*within.*] Sir Politick Would-be!
2 *Mer.* [*within.*] Where is he?
Sir P. That I have thought upon before time.
Per. What is it?
Sir P. I shall ne'er endure the torture.
Marry, it is, sir, of a tortoise-shell,
Fitted for these extremities: pray you, sir, help me.
Here I've a place, sir, to put back my legs,
Please you to lay it on, sir, [*Lies down while Per. places the shell upon him.*]—with this cap,
And my black gloves. I'll lie, sir, like a tortoise,
Till they are gone.
Per. And call you this an ingine?
Sir P. Mine own device——Good sir, bid my wife's women
To burn my papers. [*Exit Per.*

The three Merchants *rush in.*

1 *Mer.* Where is he hid?
3 *Mer.* We must,
And will sure find him.
2 *Mer.* Which is his study?

Re-enter PEREGRINE.

1 *Mer.* What
Are you, sir?
Per. I am a merchant, that came here
To look upon this tortoise?
3 *Mer.* How!
1 *Mer.* St. Mark!
What beast is this?
Per. It is a fish.
2 *Mer.* Come out here!

Per. Nay, you may strike him, sir, and tread upon him:
He'll bear a cart.
1 *Mer.* What, to run over him?
Per. Yes, sir.
3 *Mer.* Let's jump upon him.
2 *Mer.* Can he not go?
Per. He creeps, sir.
1 *Mer.* Let's see him creep.
Per. No, good sir, you will hurt him.
2 *Mer.* Heart, I will see him creep, or prick his guts.
3 *Mer.* Come out here!
Per. Pray you, sir!—Creep a little.
[*Aside to sir Pol.*
1 *Mer.* Forth.
2 *Mer.* Yet farther.
Per. Good sir!—Creep.
2 *Mer.* We'll see his legs.
[*They pull off the shell and discover him.*
3 *Mer.* Ods so, he has garters!
1 *Mer.* Ay, and gloves!
2 *Mer.* Is this
Your fearful tortoise?
Per. [*discovering himself.*] Now, sir Pol, we are even;
For your next project I shall be prepared:
I am sorry for the funeral of your notes, sir.
1 *Mer.* 'Twere a rare motion to be seen in Fleet-street.[6]
2 *Mer.* Ay, in the Term.

[6] *'Twere a rare motion to be seen in Fleet-street.*] Where exhibitions of this nature were usually made, (see Vol. II. 66,) and where, not improbably, some such "fearful tortoise," half natural and half artificial, was at this very instant abusing the credulous curiosity of the worthy citizens and their wives. There is a pleasant incident of this kind in *The City Match*.

1 *Mer.* Or Smithfield, in the fair.
3 *Mer.* Methinks 'tis but a melancholy sight.
Per. Farewell, most politic tortoise!
[*Exeunt Per. and Merchants.*

Re-enter Waiting-Woman.

Sir P. Where's my lady?
Knows she of this?
Wom. I know not, sir.
Sir P. Enquire.—
O, I shall be the fable of all feasts,
The freight of the gazetti, ship-boys' tale;
And, which is worst, even talk for ordinaries.
Wom. My lady's come most melancholy home,
And says, sir, she will straight to sea, for physic.
Sir P. And I, to shun this place and clime for ever,
Creeping with house on back, and think it well
To shrink my poor head in my politic shell.[7]
[*Exeunt.*

[7] *The freight of the gazetti,*] i. e. the subject of the newspapers. This whole scene, says Upton, seems to be impertinent; and to interrupt the story. It is not, indeed, very intimately connected with the main plot; yet it is not altogether without its use. Jonson wanted time for Mosca to make "the commandadore drunk," and "procure his habit" for Volpone; and it does not appear that he could have filled up the interval more pleasantly, in any other manner. For the rest, this little interlude (it is no more) is intitled to a considerable degree of praise. The satire is strong, and well directed. Sir Politick is a very amusing piece of importance, and may be styled the prototype of all our travelled politicians: and it would be an absolute defect of understanding, to place any of the *precieuses ridicules* of our own stage, or even that of France, (more happy in such characters) by the side of the "Fine Lady Would-be."

SCENE III.

A Room in Volpone's *House.*

Enter Mosca *in the habit of a clarissimo, and* Volpone *in that of a commandadore.*

Volp. Am I then like him?
Mos. O, sir, you are he:
No man can sever you.
Volp. Good.
Mos. But what am I?
Volp. 'Fore heaven, a brave clarissimo; thou becom'st it!
Pity thou wert not born one.
Mos. If I hold
My made one, 'twill be well. [*Aside.*
Volp. I'll go and see
What news first at the court. [*Exit.*
Mos. Do so. My Fox
Is out of his hole, and ere he shall re-enter,
I'll make him languish in his borrow'd case,
Except he come to composition with me.—
Androgyno, Castrone, Nano!

Enter Androgyno, Castrone, *and* Nano.

All. Here.
Mos. Go, recreate your selves abroad; go, sport.— [*Exeunt.*
So, now I have the keys, and am possest.
Since he will needs be dead afore his time,
I'll bury him, or gain by him: I am his heir,
And so will keep me, till he share at least.
To cozen him of all, were but a cheat
Well placed; no man would construe it a sin:
Let his sport pay for't. This is call'd the Fox-trap.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter CORBACCIO *and* CORVINO.

Corb. They say, the court is set.
Corv. We must maintain
Our first tale good, for both our reputations.
Corb. Why, mine's no tale: my son would there have kill'd me.
Corv. That's true, I had forgot:—mine is, I'm sure. [*Aside.*
But for your Will, sir.
Corb. Ay, I'll come upon him
For that hereafter, now his patron's dead.

Enter VOLPONE.

Volp. Signior Corvino! and Corbaccio! sir,
Much joy unto you.
Corv. Of what?
Volp. The sudden good
Dropt down upon you- ——
Corb. Where?
Volp. And none knows how,
From old Volpone, sir.
Corb. Out, arrant knave!
Volp. Let not your too much wealth, sir, make you furious.
Corb. Away, thou varlet.[8]
Volp. Why, sir?
Corb. Dost thou mock me?

[8] *Away, thou varlet.*] This term, in Jonson's time, was commonly applied to serjeants at mace. (It should be recollected that Volpone is disguised like an officer of the court.) Originally it signified a knight's follower, or personal attendant. Harlot, which occurs just below, had probably, once, the same

Volp. You mock the world, sir; did you not change Wills?

Corb. Out, harlot!

Volp. O! belike you are the man,
Signior Corvino? 'faith, you carry it well;
You grow not mad withal; I love your spirit:
You are not over-leaven'd with your fortune.
You should have some would swell now, like a wine-fat,
With such an autumn—Did he give you all, sir?

Corv. Avoid, you rascal!

Volp. Troth, your wife has shewn
Herself a very woman; but you are well,
You need not care, you have a good estate,
To bear it out, sir, better by this chance:
Except Corbaccio have a share.

Corb. Hence, varlet.

Volp. You will not be acknown, sir; why, 'tis wise.
Thus do all gamesters, at all games, dissemble:
No man will seem to win. [*Exeunt Corvino and Corbaccio.*]—Here comes my vulture,
Heaving his beak up in the air, and snuffing.

Enter VOLTORE.

Volt. Outstript thus, by a parasite! a slave,
Would run on errands, and make legs for crumbs
Well, what I'll do——

Volp. The court stays for your worship.

meaning. When the word first became (like *knave*) a term of reproach, it was appropriated solely to males: in Jonson's days it was applied indiscriminately to both sexes; though without any determinate import; and it was not till long afterwards that it was restricted to females, and to the sense which it now bears. To derive harlot from Arlotta, the mistress of the duke of Normandy, is ridiculous. If it be not the same word as varlet, its most likely derivation is from *carl*, or *churl*, of which it appears to be a diminutive.

I e'en rejoice, sir, at your worship's happiness,
And that it fell into so learned hands,
That understand the fingering——
Volt. What do you mean?
Volp. I mean to be a suitor to your worship,
For the small tenement, out of reparations,
That, at the end of your long row of houses,
By the Piscaria: it was, in Volpone's time,
Your predecessor, ere he grew diseased,
A handsome, pretty, custom'd bawdy-house
As any was in Venice, none dispraised;
But fell with him: his body and that house
Decay'd together.
Volt. Come, sir, leave your prating.
Volp. Why, if your worship give me but your hand,
That I may have the refusal, I have done.
'Tis a mere toy to you, sir; candle-rents;
As your learn'd worship knows——
Volt. What do I know?
Volp. Marry, no end of your wealth, sir; God decrease it!
Volt. Mistaking knave! what, mock'st thou my misfortune? [*Exit.*
Volp. His blessing on your heart, sir; would 'twere more!——
Now to my first again, at the next corner. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Another part of the Street.

Enter CORBACCIO *and* CORVINO;—MOSCA *passes over the Stage, before them.*

Corb. See, in our habit! see the impudent varlet!

Corv. That I could shoot mine eyes at him, like gun-stones!

Enter VOLPONE.

Volp. But is this true, sir, of the parasite?
Corb. Again, to afflict us! monster!
Volp. In good faith, sir,
I'm heartily grieved, a beard of your grave length
Should be so over-reach'd. I never brook'd
That parasite's hair; methought his nose should cozen:
There still was somewhat in his look, did promise
The bane of a clarissimo.
Corb. Knave——
Volp. Methinks
Yet you, that are so traded in the world,
A witty merchant, the fine bird, Corvino,
That have such moral emblems on your name,
Should not have sung your shame, and dropt your cheese,
To let the Fox laugh at your emptiness.
Corv. Sirrah, you think the privilege of the place,
And your red saucy cap, that seems to me
Nail'd to your jolt-head with those two chequines,[9]
Can warrant your abuses; come you hither:
You shall perceive, sir, I dare beat you; approach.
Volp. No haste, sir, I do know your valour well,
Since you durst publish what you are, sir.
Corv. Tarry,
I'd speak with you.
Volp. Sir, sir, another time——

[9] —— *with those* two chequines,] The dress of a commandadore, (officer of justice,) in which Volpone was now disguised, consisted of a black stuff gown, and a red cap with two *gilt buttons* in front.

Corv. Nay, now.
Volp. O lord, sir! I were a wise man,
Would stand the fury of a distracted cuckold.
[*As he is running off, re-enter Mosca.*
Corb. What, come again!
Volp. Upon 'em, Mosca; save me.
Corb. The air's infected where he breathes.
Corv. Let's fly him. [*Exeunt Corv. and Corb.*
Volp. Excellent basilisk! turn upon the vulture.

Enter VOLTORE.

Volt. Well, flesh-fly, it is summer with you now;
Your winter will come on.
Mos. Good advocate,
Prithee not rail, nor threaten out of place thus;
Thou'lt make a solecism, as madam says.[1]
Get you a biggin more;[2] your brain breaks loose.
[*Exit.*
Volt. Well, sir.
Volp. Would you have me beat the insolent slave,
Throw dirt upon his first good clothes?

[1] *Thou'lt make a* solecism, *as madam says.*] Referring to what lady Would-be had said just before:

to persever,
In my poor judgment, is not warranted
From being a *solecism* in our sex,
If not in manners.

[2] *Get you a* biggin *more;*] A kind of *coif*, or nightcap. Our old dramatists usually connect it with infancy or old age; though the allusion, in this place, seems to be to the law, the profession of Voltore. Thus Mayne:

"One, whom the good old man, his uncle,
"Kept to the Inns of Court, and would in time,
"Have made him barrister, and raised him to
"The satin cap and *biggin.*" *City Match.*

Volt. This same
Is doubtless some familiar.
Volp. Sir, the court,
In troth, stays for you. I am mad, a mule
That never read Justinian, should get up,
And ride an advocate. Had you no quirk
To avoid gullage, sir, by such a creature?
I hope you do but jest; he has not done it:
'Tis but confederacy, to blind the rest.
You are the heir.
Volt. A strange, officious,
Troublesome knave! thou dost torment me.
Volp. I know——
It cannot be, sir, that you should be cozen'd;
'Tis not within the wit of man to do it;
You are so wise, so prudent; and 'tis fit
That wealth and wisdom still should go together,
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The Scrutineo or Senate House.

Enter Avocatori, Notario, Bonario, Celia, Corbaccio, Corvino, *Commandadori, Saffi, &c.*

1 *Avoc.* Are all the parties here?
Not. All but the advocate.
2 *Avoc.* And here he comes.

Enter Voltore *and* Volpone.

1 *Avoc.* Then bring them forth to sentence.
Volt. O, my most honour'd fathers, let your mercy
Once win upon your justice, to forgive—
I am distracted——

Volp. What will he do now? [*Aside.*
Volt. O,
I know not which to address myself to first;
Whether your fatherhoods, or these innocents—
Corv. Will he betray himself? [*Aside.*
Volt. Whom equally
I have abused, out of most covetous ends——
Corv. The man is mad!
Corb. What's that?
Corv. He is possest.
Volt. For which, now struck in conscience, here I prostrate
My self at your offended feet, for pardon.
1, 2 *Avoc.* Arise.
Cel. O heaven, how just thou art!
Volp. I am caught
In mine own noose—— [*Aside.*
Corv. [*to Corbaccio.*] Be constant, sir: nought now
Can help, but impudence.
1 *Avoc.* Speak forward.
Com. Silence!
Volt. It is not passion in me, reverend fathers,
But only conscience, conscience, my good sires,
That makes me now tell truth. That parasite,
That knave, hath been the instrument of all.
1 *Avoc.* Where is that knave? fetch him.
Volp. I go. [*Exit.*
Corv. Grave fathers,
This man's distracted; he confest it now:
For, hoping to be old Volpone's heir,
Who now is dead——
3 *Avoc.* How!
2 *Avoc.* Is Volpone dead?
Corv. Dead since, grave fathers.
Bon. O sure vengeance!

1 *Avoc.* Stay,
Then he was no deceiver.
Volt. O no, none:
The parasite, grave fathers.
Corv. He does speak
Out of mere envy, 'cause the servant's made
The thing he gaped for: please your fatherhoods,
This is the truth, though I'll not justify
The other, but he may be some-deal faulty.
Volt. Ay, to your hopes, as well as mine, Corvino:
But I'll use modesty. Pleaseth your wisdoms,
To view these certain notes, and but confer them;
As I hope favour, they shall speak clear truth.
Corv. The devil has enter'd him!
Bon. Or bides in you.
4 *Avoc.* We have done-ill, by a public officer
To send for him, if he be heir.
2 *Avoc.* For whom?
4 *Avoc.* Him that they call the parasite.
3 *Avoc.* 'Tis true,
He is a man of great estate, now left.
4 *Avoc.* Go you, and learn his name, and say, the court
Entreats his presence here, but to the clearing
Of some few doubts. [*Exit Notary.*
2 *Avoc.* This same's a labyrinth!
1 *Avoc.* Stand you unto your first report?
Corv. My state,
My life, my fame——
Bon. Where is it?
Corv. Are at the stake.
1 *Avoc.* Is yours so too?
Corb. The advocate's a knave,
And has a forked tongue.
2 *Avoc.* Speak to the point.

Corb. So is the parasite too.
1 *Avoc.* This is confusion.
Volt. I do beseech your fatherhoods, read but those— [*Giving them papers.*
Corv. And credit nothing the false spirit hath writ:
It cannot be, but he's possest, grave fathers.
[*The scene closes.*

SCENE VII.

A Street.

Enter VOLPONE.

Volp. To make a snare for mine own neck! and run
My head into it, wilfully! with laughter!
When I had newly 'scaped, was free, and clear,
Out of mere wantonness! O, the dull devil
Was in this brain of mine, when I devised it,
And Mosca gave it second; he must now
Help to sear up this vein, or we bleed dead.—

Enter NANO, ANDROGYNO, *and* CASTRONE.

How now! who let you loose? whither go you now?
What, to buy gingerbread, or to drown kitlings?
Nan. Sir, master Mosca call'd us out of doors,
And bid us all go play, and took the keys.
And. Yes.
Volp. Did master Mosca take the keys? why, so!
I'm farther in. These are my fine conceits!
I must be merry, with a mischief to me!

What a vile wretch was I, that could not bear
My fortune soberly? I must have my crotchets,
And my conundrums! Well, go you, and seek him:
His meaning may be truer than my fear.
Bid him, he straight come to me to the court;
Thither will I, and, if't be possible,
Unscrew my advocate, upon new hopes:
When I provoked him, then I lost myself. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

The Scrutineo, or Senate House.

Avocatori, BONARIO, CELIA, CORBACCIO, CORVINO, *Commandadori, Saffi, &c. as before.*

1 *Avoc.* These things can ne'er be reconciled.
He, here, [*Shewing the papers.*
Professeth, that the gentleman was wrong'd,
And that the gentlewoman was brought thither,
Forced by her husband, and there left.
Volt. Most true.
Cel. How ready is heaven to those that pray!
1 *Avoc.* But that
Volpone would have ravish'd her, he holds
Utterly false, knowing his impotence.
Corv. Grave fathers, he's possest; again, I say,
Possest: nay, if there be possession, and
Obsession, he has both.[3]
3 *Avoc.* Here comes our officer.

[3] ——*if there be* possession, *and* Obsession, *he has both.*] In *possession*, the evil spirit was supposed to enter the body of the demoniac; in *obsession* he was thought to besiege, and torment him from without.

Enter VOLPONE.

Volp. The parasite will straight be here, grave fathers.

4 *Avoc.* You might invent some other name, sir varlet.

3 *Avoc.* Did not the notary meet him?

Volp. Not that I know.

4 *Avoc.* His coming will clear all.

2 *Avoc.* Yet, it is misty.

Volt. May't please your fatherhoods——

Volp. [*whispers Volt.*] Sir, the parasite
Will'd me to tell you, that his master lives;
That you are still the man; your hopes the same;
And this was only a jest——

Volt. How?

Volp. Sir, to try
If you were firm, and how you stood affected.

Volt. Art sure he lives?

Volp. Do I live, sir?

Volt. O me!
I was too violent.

Volp. Sir, you may redeem it.
They said, you were possest; fall down, and seem so:
I'll help to make it good. [*Voltore falls.*]—God bless the man!——
Stop your wind hard, and swell—See, see, see, see!
He vomits crooked pins![4] his eyes are set,

[4] *He vomits crooked pins! &c.*] This, with what follows, as every one knows, always took place when a person chose to appear bewitched. It is to the praise of Jonson that he lets slip no opportunity of shewing his contempt for the popular opinions on this head; opinions which, in his days, indeed, were manifested to the destruction of many innocent

Like a dead hare's hung in a poulter's shop!
His mouth's running away! Do you see, signior?
Now it is in his belly.
Corv. Ay, the devil!
Volp. Now in his throat.
Corv. Ay, I perceive it plain.
Volp. 'Twill out, 'twill out! stand clear. See where it flies,
In shape of a blue toad, with a bat's wings!
Do you not see it, sir?
Corb. What? I think I do.
Corv. 'Tis too manifest.
Volp. Look! he comes to himself!
Volt. Where am I?
Volp. Take good heart, the worst is past, sir.
You are dispossest.
1 *Avoc.* What accident is this!
2 *Avoc.* Sudden, and full of wonder!
3 *Avoc.* If he were
Possest, as it appears, all this is nothing.
Corv. He has been often subject to these fits.
1 *Avoc.* Shew him that writing:—do you know it, sir?
Volp. [*whispers Volt.*] Deny it, sir, forswear it; know it not.
Volt. Yes, I do know it well, it is my hand;
But all that it contains is false.
Bon. O practice![5]
2 *Avoc.* What maze is this!
1 *Avoc.* Is he not guilty then,
Whom you there name the parasite?

persons; but which operated, as puritanism increased in influence and power, with a virulence that took away all security from age and infirmity; and crowded the prisons with bedridden old women, and the courts of justice with victims of ignorance, imposture, and blind and bloody superstition.

[5] *O practice!*] i. e. confederacy, concerted fraud. The word is very common in this sense.

Volt. Grave fathers,
No more than his good patron, old Volpone.
4 *Avoc.* Why, he is dead.
Volt. O no, my honour'd fathers,
He lives——
1 *Avoc.* How! lives?
Volt. Lives.
2 *Avoc.* This is subtler yet!
3 *Avoc.* You said he was dead.
Volt. Never.
3 *Avoc.* You said so.
Corv. I heard so.
4 *Avoc.* Here comes the gentleman; make him way.

Enter Mosca.

3 *Avoc.* A stool.
4 *Avoc.* A proper man; and, were Volpone dead,
A fit match for my daughter. [*Aside.*
3 *Avoc.* Give him way.
Volp. Mosca, I was almost lost; the advocate
Had betray'd all; but now it is recover'd;
All's on the hinge again——Say, I am living.
[*Aside to Mos.*
Mos. What busy knave is this!—Most reverend fathers,
I sooner had attended your grave pleasures,
But that my order for the funeral
Of my dear patron, did require me——
Volp. Mosca! [*Aside.*
Mos. Whom I intend to bury like a gentleman.
Volp. Ay, quick, and cozen me of all. [*Aside.*
2 *Avoc.* Still stranger!
More intricate!
1 *Avoc.* And come about again!

4 *Avoc.* It is a match, my daughter is bestow'd.
[*Aside.*
Mos. Will you give me half? [*Aside to Volp.*
Volp. First, I'll be hang'd.
Mos. I know
Your voice is good, cry not so loud.[6]
1 *Avoc.* Demand
The advocate.—Sir, did you not affirm
Volpone was alive?
Volp. Yes, and he is;
This gentleman told me so.—Thou shalt have
half.— [*Aside to Mos.*
Mos. Whose drunkard is this same? speak,
some that know him:
I never saw his face.—I cannot now
Afford it you so cheap. [*Aside to Volp.*
Volp. No!
1 *Avoc.* What say you?
Volt. The officer told me.
Volp. I did, grave fathers,
And will maintain he lives, with mine own life,
And that this creature [*points to Mosca.*] told
me.—I was born
With all good stars my enemies. [*Aside.*
Mos. Most grave fathers,
If such an insolence as this must pass
Upon me, I am silent: 'twas not this
For which you sent, I hope.
2 *Avoc.* Take him away.
Volp. Mosca!
3 *Avoc.* Let him be whipt.
Volp. Wilt thou betray me?
Cozen me?

[6] ——————— *I know*
Your voice is good, cry not so loud.] From the *Mostellaria* of Plautus, as Upton remarks:

Tr. *Scio te bonâ esse voce, ne clama nimis.*

3 *Avoc.* And taught to bear himself
Toward a person of his rank.
4 *Avoc.* Away. [*The Officers seize Volpone.*
Mos. I humbly thank your fatherhoods.
Volp. Soft, soft: Whipt!
And lose all that I have! If I confess,
It cannot be much more. [*Aside.*
4 *Avoc.* Sir; are you married?
Volp. They'll be allied anon; I must be resolute:
The Fox shall here uncase.
[*Throws off his disguise.*
Mos. Patron!
Volp. Nay, now
My ruins shall not come alone; your match
I'll hinder sure: my substance shall not glue you,
Nor screw you into a family.
Mos. Why, patron!
Volp. I am Volpone, and this is my knave;
[*Pointing to Mosca.*
This, [*to Volt.*] his own knave; this, [*to Corb.*] avarice's fool;
This, [*to Corv.*] a chimera of wittol, fool, and knave:
And, reverend fathers, since we all can hope
Nought but a sentence, let's not now despair it.
You hear me brief.
Corv. May it please your fatherhoods——
Com. Silence.
1 *Avoc.* The knot is now undone by miracle.
2 *Avoc.* Nothing can be more clear.
3 *Avoc.* Or can more prove
These innocent.
1 *Avoc.* Give them their liberty.
Bon. Heaven could not long let such gross crimes be hid.
2 *Avoc.* If this be held the high-way to get riches,
May I be poor!

3 *Avoc.* This is not the gain, but torment.
1 *Avoc.* These possess wealth, as sick men possess fevers,
Which trulier may be said to possess them.
2 *Avoc.* Disrobe that parasite.
Corv. Mos. Most honour'd fathers!——
1 *Avoc.* Can you plead aught to stay the course of justice?
If you can, speak.
Corv. Volt. We beg favour.
Cel. And mercy.
1 *Avoc.* You hurt your innocence, suing for the guilty.
Stand forth; and first, the parasite: You appear
T'have been the chiefest minister, if not plotter,
In all these lewd impostures; and now, lastly,
Have with your impudence abused the court,
And habit of a gentleman of Venice,
Being a fellow of no birth or blood:
For which our sentence is, first, thou be whipt;
Then live perpetual prisoner in our gallies.
Volp. I thank you for him.
Mos. Bane to thy wolvish nature!
1 *Avoc.* Deliver him to the saffi. [*Mosca is carried out.*]—Thou, Volpone,
By blood and rank a gentleman, canst not fall
Under like censure; but our judgment on thee
Is, that thy substance all be straight confiscate
To the hospital of the Incurabili:
And, since the most was gotten by imposture,
By feigning lame, gout, palsy, and such diseases,
Thou art to lie in prison, cramp'd with irons,
Till thou be'st sick and lame indeed.—Remove him. [*He is taken from the Bar.*
Volp. This is call'd mortifying of a Fox.
1 *Avoc.* Thou, Voltore, to take away the scandal
Thou hast given all worthy men of thy profession,

Art banish'd from their fellowship, and our state.
Corbaccio!—bring him near—We here possess
Thy son of all thy state, and confine thee
To the monastery of San Spirito;
Where, since thou knewest not how to live well here,
Thou shalt be learn'd to die well.
Corb. Ha! what said he?
Com. You shall know anon, sir.
1 *Avoc.* Thou, Corvino, shalt
Be straight embark'd from thine own house, and row'd
Round about Venice, through the grand canale,
Wearing a cap, with fair long ass's ears,
Instead of horns; and so to mount, a paper
Pinn'd on thy breast, to the Berlina[7]——
Corv. Yes,
And have mine eyes beat out with stinking fish,
Bruised fruit, and rotten eggs——'Tis well. I am glad
I shall not see my shame yet.
1 *Avoc.* And to expiate
Thy wrongs done to thy wife, thou art to send her
Home to her father, with her dowry trebled:
And these are all your judgments.
All. Honour'd fathers.—
1 *Avoc.* Which may not be revoked. Now you begin,
When crimes are done, and past, and to be punish'd,
To think what your crimes are: away with them.
Let all that see these vices thus rewarded,

[7] ——— *And so to mount* ———
To the Berlina—] A *pillory*, or cucking-stool, as Florio says. I doubt whether John understood what the latter really was, Berlina is always used for a raised stage on which malefactors are exposed to public view, and answers with sufficient accuracy to our pillory.

Take heart, and love to study 'em! Mischiefs feed
Like beasts, till they be fat, and then they bleed.
[*Exeunt.*

VOLPONE *comes forward.*

The seasoning of a play, is the applause.
Now, though the Fox be punish'd by the laws,
He yet doth hope, there is no suffering due,
For any fact which he hath done 'gainst you;
If there be, censure him; here he doubtful stands:[8]
If not, fare jovially, and clap your hands. [Exit.[9]

[8] ——*here he doubtful stands: &c.*] This modest Epilogue to the *Fox*, a play which holds so conspicuous a station among the noblest exertions of human wit, forms a singular contrast to the audacious vouching for the merits of *Cynthia's Revels.* Vol. II. p. 382.

[9] "*The Fox* is indubitably the best production of its author, and in some points of substantial merit yields to nothing which the English stage can oppose to it; there is a bold and happy spirit in the fable, it is of moral tendency, female chastity and honour are beautifully displayed, and punishment is inflicted on the delinquents of the drama with strict and exemplary justice. The characters of the *Hæredipetæ*, depicted under the titles of birds of prey, *Voltore*, *Corbaccio*, and *Corvino*, are warmly coloured, happily contrasted, and faithfully supported from the outset to the end: *Volpone*, who gives his name to the piece, with a fox-like craftiness deludes and gulls their hopes by the agency of his inimitable Parasite, or (as the Greek and Roman authors expressed it) by his *Fly*, his *Mosca;* and in this finished portrait Jonson may throw the gauntlet to the greatest masters of antiquity; the character is of classic origin; it is found with the contemporaries of Aristophanes, though not in any comedy of his now existing; the Middle Dramatists seem to have handled it very frequently, and in the New Comedy it rarely failed to find a place; Plautus has it again and again, but the aggregate merit of all his Parasites will not weigh in the scale against this single *Fly* of our poet. The incident of his concealing *Bonario* in the gallery, from whence he breaks in upon the scene to the rescue of Celia and the detection of *Volpone*, is one of the happiest contrivances, which could possibly be devised, because, at the same time that it produces the catastrophe, it does not sacrifice *Mosca's* character in the manner most villains are sacrificed

in comedy, by making them commit blunders, which do not correspond with the address their first representation exhibits, and which the audience has a right to expect from them throughout, of which the *Double Dealer* is, amongst others, a notable instance. But this incident of *Bonario's* interference does not only not impeach the adroitness of the Parasite, but it furnishes a very brilliant occasion for setting off his ready invention and presence of mind in a new and superior light, and serves to introduce the whole machinery of the trial and condemnation of the innocent persons before the court of *Advocates*. In this part of the fable the contrivance is inimitable, and here the poet's art is a study, which every votarist of the dramatic Muses ought to pay attention and respect to: had the same address been exerted throughout, the construction would have been a matchless piece of art, but here we are to lament the haste of which he boasts in his prologue; and that rapidity of composition, which he appeals to as a mark of genius, is to be lamented as the probable cause of incorrectness, or at least the best and most candid plea in excuse of it. For who can deny that nature is violated by the absurdity of *Volpone's* unseasonable insults to the very persons who had witnessed falsely in his defence, and even to the very *Advocate*, who had so successfully defended him? Is it in character for a man of his deep cunning and long reach of thought to provoke those on whom his all depended, to retaliate upon him, and this for the poor triumph of a silly jest? Certainly this is a glaring defect, which every body must lament, and which can escape nobody. The poet himself knew the weak part of his plot, and vainly strives to bolster it up by making *Volpone* exclaim against his own folly—

I am caught in mine own noose—

" And again—

To make a snare for mine own neck! and run
My head into it, wilfully! with laughter!
When I had newly 'scaped, was free, and clear,
Out of mere wantonness! O, the dull devil
Was in this brain of mine, when I devised it,
And Mosca gave it second——
——These are my fine conceits!
I must be merry, with a mischief to me!
What a vile wretch was I, that could not bear
My fortune soberly? I must have my crotchets,
And my conundrums!

" It is with regret I feel myself compelled to protest against so pleasant an episode, as that which is carried on by *sir Politick*

Would-be and *Peregrine*, which, in fact, produces a kind of double plot and catastrophe; this is an imperfection in the fable, which criticism cannot overlook; but *sir Politick* is altogether so delightful a fellow, that it is impossible to give a vote for his exclusion; the most that can be done against him, is to lament that he has not more relation to the main business of the fable.

"The judgment pronounced upon the criminals in the conclusion of the play is so just and solemn, that I must think the poet has made a wanton breach of character, and gained but a sorry jest by the bargain, when he violates the dignity of his court of judges by making one of them so abject in his flattery to the Parasite upon the idea of matching him with his daughter, when he hears that Volpone has made him his heir; but this is an objection, that lies within the compass of two short lines, spoken aside from the bench, and may easily be remedied by their omission in representation; it is one only, and that a very slight one, amongst those venial blemishes—

—quas incuria fudit.

"It does not occur to me that any other remark is left for me to make upon this celebrated drama, that could convey the slightest censure; but very many might be made in the highest strain of commendation, if there was need of any more than general testimony to such acknowledged merit. *The Fox* is a drama of so peculiar a species, that it cannot be dragged into a comparison with the production of any other modern poet whatsoever; its construction is so dissimilar from any thing of Shakspeare's writing, that it would be going greatly out of our way, and a very gross abuse of criticism to attempt to settle the relative degrees of merit, where the characters of the writers are so widely opposite: In one we may respect the profundity of learning, in the other we must admire the sublimity of genius; to one we pay the tribute of understanding, to the other we surrender up the possession of our hearts; Shakspeare with ten thousand spots about him dazzles us with so bright a lustre, that we either cannot or will not see his faults; he gleams and flashes like a meteor, which shoots out of our sight before the eye can measure its proportions, or analyse its properties—but Jonson stands still to be surveyed, and presents so bold a front, and levels it so fully to our view, as seems to challenge the compass and the rule of the critic, and defy him to find out an error in the scale and composition of his structure.

"Putting aside therefore any further mention of Shakspeare, who was a poet out of all rule, and beyond all compass of criticism, one whose excellencies are above comparison, and his

errors beyond number, I will venture an opinion that this drama of *the Fox*, is, critically speaking, the nearest to perfection of any one drama, comic or tragic, which the English stage is at this day in possession of." *Observer*, vol. iii. p. 170—176.

This excellent analysis of the *Fox*, was written by Mr. Cumberland, a man peculiarly fitted by nature for dramatic criticism; but who wasted his ingenuity and his talents in an eager and excessive chase after general notoriety, which frequently led him beyond the sphere of his knowledge. With a respectable portion of ancient literature, a style at once elegant and impressive; with an archness that formed a pleasing substitute for wit, and enough of taste to give zest and currency to his opinions, he wanted little but a distrust of his own powers, to render him at once the delight and ornament of the age. How much he fell short of this, cannot be remembered without sorrow. His fate, however, may "point a moral," and teach that over-weening confidence, and negligence, (inseparable companions,) though they cannot wholly destroy, may yet debase the noblest gifts of nature, and the most valuable acquirements of art. But ingenious and liberal as these strictures confessedly are, (for though an idolater of Shakspeare, Mr. Cumberland could be just to Jonson,) they yet seem capable of some degree of modification. The point on which Mr. Cumberland chiefly rests, is the injury done to the unity of the plot by the disguise of Volpone in the last act, which he terms a violation of nature. Now it is evident, I think, that this forms the great moral of the play, and that Jonson had it in view from the beginning. "Is it in character," Mr. Cumberland asks, "for a man of Volpone's deep cunning, and long reach of thought to provoke those on whom his all depended, to retaliate upon him, and this for the poor triumph of a silly jest?" Mr. Cumberland shall answer his own question. In his review of the *Double Dealer*, (*Ibid.* p. 244,) he finds Maskwell, like Volpone, losing his caution in the exultation of success; upon which he observes; "I allow that it is in character for him to grow wanton in success; there is *a moral in a villain out-witting himself*." This appears a singular change of opinion in the course of a few pages: but, whatever may be Mr. Cumberland's versatility, Jonson is consistent with himself and with the invariable experience of mankind. "See," says Falstaff, "how wit may be made a jackanapes when 'tis upon an ill employ!" The same sentiment is to be found in Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Hell gives us *art* to reach the depths of sin,
"But leaves us *wretched fools* when we are in."

Queen of Corinth.

This, too, is the moral of the *New way to pay Old Debts*, so strikingly pointed out by Massinger:

> "Here is a precedent to teach wicked men,
> "That when they quit religion and turn atheists,
> "Their own abilities leave them."

And, finally, this is inculcated by Butler in the quatrain already given, and which its shrewdness and applicability, will justify me in giving once more:

> "But when he'd got himself a name
> "For fraud and tricks, he spoil'd his game;
> "And forced his neck into a noose,
> "To shew his play at Fast-and-Loose."

Mr. Cumberland allows sir Politick to be "a delightful fellow," and will not, therefore, hear of his exclusion. But could he find nothing to say for his lady, the most finished, and amusing female pedant which the stage ever produced?—Through her, sir Politick is, in some measure, connected with the plot; and both are occasionally subservient to the poet's main design.

With regard to "the breach of character, in making one of the judges conceive the idea of matching his daughter with Mosca," Mr. Cumberland himself admits that the objection is confined to the "compass of two lines spoken aside." But in justice to this learned personage, let it be further remarked that his determination is founded upon the actual demise of Volpone, in which case, as he justly concludes, the parasite is freed from all suspicions of fraud and imposture. It seems to have escaped Mr. Cumberland's recollection that Mosca is not the servant, but the humble friend of Volpone; and it is quite certain that he has not penetrated into the author's views in this part of the scene.

Mr. Cumberland pronounces the *Fox*, "indubitably the best production of its author," and this appears to be the prevailing opinion. I venture, however, to declare my dissent, and to place that prodigy of human intellect, the ALCHEMIST, at the head of Jonson's labours. The opinion of Mr. Cumberland may be candidly accounted for, from his more intimate acquaintance with the illustrious originals which furnished much of the strength and beauty of the *Fox*, than with the obscure and humble sources, from which this mighty genius derived the rude materials of the *Alchemist*. With respect to the popular decision on this subject, it has no better foundation, perhaps, than the accidental collocation of his plays in the homely couplet so often repeated:

"*The Fox*, the *Alchemist*, and *Silent Woman*,
"Done by Ben Jonson, and outdone by no man."

But it is time to draw to a conclusion. I shall therefore only subjoin a few lines from Hurd, (a man seldom just to Jonson, never friendly,) and leave the reader to wonder at the perversity which could maintain that the author of the FOX had "stalked for two centuries on the *stilts of artificial* reputation"

"Later writers for the stage have, no doubt, avoided these defects (the sporting with Corbaccio's deafness, &c. p. 192) of the exactest of our old dramatists. But do they reach his excellencies? Posterity, I am afraid, will judge otherwise, whatever may be now thought of some fashionable comedies. And if they do not,—neither the state of general manners, nor the turn of public taste appears to be such as countenances the expectation of greater improvements."—Μαιτι κακων!—"To those who are not over sanguine in their hopes, our forefathers will perhaps be thought to have furnished (what, in nature, seemed linked together) the fairest example of dramatic, as of real manners." *Hor.* vol. ii. p. 244.

EPICŒNE;

OR,

THE SILENT WOMAN.

EPICŒNE.] This Comedy was first acted in 1609, not, as Mr. Whalley says, "by the King's Majesty's servants," but by "the children of her Majesty's Revels." It would seem from the list of performers, that a great change had taken place among the "children" since the appearance of the *Poetaster*, for, with the exception of Field, the names are altogether different from those subjoined to that drama. Salathiel Pavy, the poet's favourite, was dead; of the rest, some perhaps had ripened into men, and joined other companies, and some left the "quality" altogether. "Barksted," better known as a poet than an actor, "Carie, Attawel, and Pen," are among the principal performers in Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, and were undoubtedly of some eminence in their profession. Of "Smith, Allin, and Blaney," who complete the list, I can say nothing.

The *Silent Woman* was printed in quarto with this motto:

Ut sis tu similis Cœli, Byrrhique latronum,
Non ego sim Capri, neque Sulci. Cur metuas me?

and went through several editions. I have one dated 1620. The *Companion to the Playhouse* mentions another, printed in 1609, (as does Whalley, in the margin of his copy,) which I have not been able to discover; the earliest which has fallen in my way, bearing date 1612. All these are exclusive of the folio, 1616. In a word, this has always been the most popular of Jonson's dramas. It was revived immediately after the Restoration, with great applause, and continued on the stage to the middle of the last century. Notwithstanding the current opinion in its favour, Mr. Malone has discovered that the *Silent Woman* was "unfavourably received, "for" —I intreat the reader's attention—"for Mr. Drummond of Hawthornden, Jonson's *friend*, informs us, that when it was first acted there were found verses on the stage, concluding that that play was well named the Silent *Woman*, BECAUSE there was never one *man* to say *plaudite* to it"! The story is highly worthy of the hypocrite who picked it up; and not at all discreditable to the loads of malignant trash which the reporter has so industriously heaped together to fling at Jonson.

After Cibber's retirement, and the death of Wilks, Booth, Mills, Jonson, &c., who often delighted the town in this comedy, it was laid aside till 1776, when it was revived, with a few unimportant alterations, by Mr. Colman. It failed of success from a singular circumstance: the managers most injudiciously gave the part of Epicœne to a woman; so that when she threw off her female attire in the last act, and appeared as

a boy, the whole cunning of the scene was lost, and the audience felt themselves rather trifled with than surprised. Garrick was immediately sensible of his error, and attempted to remedy it by a different cast of the parts; but it was too late. In 1798 an edition of this play appeared by Mr. Penn. He arranged the scenes according to the French model; but whether with a view to exemplify his own ideas of dramatic writing, or to its being again brought on the stage, I know not.

The Portugueze have a translation of this Comedy, which I never saw. Mr. Twiss tells us, in the appendix to his *Travels*, that it was sometimes "performed at Lisbon." It has also been translated into French; but very imperfectly.

TO THE TRULY NOBLE BY ALL TITLES,

SIR FRANCIS STUART.[1]

SIR,

MY hope is not so nourished by example, as it will conclude, this dumb piece should please you, because it hath pleased others before: but by trust, that when you have read it, you will find it worthy to have displeased none. This makes that I now number you, not only in the names of favour, but the names of justice to what I write; and do presently call you to the exercise of that noblest, and manliest virtue: as coveting rather to be freed in my fame, by the authority of a judge, than the credit of an undertaker.[2] *Read therefore, I pray you, and censure. There is not a line, or syllable in it, changed from the simplicity of the first copy. And, when you shall consider, through the certain hatred of some, how much a man's innocency may be endangered by an uncertain accusation; you will, I doubt not,*

[1] *To the truly noble by all titles, sir* Francis Stuart.] Of whom Antony Wood gives us the following character: "He "was a learned gentleman, was one of sir Walter Raleigh's "club at the Mermaid-tavern in Friday-street, London, and "much venerated by Ben. Jonson, who dedicated to him his "comedy, call'd *The Silent Woman:* he was a person also well "seen in marine affairs, was a captain of a ship, and bore the "office for some time of a vice or rear-admiral." *Athen. Oxon. Fast.* Vol. I. p. 203. WHAL.

This Dedication is from the folio 1616.

[2] *An undertaker.*] "An *undertaker* was at this time a very offensive character; and given to certain persons, who *undertook*, through their influence in the House of Commons, in the parliament of 1614, to carry things agreeably to his Majesty's wishes." WHAL.

To prevent any of Jonson's enemies from wresting this Dedication into a confession that the *Silent Woman* was "ill received," it is necessary to observe that the objection of which the author speaks was similar to that brought long before against the *Poetaster*, a charge of personality, (probably towards some

so begin to hate the iniquity of such natures, as I shall love the contumely done me, whose end was so honourable as to be wiped off by your sentence.

Your unprofitable, but true Lover,

BEN. JONSON.

captious member of the law,) and which was "honourably wiped off" by his present patron.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Morose, *a gentleman that loves no noise.*
Sir Dauphine Eugenie, *a knight, his nephew.*
Ned Clerimont, *a gentleman, his friend.*
Truewit, *another friend.*
Sir John Daw, *a knight.*
Sir Amorous La-Foole, *a knight also.*
Thomas Otter, *a land and sea captain.*
Cutbeard, *a barber.*
Mute, *one of Morose's servants.*
Parson.
Page to Clerimont.

Epicœne, *supposed the* SILENT WOMAN.
Lady Haughty, Lady Centaure, Mistress Dol. Mavis. } *ladies collegiates.*
Mistress Otter, *the Captain's wife.*
Mistress Trusty, *lady Haughty's woman.* } *pretenders.*

Pages, Servants, &c.

The SCENE London.

EPICŒNE;

OR,

THE SILENT WOMAN.

PROLOGUE.

Truth says, of old the art of making plays
Was to content the people; and their praise
Was to the poet money, wine, and bays.

But in this age, a sect of writers are,
That, only, for particular likings care,
And will taste nothing that is popular.

With such we mingle neither brains nor breasts;
Our wishes, like to those make public feasts,
Are not to please the cook's taste but the guests.

Yet, if those cunning palates hither come,
They shall find guests entreaty, and good room;
And though all relish not, sure there will be some,

That, when they leave their seats, shall make them say,
Who wrote that piece, could so have wrote a play;
But that he knew this was the better way.

For, to present all custard, or all tart,
And have no other meats to bear a part,
Or to want bread, and salt, were but coarse art.

[1] *Truth says, of old the art of making plays*
Was to content the people;] From the Prologue to the *Andria*; as Upton observes:

Id sibi negoti credidit solum dari,
Populo ut placerent, quas fecisset fabulas.

The poet prays you then, with better thought
To sit; and, when his cates are all in brought,
Though there be none far-fet, there will dear-bought,

Be fit for ladies: some for lords, knights, 'squires;
*Some for your waiting-wench, and city-wires;** ✓
Some for your men, and daughters of White-friars.

Nor is it, only, while you keep your seat
Here, that his feast will last; but you shall eat
A week at ord'naries, on his broken meat:
If his muse be true,
Who commends her to you.

ANOTHER.

The ends of all, who for the scene do write,
Are, or should be, to profit and delight.
And still't hath been the praise of all best times,
So persons were not touch'd, to tax the crimes.
Then, in this play, which we present to-night,
And make the object of your ear and sight,
On forfeit of yourselves, think nothing true:
Lest so you make the maker to judge you.
For he knows, poet never credit gain'd
By writing truths, but things, like truths, well feign'd.
If any yet will, with particular sleight
Of application,[2] wrest what he doth write;
And that he meant, or him, or her, will say:
They make a libel, which he made a play.

* *City-wires;*] This term, which seems to designate the matrons of the city in opposition to the "White-friar's nation," (see p. 275,) is new to me. In the stiff and formal dresses of those days, wire indeed was much used; but I know not that it was peculiar to the city dames. Perhaps I have missed the sense.

[2] "Occasioned by some persons impertinent exceptions."

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in Clerimont's *House.*

Enter CLERIMONT *making himself ready, followed by his* Page.

Cler. Have you got the song yet perfect, I gave you, boy?

Page. Yes, sir.

Cler. Let me hear it.

Page. You shall, sir; but i'faith let nobody else.

Cler. Why, I pray?

Page. It will get you the dangerous name of a poet in town, sir; besides me a perfect deal of ill-will at the mansion you wot of, whose lady is the argument of it; where now I am the welcomest thing under a man that comes there.

Cler. I think; and above a man too, if the truth were rack'd out of you.

Page. No, faith, I'll confess before, sir. The gentlewomen play with me, and throw me on the bed, and carry me in to my lady; and she kisses me with her oil'd face, and puts a peruke on my head; and asks me an I will wear her gown? and I say no: and then she hits me a blow o' the ear, and calls me Innocent![3] and lets me go.

Cler. No marvel if the door be kept shut

This marginal note of the author confirms what is said in the Dedication:—that some particular person was supposed to be aimed at in one of the characters. As the opinion was unfounded, it is needless to pursue the enquiry.

[3] *And calls me* Innocent!] i. e. fool, or simpleton. See A. III

against your master, when the entrance is so easy to you——well, sir, you shall go there no more, lest I be fain to seek your voice in my lady's rushes, a fortnight hence. Sing, sir. [*Page sings.*

Still to be neat, still to be drest—

Enter TRUEWIT.

True. Why, here's the man that can melt away his time, and never feels it! What between his mistress abroad and his ingle[4] at home, high fare, soft lodging, fine clothes, and his fiddle; he thinks the hours have no wings, or the day no post-horse. Well, sir gallant, were you struck with the plague this minute,[5] or condemn'd to any capital punishment to-morrow, you would begin then to think, and value every article of

[4] *And his* ingle *at home,*] This word is invariably confounded by the commentators with enghle, though perfectly distinct in its meaning. Enghle, as I have already observed, Vol. II. p. 429, is either a gull, a simpleton, or a bait to decoy this description of persons: whereas engle or *ingle* is a familiar, a bosom friend. It is loosely used also by our old writers in an opprobrious sense, for catamite, &c. I know not whence it crept into our language. If it be the Spanish word *ingle*, (a groin,) its acceptation in the latter sense is accounted for: but it is more probably corrupted from *ignicule*, a little fire; whence, perhaps, it came to signify a chimney-companion, an inmate of the same house. Ingle is still used for fire in many parts of the country.

[5] *Well, sir gallant, were you struck with the* plague *this minute,*] There had been no *plague* in London since the dreadful one of 1603-4: but as Jonson usually brings up his action as closely as possible to the period of writing, it is not unlikely that he alludes to a dangerous contagious distemper which broke out in 1607, and of which some remains might still linger about the city when *Epicœne* was produced. Of this disease, which seems to have escaped the notice of our historians, the following account occurs in a book called the *City Remembrancer:* "In 1607 was a pestilential distemper at London; and the "time so sickly in general, that sailors did not escape at great "distance from land: as may be seen in some diaries in Pur-"chas's Pilgrim." Vol. I. p. 266.

your time, esteem it at the true rate, and give all for it.

Cler. Why what should a man do?

True. Why, nothing; or that which, when 'tis done, is as idle. Hearken after the next horse-race, or hunting-match, lay wagers, praise Puppy, or Peppercorn, White-foot, Franklin;[6] swear upon Whitemane's party; speak aloud, that my lords may hear you; visit my ladies at night, and be able to give them the character of every bowler or better on the green. These be the things wherein your fashionable men exercise themselves, and I for company.

Cler. Nay, if I have thy authority, I'll not leave yet. Come, the other are considerations, when we come to have gray heads and weak hams, moist eyes and shrunk members. We'll think on 'em then; then we'll pray and fast.

True. Ay, and destine only that time of age to goodness, which our want of ability will not let us employ in evil!

Cler. Why, then 'tis time enough.

True. Yes; as if a man should sleep all the term, and think to effect his business the last day. O, Clerimont, this time,[7] because it is an

[6] *Puppy, or Peppercorn, White-foot, Franklin;*] Horses of the time, as Jonson tells us. Three of them are mentioned in *Ignoramus;* but a much more copious list may be found in Shirley's *Hyde-Parke. Whitemane* was a very noted racer. In some MS. memoirs of sir H. Fynes, the following passage occurs, "Alsoe in these my trobles with my wife, I was forced to give my lord of Holdernes my grey running horse called *Whitmayne* for a gratuity, for which I might have had £100."

[7] *O, Clerimont, this time, &c.*] There is something uncommonly striking in this part of the dialogue. Truewit assumes a lofty tone of morality, and his language is solemn and impressive. Jonson's mind was deeply imbued with a sense of what the comic Muse might fitly inculcate in her "higher mood;" and he has interspersed in all his works, maxims and sentences

incorporeal thing, and not subject to sense, we mock ourselves the fineliest out of it, with vanity and misery indeed! not seeking an end of wretchedness, but only changing the matter still.

Cler. Nay, thou'lt not leave now—

True. See but our common disease! with what justice can we complain, that great men will not look upon us, nor be at leisure to give our affairs such dispatch as we expect, when we will never do it to ourselves? nor hear, nor regard ourselves?

Cler. Foh! thou hast read Plutarch's morals, now, or some such tedious fellow; and it shows so vilely with thee! 'fore God, 'twill spoil thy wit utterly. Talk to me of pins, and feathers, and ladies, and rushes, and such things: and leave this Stoicity alone, till thou mak'st sermons.

True. Well, sir; if it will not take, I have learn'd to lose as little of my kindness as I can; I'll do good to no man against his will, certainly. When were you at the college?

Cler. What college?

True. As if you knew not!

Cler. No, faith, I came but from court yesterday.

True. Why, is it not arrived there yet, the news? A new foundation, sir, here in the town, of ladies, that call themselves the collegiates, an order between courtiers and country-madams, that live from their husbands; and give entertainment to all the wits, and braveries of the

of singular importance in the economy of human life. Much of his contempt for the "hocus-pocus" tricks of the stage, which has been unjustly attributed to personal enmity, clearly originated from the strong dislike of what he conceived to be a violation of its dignity and decorum.

time, as they call them: cry down, or up, what they like or dislike in a brain or a fashion, with most masculine, or rather hermaphroditical authority; and every day gain to their college some new probationer.

Cler. Who is the president?

True. The grave and youthful matron, the lady Haughty.

Cler. A pox of her autumnal face, her pieced beauty! there's no man can be admitted till she be ready, now-a-days, till she has painted, and perfumed, and wash'd, and scour'd, but the boy here; and him she wipes her oil'd lips upon, like a sponge. I have made a song (I pray thee hear it) on the subject, [*Page sings.*

Still to be neat, still to be drest,[s]
As you were going to a feast;

[s] "This song," says Upton, "is very happily imitated from the following poem, which I found at the end of an edition of Petronius; the verses there printed are known to the learned by the title of Priapeia Carmina:"—rather, of Errones Venerei.

Semper munditias, semper, Basilissa, decores,
Semper compositas arte recente comas,
Et comptos semper cultus, unguentaque semper,
Omnia sollicitâ compta videre, manu,
Non amo. Neglectim mihi se quæ comit amica
Se det; et ornatus simplicitate valet.
Vincula ne cures capitis discussa soluti,
Nec ceram in faciem: mel habet illa suum.
Fingere se semper, non est confidere amori;
Quid quod sæpe decor, cum prohibetur, adest?

It seems, from this, that Upton was ignorant of the author of these verses. They were written by Jean Bonnefons, (Bonnefonius) and make part of what he calls his *Pancharis*. Bonnefons was born about the middle of the 16th century, at Clermont in Auvergne, where he cultivated latin poetry with considerable success. He affected to imitate Catullus: there was one, how-

Still to be powder'd, still perfumed:
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,

ever, whom he followed more closely, though he made "no boast of it;" this was Johannes Secundus. Bonnefons died in 1614.

Jonson's version, which, with equal elegance possesses rather more smoothness than the original, has produced a number of imitators. Herrick has founded two or three little poems upon it, of more than usual sweetness; and, what the reader will be less prepared to hear, Flecknoe, the mythological father of Shadwell, has caught a gleam of common sense and poetry from it. The following is the conclusion of his "Address to the Dutchess of Richmond:"

"Poor beauties! whom a look, a glance,
"May sometimes make seem fair by chance;
"Or curious dress, or artful care,
"Cause to look fairer than they are!—
"Give me the eyes, give me the face,
"To which no art can add a grace;
"And me the looks, no garb nor dress,
"Can ever make more fair, or less."

To return to Jonson. His little madrigal appears to have altogether astonished the modern critics. "This," says Dr. Aikin, "(*Essay on Song Writing*, p. 168), is one of the *very few* productions of this *once* celebrated author, which by their singular elegance and neatness, form a striking contrast to the prevalent coarseness of his tedious effusions." I believe that no great injustice will be done to Dr. Aikin's patience, by supposing it to be utterly exhausted before he had actually read a page of Jonson. The song, he might have found in a hundred other places; but he could not look into the poet, and have thus written. There are *very many* "productions of this *once* celebrated author," equal, if not superior to the present, which persons of more perseverance and less delicacy than the Dr. may easily discover among his "tedious effusions."

Than all the adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

True. And I am clearly on the other side: I love a good dressing before any beauty o' the world. O, a woman is then like a delicate garden; nor is there one kind of it;[9] she may vary every hour; take often counsel of her glass, and choose the best. If she have good ears, show them; good hair, lay it out; good legs, wear short clothes; a good hand, discover it often: practise any art to mend breath, cleanse teeth, repair eye-brows; paint, and profess it.

Cler. How! publicly?

True. The doing of it, not the manner: that must be private.[1] Many things that seem foul

[9] *Nor is there one kind of it; &c.*]

Nec genus ornatûs unum est; quod quamque decebit,
Eligat; et speculum consulat antè suum,
Longa probat facies capitis discrimina puri:
Sic erat ornatis Laodomia comis.
Exiguum summâ nodum sibi fronte relinqui
Ut pateant aures, ora rotunda volunt.
Art. Amand. lib. iii. v. 140.

Upton, who gives these lines, observes that we should read *Ne pateant*, in the last of them. The text, however, is right as it stands. In those matters Ovid's opinion will always outweigh the critics'.

[1] *That must be private,* &c.] All from Ovid. *Art. Amand.* lib. iii. v. 216, *et seq.*

Ista dabunt faciem; sed erunt deformia visu.
Multaque, dum fiunt turpia, facta placent.—
Tu quoque dum coleris, nos te dormire putemus;
Aptius a summâ conspiciare manu.
Cur mihi nota tuo causa est candoris in ore?
Claude forem thalami, quid rude prodis opus?—
Aurea quæ pendent ornato signa theatro;
Inspice, quam tenuis bractea ligna tegat;
Sed neque ad illa licet populo, nisi facta, venire;
Nec nisi submotis forma paranda viris, &c.

in the doing, do please done. A lady should, indeed, study her face, when we think she sleeps; nor, when the doors are shut, should men be enquiring; all is sacred within, then. Is it for us to see their perukes put on, their false teeth, their complexion, their eye-brows, their nails? You see gilders will not work, but inclosed. They must not discover how little serves, with the help of art, to adorn a great deal. How long did the canvas hang afore Aldgate? Were the people[2] suffered to see the city's Love and Charity, while they were rude stone, before they were painted and burnish'd? No; no more should servants approach their mistresses, but when they are complete, and finish'd.

Cler. Well said, my Truewit.

True. And a wise lady will keep a guard always upon the place, that she may do things securely. I once followed a rude fellow into a chamber, where the poor madam, for haste, and troubled, snatch'd at her peruke to cover her baldness; and put it on the wrong way.[3]

Cler. O prodigy!

True. And the unconscionable knave held her in compliment an hour with that reverst face,

[2] *How long did the canvas hang before Aldgate? Were the people, &c.*] *Aldgate*, as Stow informs us, "began to be taken down in 1606, and was very worthily and famously finished in 1609;" so that the *canvas hung before it* about two years. The good old annalist's description of the "city's Love and Charity," is amusing: "To grace each side of the gate, are set two feminine personages, the one southward appearing to be Peace, with a silver dove upon one hand, and a guilded wreath or garland in the other. On the north side standeth Charity, with a child at her breast, and another led in her hand: implying (as I conceive) that where Peace and love, or Charity, do prosper, and are truly embraced, that city shall be for ever blessed."

[3] *I once followed a rude fellow into a chamber, where the poor*

when I still look'd when she should talk from the t'other side.

Cler. Why, thou shouldst have relieved her.

True. No, faith, I let her alone, as we'll let this argument, if you please, and pass to another. When saw you Dauphine Eugenie?

Cler. Not these three days. Shall we go to him this morning? he is very melancholy, I hear.

True. Sick of the uncle, is he? I met that stiff piece of formality, his uncle, yesterday,[4] with a huge turban of night-caps on his head, buckled over his ears.

madam, for haste, snatched at her peruke, and put it on the wrong way.] Improved, as Upton observes, with comic humour, from the following:

> *Quæ male crinita est, custodem in limine ponat,*
> *Orneturve Bonæ semper in æde Deæ:*
> *Dictus eram cuidam subito venisse puellæ,*
> *Turbida perversas induit illa comas.* *Ibid.* v. 243.

[4] *I met that stiff piece of formality, his uncle, yesterday,* &c.] Theobald, who, at one period of his life, seems to have had an idea of republishing Jonson's works, wrote a few short memorandums, or rather references, on the margin of his folio copy. These fell into the hands of Mr. Whalley, and, subsequently, of Mr. Waldron, who, with his usual frankness communicated them to me. They are utterly insignificant, with the exception of the following *N. B.* "*Libanii Declamatio lepidissima de Moroso, qui cum uxorem loquacem duxisset, se ipsum accusat.* Probably Jonson borrowed the character, and marriage, of Morose from this declamation." Theobald must have been furnished with this information by a friend, for, as Whalley observes, it does not appear that he was at all acquainted with the work. His correspondent, however, was right in his conjecture; for not only the name and character of Morose, but several of his shorter speeches are copied, or imitated from Libanius. The declamation in question forms the sixth, of what the Sophist calls his Μελεται Πραγματικαι, and is labelled "Δυσκολος γημας λαλον γυναικα, ἑαυτον προσαγγελλει."

Cler. O, that's his custom when he walks abroad. He can endure no noise, man.

True. So I have heard. But is the disease so ridiculous in him as it is made? They say he has been upon divers treaties with the fish-wives and orange-women; and articles propounded between them: marry, the chimney-sweepers will not be drawn in.

Cler. No, nor the broom-men: they stand out stiffly. He cannot endure a costard-monger, he swoons if he hear one.

True. Methinks a smith should be ominous.

Cler. Or any hammer-man.[5] A brasier is not suffer'd to dwell in the parish, nor an armourer. He would have hang'd a pewterer's prentice once upon a Shrove-tuesday's riot,[6] for being of that trade, when the rest were quit.

True. A trumpet should fright him terribly, or the hautboys.

Cler. Out of his senses. The waights of the city have a pension of him not to come near that ward. This youth practised on him one night like the bell-man; and never left till

5 *Methinks a smith should be ominous—Or any hammer-man,* &c.] Και μην των γε εργαστηριων, οσα μεν ακμονα και σφυραν εχει και τυπες, φευγη φευγω, τα αργυροκοπεια, τα χαλκεια· πολλα ετερα. τας δε δια σιγης γιγνομενας ασπαζομαι των τεχνων. και τοι και ζωγραφους ειδον ηδη μετ' ωδης γραφοντας· ουτως ηδυ τι τοις πολλοις λαλειν, και κατεχειν ἑαυτους δυναται· *Liban. Edit. Paris.* fol. 1606, p. 302. Jonson's conversion of the ζωγραφοι into "chimney sweepers and broom-men" is humorous.

6 *Upon a Shrove-tuesday's riot,* &c.] The turbulent and disorderly conduct of the apprentices on Shrove-tuesday, which, in Jonson's time, was a day of general festivity for them, is noticed by most of our old writers. Thus Decker, in the *Seven deadly sins of London:* "They presently, like prentises upon Shrove-tuesday, take the law into their hands, and do what they list."—*Quit,* as Whalley observes, means discharged from work, and should not, as in his edition, have been altered to *quiet.*

he had brought him down to the door with a long sword; and there left him flourishing with the air.

Page. Why, sir, he hath chosen a street to lie in, so narrow at both ends, that it will receive no coaches, nor carts, nor any of these common noises: and therefore we that love him, devise to bring him in such as we may, now and then, for his exercise, to breathe him. He would grow resty else in his ease: his virtue would rust without action. I entreated a bearward, one day, to come down with the dogs of some four parishes that way, and I thank him he did; and cried his games under master Morose's window: till he was sent crying away, with his head made a most bleeding spectacle to the multitude. And, another time, a fencer marching to his prize, had his drum most tragically run through, for taking that street in his way at my request.

True. A good wag! How does he for the bells?

Cler. O, in the Queen's time,[7] he was wont to go out of town every Saturday at ten o'clock, or on holy day eves. But now, by reason of the sickness,* the perpetuity of ringing has made him devise a room, with double walls and treble ceilings; the windows close shut and caulk'd: and there he lives by candle-light. He turn'd away a man, last week, for having a pair of new shoes that creak'd. And this fellow waits on him now in tennis-court socks, or slippers soled with wool: and they talk each to other in a trunk.[8] See, who comes here!

[7] *O, in the Queen's time,* &c.] This seems to be an indirect satire on the growing laxity of attendance on public worship. Elizabeth was very strict in this matter.

* *But now, by reason of the* sickness,] See p. 344.

[8] *And they talk each to other in a trunk.*] i. e. a tube.

Enter sir DAUPHINE EUGENIE.

Daup. How now! what ail you, sirs? dumb?

True. Struck into stone, almost, I am here, with tales o' thine uncle. There was never such a prodigy heard of.

Daup. I would you would once lose this subject, my masters, for my sake. They are such as you are, that have brought me into that predicament I am with him.

True. How is that?

Daup. Marry, that he will disinherit me; no more. He thinks, I and my company are authors of all the ridiculous Acts and Monuments are told of him.[9]

True. 'Slid, I would be the author of more to vex him; that purpose deserves it: it gives thee law of plaguing him. I'll tell thee what I would do. I would make a false almanack, get it printed; and then have him drawn out on a coronation day to the Tower-wharf, and kill him with the noise of the ordnance. Disinherit thee!

"There are a people, (says Montaigne,) where no one speaks to the king, except his wife and children, but through a *trunk*." All our old writers have the word in this sense.

[9] *He thinks I, and my company, are authors of all the ridiculous* Acts and Monuments *are told of him.*] Perhaps here, Upton says, but doubtless in a former play, (Vol. II. p. 119,) "he hints at Fox's book." Jonson was at this period a Catholic, and might therefore, perhaps, think himself justified in indulging a little spleen against the man whom the professors of that religion justly considered as the most formidable of their opponents:—but this is conjecture. "The audience," Upton continues, "by these descriptions of Morose, are well prepared for him when he makes his entrance: and as we love to know something of a man before we get into his company, so the poet has taken pains to bring us acquainted with his principal characters, before they make their appearance in person."

he cannot, man. Art not thou next of blood, and his sister's son?

Daup. Ay, but he will thrust me out of it, he vows, and marry.

True. How! that's a more portent. Can he endure no noise, and will venture on a wife?

Cler. Yes: why thou art a stranger, it seems, to his best trick, yet. He has employed a fellow this half year all over England to hearken him out a dumb woman; be she of any form, or any quality, so she be able to bear children: her silence is dowry enough, he says.

True. But I trust to God he has found none.

Cler. No; but he has heard of one that's lodged in the next street to him, who is exceedingly soft-spoken; thrifty of her speech; that spends but six words a day. And her he's about now, and shall have her.

True. Is't possible! who is his agent in the business?

Cler. Marry, a barber, one Cutbeard; an honest fellow, one that tells Dauphine all here.

True. Why you oppress me with wonder: a woman, and a barber, and love no noise!

Cler. Yes, faith. The fellow trims him silently, and has not the knack with his sheers or his fingers:[1] and that continence in a barber he thinks so eminent a virtue, as it has made him chief of his counsel.

True. Is the barber to be seen, or the wench?

[1] *And has not the* knack *with his sheers or his fingers:*] This was, and, perhaps, may still be a very common practice: thus Motto, the barber in Lilly's *Midas*, "Thou knowest, boy, I have taught thee the *knacking of the hands:*" And Cooke, in *Green's Tu Quoque:* "Amongst the rest, let not the barber be forgotten: and look that he be an excellent fellow, and one that can *snap his fingers* with dexterity." The want of this quality sufficiently accounts for Morose's selection of Cutbeard.

Cler. Yes, that they are.

True. I prithee, Dauphine, let's go thither.

Daup. I have some business now: I cannot, i' faith.

True. You shall have no business shall make you neglect this, sir: we'll make her talk, believe it; or, if she will not, we can give out at least so much as shall interrupt the treaty; we will break it. Thou art bound in conscience, when he suspects thee without cause, to torment him.

Daup. Not I, by any means. I'll give no suffrage to't. He shall never have that plea against me, that I opposed the least phant'sy of his. Let it lie upon my stars to be guilty, I'll be innocent.

True. Yes, and be poor, and beg; do, innocent: when some groom of his has got him an heir, or this barber, if he himself cannot. *Innocent!*—I prithee, Ned, where lies she? let him be innocent still.

Cler. Why, right over against the barber's; in the house where sir John Daw lies.

True. You do not mean to confound me!

Cler. Why?

True. Does he that would marry her know so much?

Cler. I cannot tell.

True. 'Twere enough of imputation to her with him.

Cler. Why?

True. The only talking Sir in the town! Jack Daw! and he teach her not to speak!—God be wi' you. I have some business too.

Cler. Will you not go thither, then?

True. Not with the danger to meet Daw, for mine ears.

Cler. Why, I thought you two had been upon very good terms.

True. Yes, of keeping distance.

Cler. They say, he is a very good scholar.

True. Ay, and he says it first. A pox on him, a fellow that pretends only to learning, buys titles, and nothing else of books in him!

Cler. The world reports him to be very learned.

True. I am sorry the world should so conspire to belie him.

Cler. Good faith, I have heard very good things come from him.

True. You may; there's none so desperately ignorant, to deny that: would they were his own! God be wi' you, gentlemen. [*Exit hastily.*

Cler. This is very abrupt!

Daup. Come, you are a strange open man, to tell every thing thus.

Cler. Why, believe it, Dauphine, Truewit's a very honest fellow.

Daup. I think no other: but this frank nature of his is not for secrets.

Cler. Nay then, you are mistaken, Dauphine: I know where he has been well trusted, and discharged the trust very truly, and heartily.

Daup. I contend not, Ned; but with the fewer a business is carried, it is ever the safer. Now we are alone, if you'll go thither, I am for you.

Cler. When were you there?

Daup. Last night: and such a Decameron of sport fallen out! Boccace never thought of the like. Daw does nothing but court her; and the wrong way. He would lie with her, and praises her modesty; desires that she would talk and be free, and commends her silence in verses; which he reads, and swears are the best that ever man made. Then rails at his fortunes,

stamps, and mutines, why he is not made a counsellor, and call'd to affairs of state.

Cler. I prithee let's go. I would fain partake this.—Some water, boy. [*Exit Page.*

Daup. We are invited to dinner together, he and I, by one that came thither to him, sir La-Foole.

Cler. O, that's a precious mannikin!

Daup. Do you know him?

Cler. Ay, and he will know you too, if e'er he saw you but once, though you should meet him at church in the midst of prayers. He is one of the braveries, though he be none of the wits.[a] He will salute a judge upon the bench, and a bishop in the pulpit, a lawyer when he is pleading at the bar, and a lady when she is dancing in a masque, and put her out. He does give plays, and suppers, and invites his guests to them, aloud, out of his window, as they ride by in coaches. He has a lodging in the Strand for the purpose: or to watch when ladies are gone to the china-houses, or the Exchange, that he may meet them by chance, and give them presents, some two or three hundred pounds worth of toys, to be laugh'd at. He is never without a spare banquet, or sweet-meats in his chamber, for their women to alight at, and come up to for a bait.

Daup. Excellent! he was a fine youth last night; but now he is much finer! what is his Christian name? I have forgot.

[a] *He is one of the* braveries, *though he be none of the* wits.] This alludes to Truewit's description of the collegiate ladies, p. 346:—"they give entertainment to all the wits and braveries of the time." *Braveries* were the beaus of the age; men distinguished by the splendor and fashion of their apparel. The *Exchange* mentioned just below, was the New Exchange, built in 1608. "It had rows of shops (Pennant says) over the walk, filled chiefly with milliners, sempstresses, &c. This was a place of fashionable resort." See *Massinger*, Vol. IV. p. 50.

Re-enter PAGE.

Cler. Sir Amorous La-Foole.

Page. The gentleman is here below that owns that name.

Cler. 'Heart, he's come to invite me to dinner, I hold my life.

Daup. Like enough: prithee, let's have him up.

Cler. Boy, marshal him.

Page. With a truncheon, sir?

Cler. Away, I beseech you. [*Exit Page.*]—I'll make him tell us his pedigree now; and what meat he has to dinner; and who are his guests; and the whole course of his fortunes; with a breath.

Enter sir AMOROUS LA-FOOLE.

La-F. 'Save, dear sir Dauphine! honoured master Clerimont!

Cler. Sir Amorous! you have very much honested my lodging with your presence.

La-F. Good faith, it is a fine lodging: almost as delicate a lodging as mine.

Cler. Not so, sir.

La-F. Excuse me, sir, if it were in the Strand, I assure you. I am come, master Clerimont, to entreat you to wait upon two or three ladies, to dinner, to-day.

Cler. How, sir! wait upon them? did you ever see me carry dishes?

La-F. No, sir, dispense with me; I meant, to bear them company.

Cler. O, that I will, sir: the doubtfulness of your phrase, believe it, sir, would breed you a

quarrel once an hour, with the terrible boys,[3] if you should but keep them fellowship a day.

La-F. It should be extremely against my will, sir, if I contested with any man.

Cler. I believe it, sir: Where hold you your feast?

La-F. At Tom Otter's, sir.

Daup. Tom Otter! what's he?

La-F. Captain Otter, sir; he is a kind of gamester, but he has had command both by sea and by land.

Daup. O, then he is *animal amphibium?*

La-F. Ay, sir: his wife was the rich china-woman, that the courtiers visited so often;[4] that gave the rare entertainment. She commands all at home.

[3] *The* terrible boys,] These *terrible boys* are mentioned in the *Alchemist*, A. III. S. 3.

"*Kast.* Sir, not so young, but I have heard some speech
"Of the *angry boys*, and seen 'em take tobacco."

A citation from Wilson's *Life of King James* will make the allusion still more manifest: "The king minding his sports, many riotous demeanours crept into the kingdom; divers sects of vicious persons, going under the title of *roaring boys, bravadoes, roysters, &c.* commit many insolencies; the streets swarm, night and day, with bloody quarrels, private duels fomented," &c. URTON.

These pestilent miscreants continued, under various names, to disturb the peace of the capital, down to the accession of the present royal family.

[4] *His wife was the rich china-woman, that the courtiers visited so often;*] In Jonson's days, the trade with the East had not been long opened; and the china, and laquered ware which we derived either directly or through the medium of the Dutch, from China, and the Japanese islands, were objects of very general curiosity in both sexes. Enough remains in our old dramatists to shew that advantage was taken of this, to convert the places of exhibition (almost always private houses) into a kind of bagnios, of which the owners were the most convenient

Cler. Then she is captain Otter.

La-F. You say very well, sir; she is my kinswoman, a La-Foole by the mother-side, and will invite any great ladies for my sake.

Daup. Not of the La-Fooles of Essex?

La-F. No, sir; the La-Fooles of London.

Cler. Now, he's in. [*Aside.*

La-F. They all come out of our house, the La-Fooles of the north, the La-Fooles of the west, the La-Fooles of the east and south—we are as ancient a family as any is in Europe—but I myself am descended lineally of the French La-Fooles—and, we do bear for our coat yellow,[5] or *or*, checker'd *azure*, and *gules*, and some three or four colours more, which is a very noted coat, and has, sometimes, been solemnly worn by divers nobility of our house—but let that go, antiquity is not respected now.—I had a brace of fat does sent me, gentlemen, and half a dozen of pheasants, a dozen or two of godwits, and some other fowl, which I would have eaten, while they are good, and in good company:—there will be a great lady or two, my lady Haughty, my lady Centaure, mistress Dol Mavis—and they come o' purpose to see the silent gentlewoman, mistress Epicœne, that honest sir John Daw has promised to bring thither—and then, mistress Trusty, my lady's woman, will be there too, and this honourable knight, sir Dauphine, with yourself, master Clerimont—and we'll be very merry,

of procuresses.—If we may trust the poets and essayists of queen Anne's days, matters were not much mended when they wrote; as no place of assignation is more frequently mentioned than a "china-house."

[5] *And we do bear for our coat* yellow, *&c.*] This is a humorous allusion to the parti-coloured dress of the domestic fool of our ancestors, which is still retained on the stage.

and have fidlers, and dance.—I have been a mad wag in my time, and have spent some crowns since I was a page in court, to my lord Lofty, and after, my lady's gentleman-usher, who got me knighted in Ireland, since it pleased my elder brother to die.—I had as fair a gold jerkin on that day, as any worn in the island voyage, or at Cadiz, none dispraised;[6] and I came over in it hither, shew'd myself to my friends in court, and after went down to my tenants in the country, and surveyed my lands, let new leases, took their money, spent it in the eye o' the land here, upon ladies:—and now I can take up at my pleasure.

Daup. Can you take up ladies, sir?

Cler. O, let him breathe, he has not recover'd.

Daup. Would I were your half in that commodity!

La-F. No, sir, excuse me: I meant money, which can take up any thing. I have another guest or two, to invite, and say as much to, gentlemen. I'll take my leave abruptly, in hope you will not fail——Your servant. [*Exit.*

[6] *I had as fair a gold jerkin on that day, as any was worn in the* island voyage, *or at* Cadiz, *none dispraised;*] "This *island voyage* (as Upton observes) was undertaken 1585, sir Francis Drake being admiral, with a fleet of one and twenty sail, and with above two thousand volunteers aboard: they went to Hispaniola, and there made themselves masters of the town of St. Domingo. The other adventure here mentioned, was undertaken in 1596, when the earl of Essex and sir Walter Raleigh burnt the Indian fleet at *Cadiz*, consisting of forty sail, and brought home immense treasures." Shakspeare alludes to this finery of dressing, when our youth went abroad, in *King John*:

"——————and some
"Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
"Bearing their birth-right proudly on their backs,
"To make a hazard of new fortunes here."

A. II. S. 1. WHAL-

Daup. We will not fail you, sir precious La-Foole; but she shall, that your ladies come to see, if I have credit afore sir Daw.

Cler. Did you ever hear such a wind-sucker,[7] as this?

Daup. Or such a rook as the other, that will betray his mistress to be seen! Come, 'tis time we prevented it.

Cler. Go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in Morose's *House.*

Enter MOROSE *with a tube in his hand, followed by* MUTE.

Mor. Cannot I, yet, find out a more compendious method, than by this trunk, to save my servants the labour of speech, and mine ears the discords of sounds? Let me see: all discourses but my own afflict me;[8] they seem harsh, impertinent, and irksome. Is it not possible, that thou shouldst answer me by signs, and I apprehend thee, fellow? Speak not, though I question you.

[7] *Did you ever hear such a* wind-sucker,] A kind of kite, that supports itself for a considerable time in the air with little or no motion, its beak being turned towards the wind, which it seems to suck. WHAL.

[8] *All discourses but my own afflict me;*] This is well observed; for Morose, like his name-sake in *Libanius*, is extremely delighted with the sound of his own voice. This, however, is a trait of nature, and must have been taken from actual observation.

You have taken the ring off from the street door, as I bade you? answer me not by speech, but by silence; unless it be otherwise [*Mute makes a leg.*]—very good. And you have fastened on a thick quilt, or flock-bed, on the outside of the door; that if they knock with their daggers, or with brick-bats, they can make no noise?—But with your leg, your answer, unless it be otherwise. [*makes a leg.*]—Very good. This is not only fit modesty in a servant, but good state and discretion in a master. And you have been with Cutbeard the barber, to have him come to me? [*makes a leg.*] — Good. And, he will come presently? Answer me not but with your leg, unless it be otherwise: if it be otherwise, shake your head, or shrug. [*makes a leg.*]—So! Your Italian and Spaniard are wise in these: and it is a frugal and comely gravity. How long will it be ere Cutbeard come? Stay; if an hour, hold up your whole hand; if half an hour, two fingers; if a quarter, one; [*holds up a finger bent.*]—Good; half a quarter? 'tis well. And have you given him a key, to come in without knocking? [*makes a leg.*]—good. And, is the lock oil'd, and the hinges, to-day? [*makes a leg.*]—good. And the quilting of the stairs no where worn out and bare? [*makes a leg.*] —Very good. I see, by much doctrine, and impulsion, it may be effected; stand by. The Turk, in this divine discipline, is admirable, exceeding all the potentates of the earth; still waited on by mutes; and all his commands so executed; yea, even in the war, as I have heard, and in his marches, most of his charges and directions given by signs, and with silence:[9] an exquisite art! and I am

[9] *Yea, even in the war, as I have heard, and in his marches*

heartily ashamed, and angry oftentimes, that the princes of Christendom should suffer a barbarian to transcend them in so high a point of felicity. I will practise it hereafter. [*A horn winded within.*] —How now? oh! oh! what villain, what prodigy of mankind is that? look. [*Exit Mute.*]—[*Horn again.*]—Oh! cut his throat, cut his throat! what murderer, hell-hound, devil can this be?

Re-enter MUTE.

Mute. It is a post from the court——

Mor. Out, rogue! and must thou blow thy horn too?

Mute. Alas, it is a post from the court, sir, that says, he must speak with you, pain of death—

Mor. Pain of thy life, be silent!

Enter TRUEWIT *with a post-horn, and a halter in his hand.*

True. By your leave, sir;—I am a stranger here:—Is your name master Morose? is your name master Morose? Fishes! Pythagoreans all! This is strange. What say you, sir? nothing!

most of his charges and directions given by signs, and with silence.] A little enlargement, perhaps, of the reports of travellers: but the exact discipline and order observed in the Turkish army, is remarked by Busbequius: *Videbam summo ordine cujusque corporis milites suis locis distributos, et (quod vix credat, qui nostratis militiæ consuetudinem novit) summum erat silentium, summa quies, rixa nulla, nullum cujusquam insolens factum, sed ne vox quidem aut vitulatio per lasciviam aut ebrietatem emissa.* WHAL.

The Turks have long lost this *divine discipline*, as far, at least, as war is concerned. Nothing on earth can be more noisy and tumultuous than the marches and encampments of a Turkish army, at present.

Has Harpocrates been here with his club,[1] among you? Well, sir, I will believe you to be the man at this time: I will venture upon you, sir. Your friends at court commend them to you, sir———

Mor. O men! O manners! was there ever such an impudence?

True. And are extremely solicitous for you, sir.

Mor. Whose knave are you?

True. Mine own knave, and your compeer, sir.

Mor. Fetch me my sword——

True. You shall taste the one half of my dagger, if you do, groom; and you the other, if you stir, sir: Be patient, I charge you, in the king's name, and hear me without insurrection. They say, you are to marry; to marry! do you mark, sir?

Mor. How then, rude companion!

True. Marry, your friends do wonder, sir, the Thames being so near,[2] wherein you may drown,

[1] *Has Harpocrates been here with his club,*] Harpocrates, as every one knows, is the god of silence; but he is usually described with a finger on his lip, and a cornucopia, instead of a club, in his hand. Æsculapius, indeed, is thus represented on many antique gems; and, perhaps, Jonson may have confounded the two deities: but I desire to be understood as speaking with great deference, whenever I venture to question the accuracy of so universal a scholar. In terming them *Pythagoreans*, he alludes to the long probationary *silence* imposed by Pythagoras on his followers.

[2] *Marry, your friends do wonder, sir, the Thames being so near, &c.*] Here begin Jonson's imitations of the sixth *Satire* of Juvenal, which are scattered profusely through the remainder of this scene. They are adapted to the manners of the poet's time with sufficient ingenuity; but appear almost too obvious to be pointed out. If the reader will compare the opening of this speech with the original, he will be enabled to judge of the general resemblance:

Ferre potes dominam salvis tot restibus ullam,
Cum pateant altæ caligantesque fenestræ,
Et tibi vicinum se præbeat Æmilius pons?

Upton has transcribed all the passages imitated; but apparently

so handsomely; or London-bridge, at a low fall, with a fine leap, to hurry you down the stream; or, such a delicate steeple in the town, as Bow, to vault from; or, a braver height, as Paul's: Or, if you affected to do it nearer home, and a shorter way, an excellent garret-window into the street; or, a beam in the said garret, with this halter, [*shews him the halter.*]—which they have sent, and desire, that you would sooner commit your grave head to this knot, than to the wedlock noose; or, take a little sublimate, and go out of the world like a rat; or, a fly, as one said, with a straw in your arse: any way, rather than follow this goblin Matrimony. Alas, sir, do you ever think to find a chaste wife in these times? now? when there are so many masques, plays, Puritan preachings, mad folks, and other strange sights to be seen daily, private and public? If you had lived in king Etheldred's time, sir, or Edward the confessor, you might, perhaps, have found one in some cold country hamlet, then, a dull frosty wench, would have been contented with one man: now, they will as soon be pleased with one leg, or one eye. I'll tell you, sir, the monstrous hazards you shall run with a wife.

Mor. Good sir, have I ever cozen'd any friends of yours of their land? bought their possessions? taken forfeit of their mortgage? begg'd a reversion from them? bastarded their issue? What have I done, that may deserve this?

True. Nothing, sir, that I know, but your itch of marriage.

Mor. Why, if I had made an assassinate upon

more for the purpose of shewing his dexterity in correcting Juvenal than illustrating Jonson. See his *Remarks*, p. 65, *et seq.*

your father, vitiated your mother, ravished your sisters—

True. I would kill you, sir, I would kill you, if you had.

Mor. Why, you do more in this, sir: it were a vengeance centuple, for all facinorous acts that could be named, to do that you do.

True. Alas, sir, I am but a messenger: I but tell you, what you must hear. It seems, your friends are careful after your soul's health, sir, and would have you know the danger; (but you may do your pleasure for all them, I persuade not, sir.) If, after you are married, your wife do run away with a vaulter, or the Frenchman that walks upon ropes, or him that dances the jig, or a fencer for his skill at his weapon; why it is not their fault, they have discharged their consciences; when you know what may happen. Nay, suffer valiantly, sir, for I must tell you all the perils that you are obnoxious to. If she be fair, young and vegetous, no sweetmeats ever drew more flies; all the yellow doublets and great roses[3] in the town will be there. If foul and

[3] *All the* yellow *doublets and great roses*] Yellow doublets appear to have been fashionable about this time, as they are mentioned by several of our poet's contemporaries. He had already noticed them in *Every man out of his Humour*: "O, he looked like a sponge in that pinked *yellow* doublet." *Roses* were ribands gathered into a knot in the form of those flowers, and fastened on the instep. They were, sometimes, of an enormous size. See Mass. Vol. IV. p. 11. They are thus noticed in one of Beedome's little poems:

"He's a neat foot as ever kist the ground,
"His shoes and *roses cost at least five pound*,"

But this was no unusual price for this favourite article of finery; which formed an indispensable part of the dress of the fashionable world in James's days, and even in those of his immediate successor.

crooked, she'll be with them, and buy those doublets and roses, sir. If rich, and that you marry her dowry, not her, she'll reign in your house as imperious as a widow. If noble, all her kindred will be your tyrants. If fruitful, as proud as May, and humorous as April; she must have her doctors, her midwives, her nurses, her longings every hour; though it be for the dearest morsel of man. If learned, there was never such a parrot; all your patrimony will be too little for the guests that must be invited, to hear her speak Latin and Greek; and you must lie with her in those languages too, if you will please her. If precise,[4] you must feast all the silenced brethren, once in three days; salute the sisters; entertain the whole family, or wood of them;[5] and hear long-winded exercises, singings and catechisings, which you are not given to, and yet must give for; to please the zealous matron your wife, who, for the holy cause, will cozen you over and above. You begin to sweat, sir!—but this is not half, i' faith: you may do your pleasure, notwithstanding, as I said before; I come not to persuade you. [*Mute is stealing away.*] —Upon my faith, master serving-man, if you do stir, I will beat you.

Mor. O, what is my sin! what is my sin!

True. Then, if you love your wife, or rather dote on her, sir; O, how she'll torture you, and take pleasure in your torments! you shall lie with her but when she lists; she will not hurt her beauty, her complexion; or it must be for that jewel, or that pearl when she does: every half

[4] *If* precise,] i. e. a Precisian, a Puritan. WHAL. For the *silenced brethren*, see p. 390.

[5] *The whole family, or* wood *of them,*] See the *Alchemist.*

hour's pleasure must be bought anew, and with the same pain and charge you woo'd her at first. Then you must keep what servants she please; what company she will; that friend must not visit you without her license; and him she loves most, she will seem to hate eagerliest, to decline your jealousy; or, feign to be jealous of you first; and for that cause go live with her she-friend, or cousin at the college, that can instruct her in all the mysteries of writing letters, corrupting servants, taming spies; where she must have that rich gown for such a great day; a new one for the next; a richer for the third; be served in silver; have the chamber fill'd with a succession of grooms, footmen, ushers, and other messengers; besides embroiderers, jewellers, tirewomen, sempsters, feathermen, perfumers; whilst she feels not how the land drops away, nor the acres melt; nor foresees the change, when the mercer has your woods for her velvets; never weighs what her pride costs, sir; so she may kiss a page, or a smooth chin, that has the despair of a beard: be a stateswoman, know all the news, what was done at Salisbury, what at the Bath, what at court, what in progress;[6] or, so she may censure poets, and authors, and styles, and compare them; Daniel with Spenser, Jonson with the t'other youth, and so forth:[7] or be thought cunning in controversies, or the very knots of

[6] *What was done at* Salisbury, *what in* progress;] *At Salisbury*, "that is," says Upton, "at the time of the races there: *in progress*——when the king went to Scotland," or rather, when he visited the nobility at their country residences.

[7] *She may censure poets, and authors, and styles, and compare them; Daniel with* Spenser, Jonson *with the* t'other youth, *and so forth:*] "This is artful," says Upton, and "an ingenious ridicule on the bad taste of women: for *Daniel* was no more to be compared with *Spenser*, than *Decker*, as our poet thought, was

divinity; and have often in her mouth the state of the question; and then skip to the mathematics, and demonstration: and answer, in religion to one, in state to another, in bawdry to a third.

to be brought into a comparison with himself: for 'tis Decker he hints at by the *t'other youth.*"

Mr. Malone, who is worse haunted by the "envy and jealousy of Jonson," than ever Cæsar was by the victories of Alexander, differs from Upton on this point. He produces this unfortunate passage as "an instance of the clumsy sarcasms and malevolent reflections with which Jonson persecuted Shakspeare during his life, and for many years afterwards." "In the *Silent Woman*, (he says,) the author perhaps pointed at Shakspeare, as one whom he viewed with fearful, yet with jealous eyes—So they may censure poets—*and compare Jonson with the t'other youth.*" I am sorry to be obliged to remark here, that "lust" is not the only passion which will "prey on garbage." A more improbable conceit than the above has rarely been hazarded. With what propriety could Shakspeare be called the t'other *youth?* He was now in his 46th year, a time of life to which such an expression can scarcely be applied. Having vented a part of his spleen, Mr. Malone recurs to Upton's discovery, and adds, as a salvo to his former conjecture, "Decker, however, might be meant!"—But neither was Decker meant: for, however meanly Mr. Malone may think of Jonson, his contemporaries, who were somewhat better acquainted with his talents, would have been very far indeed from *comparing* Decker with him. For Upton's mistake, an excuse may readily be found. He was not acquainted with the dramatic history of that age; and probably had no better reason for his assertion than the knowledge that Decker had attacked Jonson in the *Satiromastix.* Upton, however, had sufficient judgment to comprehend that when a man of 35 speaks of a competitor of 46, he does not usually call him the *t'other* youth.

It is more easy to say who is not meant, than who is.—To judge from the date of Marston's various publications, he must have been about Jonson's age; and from his learning, austerity, &c. might perhaps, by some of the collegiates, great affecters of the abstract sciences, be opposed to him. Others might be named; but I forbear to pursue an uncertain inquiry.

Whalley adds, that the comparison of "Daniel with Spenser" was *really* made by those who complimented him on the facility

Mor. O, O!

True. All this is very true, sir. And then her going in disguise to that conjurer, and this cunning woman: where the first question is, how soon you shall die? next, if her present servant love her? next, if she shall have a new servant? and how many? which of her family would make the best bawd, male or female? what precedence she shall have by her next match? and sets down the answers, and believes them above the scriptures. Nay, perhaps she'll study the art.

Mor. Gentle sir, have you done? have you had your pleasure of me? I'll think of these things.

True. Yes, sir: and then comes reeking home of vapour and sweat, with going a foot, and lies in a month of a new face, all oil and birdlime; and rises in asses milk, and is cleansed with a new fucus: God be wi' you, sir. One thing more, which I had almost forgot. This too, with whom you are to marry, may have made a conveyance of her virginity afore hand, as your wise widows do of their states, before they marry, in trust to some friend, sir: Who can tell? Or if she have not done it yet, she may do, upon the wedding-

of his genius: and he produces the following epigram from Fitz. Geoffrey (*Oxon.* 8vo. 1601) to prove it. If it does this, it is well.

Spenserum si quis nostrum velit esse Maronem,
Tu, Daniele, mihi Naso Britannus eris:
Sin illum potius Phœbum velit esse Britannum,
Tum, Daniele, mihi tu Maro noster eris.
Nil Phœbo ulterius; si quid foret, illud haberet
Spenserus, Phœbus tu, Daniele, fores.
Quippe loqui Phœbus cuperet si more Britanno,
Haud scio quo poterat, ni velit ore tuo.

day, or the night before, and antedate you cuckold. The like has been heard of in nature. 'Tis no devised, impossible thing, sir. God be wi' you: I'll be bold to leave this rope with you, sir, for a remembrance.—Farewell, Mute! [*Exit.*

Mor. Come, have me to my chamber: but first shut the door. [*Truewit winds the horn without.*] O, shut the door, shut the door! is he come again?

Enter CUTBEARD.

Cut. 'Tis I, sir, your barber.

Mor. O Cutbeard, Cutbeard, Cutbeard! here has been a cut-throat with me: help me in to my bed, and give me physic with thy counsel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in sir John Daw's *House.*

Enter DAW, CLERIMONT, DAUPHINE, *and* EPICŒNE.

Daw. Nay, an she will, let her refuse at her own charges; 'tis nothing to me, gentlemen: but she will not be invited to the like feasts or guests every day.

Cler. O, by no means, she may not refuse—— to stay at home, if you love your reputation: 'Slight, you are invited thither o' purpose to be seen, and laughed at by the lady of the college, and her shadows. This trumpeter hath proclaim'd you. [*Aside to Epi.*

Daup. You shall not go; let him be laugh'd at in your stead, for not bringing you: and put

him to his extemporal faculty of fooling and talking loud, to satisfy the company.

[*Aside to Epi.*

Cler. He will suspect us; talk aloud.—'Pray, mistress Epicœne, let's see your verses; we have sir John Daw's leave; do not conceal your servant's merit, and your own glories.

Epi. They'll prove my servant's glories, if you have his leave so soon.

Daup. His vain-glories, lady!

Daw. Shew them, shew them, mistress; I dare own them.

Epi. Judge you, what glories.

Daw. Nay, I'll read them myself, too: an author must recite his own works. It is a madrigal of Modesty.

Modest and fair, for fair and good are near
Neighbours, howe'er.—

Daw. Very good.

Cler. Ay, is't not?

Daw. *No noble virtue ever was alone,*
But two in one.

Daup. Excellent!

Cler. That again, I pray, sir John.

Daup. It has something in't like rare wit and sense.

Cler. Peace.

Daw. *No noble virtue ever was alone,*
But two in one.
Then, when I praise sweet modesty, I praise
Bright beauty's rays:
And having praised both beauty and modesty,
I have praised thee.

Daup. Admirable!

Cler. How it chimes, and cries tink in the close, divinely!

Daup. Ay, 'tis Seneca.

Cler. No, I think 'tis Plutarch.

Daw. The dor on Plutarch and Seneca! I hate it: they are mine own imaginations, by that light. I wonder those fellows have such credit with gentlemen.

Cler. They are very grave authors.

Daw. Grave asses! mere essayists: a few loose sentences, and that's all. A man would talk so, his whole age: I do utter as good things every hour, if they were collected and observed, as either of them.

Daup. Indeed, sir John!

Cler. He must needs; living among the wits and braveries too.

Daup. Ay, and being president of them, as he is.

Daw. There's Aristotle, a mere common-place fellow; Plato, a discourser; Thucydides, and Livy, tedious and dry; Tacitus an entire knot: sometimes worth the untying, very seldom.

Cler. What do you think of the poets, sir John?

Daw. Not worthy to be named for authors. Homer, an old tedious, prolix ass,[8] talks of curriers, and chines of beef; Virgil of dunging of land, and bees; Horace, of I know not what.

Cler. I think so.

[8] *Homer, an old tedious, prolix ass, &c.*] Those brief and sententious criticisms on the principal writers of antiquity, which do so much honour to sir John's taste and judgment, have been recently repeated with great applause. The author, however, has been unfairly dealt with by his copyists, who have illiberally conspired to suppress his name. Indeed, impudence and ingratitude go together in this prodigious age. Our new critics and philosophers steal the absurdities of their forefathers without measure, and appropriate them without shame, or acknowledgment.

Daw. And so, Pindarus, Lycophron, Anacreon, Catullus, Seneca the tragedian, Lucan, Propertius, Tibullus, Martial, Juvenal, Ausonius, Statius, Politian, Valerius Flaccus, and the rest———

Cler. What a sack full of their names he has got!

Daup. And how he pours them out! Politian with Valerius Flaccus!

Cler. Was not the character right of him?

Daup. As could be made, i'faith.

Daw. And Persius, a crabbed coxcomb, not to be endured.

Daup. Why, whom do you account for authors, sir John Daw?

Daw. Syntagma juris civilis; Corpus juris civilis; Corpus juris canonici; the king of Spain's bible——

Daup. Is the king of Spain's bible an author?

Cler. Yes, and Syntagma.

Daup. What was that Syntagma, sir?

Daw. A civil lawyer, a Spaniard.

Daup. Sure, Corpus was a Dutchman.

Cler. Ay, both the Corpuses, I knew 'em: they were very corpulent authors.

Daw. And then there's Vatablus, Pomponatius, Symancha: the other are not to be received, within the thought of a scholar.

Daup. 'Fore God, you have a simple learned servant, lady,—in titles. [*Aside.*

Cler. I wonder that he is not called to the helm, and made a counsellor.

Daup. He is one extraordinary.

Cler. Nay, but in ordinary: to say truth, the state wants such.

Daup. Why that will follow.

Cler. I muse a mistress can be so silent to the dotes of such a servant.[9]

Daw. 'Tis her virtue, sir. I have written somewhat of her silence too.

Daup. In verse, sir John?

Cler. What else?

Daup. Why, how can you justify your own being of a poet, that so slight all the old poets?

Daw. Why, every man that writes in verse, is not a poet; you have of the wits that write verses, and yet are no poets: they are poets that live by it, the poor fellows that live by it.

Daup. Why, would not you live by your verses, sir John?

Cler. No, 'twere pity he should. A knight live by his verses! he did not make them to that end, I hope.

Daup. And yet the noble Sidney lives by his, and the noble family not ashamed.

Cler. Ay, he profest himself; but sir John Daw has more caution: he'll not hinder his own rising in the state so much. Do you think he will? Your verses, good sir John, and no poems.

Daw. *Silence in woman, is like speech in man;*
Deny 't who can.

Daup. Not I, believe it: your reason, sir.

Daw. *Nor is 't a tale,*
That female vice should be a virtue male,
Or masculine vice a female virtue be:
You shall it see
Prov'd with increase;
I know to speak, and she to hold her peace.

Do you conceive me, gentlemen?

[9] *I muse a mistress can be so silent to the* dotes *of such a servant.*] To the endowments, or good qualities; the word is pure Latin. WHAL.

It is not, however, peculiar to Jonson; nor was it first in-

Daup. No, faith; how mean you *with increase*, sir John?

Dau. Why, with increase is, when I court her for the common cause of mankind, and she says nothing, but *consentire videtur;* and in time is *gravida.*

Daup. Then this is a ballad of procreation?

Cler. A madrigal of procreation; you mistake.

Epi. 'Pray give me my verses again, servant.

Daw. If you'll ask them aloud, you shall.

[*Walks aside with the papers.*

Enter TRUEWIT *with his horn.*

Cler. See, here's Truewit again!—Where hast thou been, in the name of madness, thus accoutred with thy horn?

True. Where the sound of it might have pierced your senses with gladness, had you been in ear-reach of it. Dauphine, fall down and worship me; I have forbid the bans, lad: I have been with thy virtuous uncle, and have broke the match.

Daup. You have not, I hope.

True. Yes, faith; an thou shouldst hope otherwise, I should repent me: this horn got me entrance; kiss it. I had no other way to get in, but by feigning to be a post; but when I got in once, I proved none, but rather the contrary, turn'd him into a post, or a stone, or what is stiffer, with thundering into him the incommodities of a wife, and the miseries of marriage. If ever Gorgon were seen in the shape of a woman, he hath seen her in my description: I have

troduced into the language by him. I find it in many writers before his time.

put him off o' that scent for ever.—Why do you not applaud and adore me, sirs? why stand you mute? are you stupid? You are not worthy of the benefit.

Daup. Did not I tell you? Mischief!—

Cler. I would you had placed this benefit somewhere else.

True. Why so?

Cler. 'Slight, you have done the most inconsiderate, rash, weak thing, that ever man did to his friend.

Daup. Friend! if the most malicious enemy I have, had studied to inflict an injury upon me, it could not be a greater.

True. Wherein, for God's sake? Gentlemen, come to yourselves again.

Daup. But I presaged thus much afore to you.

Cler. Would my lips had been solder'd when I spake on't! Slight, what moved you to be thus impertinent?

True. My masters, do not put on this strange face to pay my courtesy; off with this vizor. Have good turns done you, and thank 'em this way!

Daup. 'Fore heaven, you have undone me. That which I have plotted for, and been maturing now these four months, you have blasted in a minute: Now I am lost, I may speak. This gentlewoman was lodged here by me o' purpose, and, to be put upon my uncle, hath profest this obstinate silence for my sake; being my entire friend, and one that for the requital of such a fortune as to marry him, would have made me very ample conditions; where now, all my hopes are utterly miscarried by this unlucky accident.

Cler. Thus 'tis when a man will be ignorantly officious, do services, and not know his why: I

wonder what courteous itch possest you. You never did absurder part in your life, nor a greater trespass to friendship or humanity.

Daup. Faith, you may forgive it best; 'twas your cause principally.

Cler. I know it; would it had not.

Enter CUTBEARD.

Daup. How now, Cutbeard! what news?

Cut. The best, the happiest that ever was, sir. There has been a mad gentleman with your uncle this morning, [*seeing Truewit.*]—I think this be the gentleman—that has almost talk'd him out of his wits, with threatning him from marriage——

Daup. On, I prithee.

Cut. And your uncle, sir, he thinks 'twas done by your procurement; therefore he will see the party you wot of presently; and if he like her, he says, and that she be so inclining to dumb as I have told him, he swears he will marry her to day, instantly, and not defer it a minute longer.

Daup. Excellent! beyond our expectation!

True. Beyond our expectation! By this light I knew it would be thus.

Daup. Nay, sweet Truewit, forgive me.

True. No, I was *ignorantly officious, impertinent;* this was the *absurd, weak part.*

Cler. Wilt thou ascribe that to merit now, was mere fortune?

True. Fortune! mere providence. Fortune had not a finger in't. I saw it must necessarily in nature fall out so: my genius is never false to me in these things. Shew me how it could be otherwise.

Daup. Nay, gentlemen, contend not; 'tis well now.

True. Alas, I let him go on with *inconsiderate*, and *rash*, and what he pleased.

Cler. Away, thou strange justifier of thyself, to be wiser than thou wert, by the event!

True. Event! by this light, thou shalt never persuade me, but I foresaw it as well as the stars themselves.

Daup. Nay, gentlemen, 'tis well now. Do you two entertain sir John Daw with discourse, while I send her away with instructions.

True. I'll be acquainted with her first, by your favour.

Cler. Master Truewit, lady, a friend of ours.

True. I am sorry I have not known you sooner, lady, to celebrate this rare virtue of your silence.

[*Exeunt Daup. Epi. and Cutbeard.*

Cler. Faith, an you had come sooner, you should have seen and heard her well celebrated in sir John Daw's madrigals.

True. [*advances to Daw.*] Jack Daw, God save you! when saw you La-Foole?

Daw. Not since last night, master Truewit.

True. That's a miracle! I thought you two had been inseparable.

Daw. He's gone to invite his guests.

True. 'Odso! 'tis true! What a false memory have I towards that man! I am one:[1] I met him even now, upon that he calls his delicate fine black horse, rid into foam, with posting from place to place, and person to person, to give them the cue——

[1] *I am one.*] i. e. one of the guests. Whalley has strangely mistaken the sense of this simple passage; I am one, he says, is "elliptical for, I am such a one! and is used when a person forgets what he ought to remember."

Cler. Lest they should forget?

True. Yes: There was never poor captain took more pains at a muster to shew men, than he, at this meal, to shew friends.

Daw. It is his quarter-feast, sir.

Cler. What! do you say so, sir John?

True. Nay, Jack Daw will not be out, at the best friends he has, to the talent of his wit: Where's his mistress, to hear and applaud him? is she gone?

Daw. Is mistress Epicœne gone?

Cler. Gone afore, with sir Dauphine, I warrant, to the place.

True. Gone afore! that were a manifest injury, a disgrace and a half; to refuse him at such a festival-time as this, being a bravery, and a wit too!

Cler. Tut, he'll swallow it like cream: he's better read in Jure civili, than to esteem any thing a disgrace, is offer'd him from a mistress.

Daw. Nay, let her e'en go; she shall sit alone, and be dumb in her chamber a week together, for John Daw, I warrant her. Does she refuse me?

Cler. No, sir, do not take it so to heart; she does not refuse you, but a little neglects you. Good faith, Truewit, you were to blame, to put it into his head, that she does refuse him.

True. Sir, she does refuse him palpably, however you mince it. An I were as he, I would swear to speak ne'er a word to her to-day for't.

Daw. By this light, no more I will not.

True. Nor to any body else, sir.

Daw. Nay, I will not say so, gentlemen.

Cler. It had been an excellent happy condition for the company, if you could have drawn him to it. [*Aside.*

Daw. I'll be very melancholy, i'faith.

Cler. As a dog, if I were as you, sir John.

True. Or a snail, or a hog-louse: I would roll myself up for this day; in troth, they should not unwind me.

Daw. By this pick-tooth, so I will.

Cler. 'Tis well done: he begins already to be angry with his teeth.

Daw. Will you go, gentlemen?

Cler. Nay, you must walk alone, if you be right melancholy, sir John.

True. Yes, sir, we'll dog you, we'll follow you afar off. [*Exit Daw.*

Cler. Was there ever such a two yards of knighthood measured out by time, to be sold to laughter?

True. A mere talking mole, hang him! no mushroom was ever so fresh.[2] A fellow so utterly nothing, as he knows not what he would be.

Cler. Let's follow him: but first let's go to Dauphine, he's hovering about the house to hear what news.

True. Content. [*Exeunt.*

[2] *No* mushroom *was ever so* fresh.] Taken, as Upton observes, from Plautus:

——*Jam nihil sapit,*
Nec sentit; tanti 'st, quanti est fungus putidus."

Mole, Upton "corrects" (why, it is impossible to guess) into *mule*. Animal for animal, the former was surely best adapted to represent the imbecility of this purblind knight.

SCENE III.

A Room in Morose's *House.*

Enter MOROSE *and* MUTE, *followed by* CUTBEARD *with* EPICŒNE.

Mor. Welcome, Cutbeard! draw near with your fair charge: and in her ear softly entreat her to unmask. [*Epi. takes off her mask.*]—So! Is the door shut? [*Mute makes a leg.*]—Enough. Now, Cutbeard, with the same discipline I use to my family, I will question you. As I conceive, Cutbeard, this gentlewoman is she you have provided, and brought, in hope she will fit me in the place and person of a wife? Answer me not but with your leg, unless it be otherwise: [*Cut. makes a leg.*]—Very well done, Cutbeard. I conceive besides, Cutbeard, you have been pre-acquainted with her birth, education, and qualities, or else you would not prefer her to my acceptance, in the weighty consequence of marriage. [*makes a leg.*]—This I conceive, Cutbeard. Answer me not but with your leg, unless it be otherwise. [*bows again.*]—Very well done, Cutbeard. Give aside now a little, and leave me to examine her condition, and aptitude to my affection. [*goes about her and views her.*]—She is exceeding fair, and of a special good favour; a sweet composition or harmony of limbs; her temper of beauty has the true height of my blood. The knave hath exceedingly well fitted me without: I will now try her within.—Come near, fair gentlewoman; let not my behaviour seem rude, though unto you, being rare, it may haply appear strange.

[*Epicœne curtsies.*]—Nay, lady, you may speak, though Cutbeard and my man might not; for of all sounds, only the sweet voice of a fair lady has the just length of mine ears. I beseech you, say, lady; out of the first fire of meeting eyes, they say, love is stricken: do you feel any such motion suddenly shot into you, from any part you see in me? ha, lady? [*Epi. curtsies.*]—Alas, lady, these answers by silent curtsies from you, are too courtless and simple. I have ever had my breeding in court; and she that shall be my wife, must be accomplished with courtly and audacious ornaments.[3] Can you speak, lady?

Epi. [*softly.*] Judge you, forsooth.

Mor. What say you, lady? Speak out, I beseech you.

Epi. Judge you, forsooth.

Mor. On my judgment, a divine softness! But can you naturally, lady, as I enjoin these by doctrine and industry, refer yourself to the search of my judgment, and, not taking pleasure in your tongue, which is a woman's chiefest pleasure, think it plausible to answer me by silent gestures, so long as my speeches jump right with what you conceive? [*Epi. curtsies.*]—Excellent! divine! if it were possible she should hold out thus!—Peace, Cutbeard, thou art made for ever, as thou hast made me, if this felicity have lasting: but I will try her further. Dear lady, I am courtly, I tell you, and I must have mine ears banquetted with pleasant and witty conferences, pretty girds, scoffs, and dalliance in her that I

[3] *With courtly and* audacious *ornaments.*] i. e. liberal, spirited. Audacious was not always used by our old writers in a bad sense. In *Love's Labour Lost*, we have, "Witty without affectation, *audacious without impudency.*" One of the characters in the *Utopia* is, I think, named *Eutolmos.*

mean to choose for my bed-phere.[4] The ladies in court think it a most desperate impair to their quickness of wit, and good carriage, if they cannot give occasion for a man to court 'em; and when an amorous discourse is set on foot, minister as good matter to continue it, as himself: And do you alone so much differ from all them, that what they, with so much circumstance, affect and toil for, to seem learn'd, to seem judicious, to seem sharp and conceited, you can bury in yourself with silence, and rather trust your graces to the fair conscience of virtue, than to the world's or your own proclamation?

Epi. [*softly.*] I should be sorry else.

Mor. What say you, lady? good lady, speak out.

Epi. I should be sorry else.

Mor. That sorrow doth fill me with gladness. O Morose, thou art happy above mankind! pray that thou mayst contain thyself. I will only put her to it once more, and it shall be with the utmost touch and test of their sex. But hear me,

[4] *I must have mine ears banquetted with pleasant and witty conferences, pretty girds, scoffs, and dalliance in her I choose for my* bed-phere.] "Very elegantly expressed from Plato, *de repub.* ἐστιασας λογων καλων Hence Cicero, *Cogitationum bonarum epulæ* ——*Discendi epulas.* For *bed-phere*, we must read bedfere, i.e. bed-companion. So *fere* is used in our old poets: the word we had from the Danes."

These are Upton's remarks, on which it is only necessary to say that *phere* is quite as common in our old poets as *fere*, and that it comes to us from the Saxons. "Gird," he adds, "is derived from the Greek γυρος;" and, indeed, it has one resemblance which our etymologists sometimes overlook, it begins with the same letter: but *gird* (and I mention it for the sake of the commentators) is a mere metathesis of *gride*, and means a thrust, a blow; the metaphorical use of the word for a smart stroke of wit, taunt, reproachful retort, &c. is justified by a similar application of kindred terms in all languages.

fair lady; I do also love to see her whom I shall choose for my heifer,* to be the first and principal in all fashions, precede all the dames at court by a fortnight, have council of tailors, lineners, lace-women, embroiderers; and sit with them sometimes twice a day upon French intelligences, and then come forth varied like nature, or oftener than she, and better by the help of art, her emulous servant. This do I affect: and how will you be able, lady, with this frugality of speech, to give the manifold but necessary instructions, for that bodice, these sleeves, those skirts, this cut, that stitch, this embroidery, that lace, this wire, those knots, that ruff, those roses, this girdle, that fan, the t'other scarf, these gloves? Ha! what say you, lady?

Epi. [*softly.*] I'll leave it to you, sir.

Mor. How, lady? pray you rise a note.

Epi. I leave it to wisdom and you, sir.

Mor. Admirable creature! I will trouble you no more: I will not sin against so sweet a simplicity. Let me now be bold to print on those divine lips the seal of being mine.—Cutbeard, I give thee the lease of thy house free; thank me not but with thy leg. [*Cutbeard shakes his head.*] —I know what thou wouldst say,[5] she's poor, and her friends deceased. She has brought a wealthy dowry in her silence, Cutbeard; and in

* *My* heifer,] My yoke-mate. Morose is not over-delicate in his choice of terms for a wife: perhaps, he alludes to the proverbial expression. *Judges*, c. xiv. v. 18.

[5] *I know what thou wouldst say, &c.*] This, as Upton observes, is taken from the *Aulularia* of Plautus:

Me. ——————*Ejus cupio filiam*
Virginem mihi desponderi—Verba ne facias, soror:
Scio quid dictura es, hanc esse pauperem. Hæc pauper placet.

At the break Eunomia (like Cutbeard) shakes her head, which Megadorus interprets as a sign of disapprobation, and

respect of her poverty, Cutbeard, I shall have her more loving and obedient, Cutbeard. Go thy ways, and get me a minister presently, with a soft low voice, to marry us; and pray him he will not be impertinent, but brief as he can; away: softly, Cutbeard. [*Exit Cut.*]—Sirrah, conduct your mistress into the dining-room, your now mistress. [*Exit Mute followed by Epi.*] —O my felicity! how shall I be revenged on mine insolent kinsman, and his plots to fright me from marrying! This night I will get an heir, and thrust him out of my blood, like a stranger. He would be knighted, forsooth, and thought by that means to reign over me; his title must do it: No, kinsman, I will now make you bring me the tenth lord's and the sixteenth lady's letter, kinsman; and it shall do you no good, kinsman. Your knighthood itself shall come on its knees, and it shall be rejected; it shall be sued for its fees to execution, and not be redeem'd; it shall cheat at the twelve-penny ordinary, it knighthood, for its diet, all the term time, and tell tales for it in the vacation to the hostess; or it knighthood shall do worse, take sanctuary in Cole-harbour,[6] and fast. It shall fright

proceeds to obviate. The passage is thus translated by Thornton:

"*Meg.* His daughter I would marry——Nay, nay, sister,
"Speak not a word; I know what you would say,
"She has no fortune. What of that? I like her."

[6] *Take sanctuary in* Cole-harbour,] Cole, or more commonly Cold-harbour, was a very ancient building in the parish of Allhallows the Less, near the Thames. Stowe gives a long account of the various hands through which it passed, till it came to the earl of Shrewsbury, who, about the end of the sixteenth century, "took it down, and in place thereof builded a number of small tenements, now letten out for great rents to *people of all sorts.*" It seems, at this time, to have been a place of retreat for debtors, gamesters, &c. There is considerable

all it friends with borrowing letters; and when one of the fourscore hath brought it knighthood ten shillings, it knighthood shall go to the Cranes, or the Bear at the Bridge-foot, and be drunk in fear; it shall not have money to discharge one tavern-reckoning, to invite the old creditors to forbear it knighthood, or the new, that should be, to trust it knighthood. It shall be the tenth name in the bond to take up the commodity of pipkins and stone-jugs: and the part thereof shall not furnish it knighthood forth for the attempting of a baker's widow, a brown baker's widow. It shall give it knighthood's name for a stallion, to all gamesome citizens wives, and be refused, when the master of a dancing-school, or how,* do you call him, the worst reveller in the town is taken: it shall want clothes, and by reason of that, wit, to fool to lawyers. It shall not have hope to repair itself by Constantinople, Ireland, or Virginia;† but the best and last fortune to it knighthood shall be to make Dol Tear-sheet, or Kate Common a lady, and so it knighthood may eat. [*Exit.*

humour in this long monologue of Morose; but his ungenerous triumph over the imaginary distresses of his nephew, cannot be justified; and fully warrants the plot meditated against him in return. This might possibly be what the poet intended by it.

* *Or* how, *do you call him, &c.*] From the manner in which this is printed in the old copies, I should take it to be personal, and one *Howe* to be pointed at, as the "worst reveller," &c.

† *To repair itself by Constantinople,* Ireland, *or* Virginia;] This alludes probably to James's schemes for establishing order in *Ireland*, one of which was the grant of lands about this time, to English settlers, in the province of Ulster; and to the revival of the colonies in *Virginia*, whither two bodies of planters had just been sent, one in 1608, the other in 1609. What is meant by *Constantinople* is not so easy to guess. Sir Puntarvolo, we know, (*Every Man out of his Humour,*) took five to one upon the return of himself, his dog, and cat, from thence; but it is more likely that the poet refers to some circumstances

SCENE IV.

A Lane, near Morose's *House.*

Enter TRUEWIT, DAUPHINE *and* CLERIMONT.

True. Are you sure he is not gone by?

Daup. No, I staid in the shop ever since.

Cler. But he may take the other end of the lane.

Daup. No, I told him I would be here at this end: I appointed him hither.

True. What a barbarian it is to stay then!

Daup. Yonder he comes.

Cler. And his charge left behind him, which is a very good sign, Dauphine.

Enter CUTBEARD.

Daup. How now, Cutbeard! succeeds it, or no?

Cut. Past imagination, sir, *omnia secunda;* you could not have pray'd to have had it so well. *Saltat senex,* as it is in the proverb; he does triumph in his felicity, admires the party! he has given me the lease of my house too! and I am now going for a silent minister to marry them, and away.

True. 'Slight! get one of the silenced ministers,[7] a zealous brother would torment him purely.

Cut. *Cum privilegio,* sir.

respecting the Turkey company, established in the preceding reign.

[7] *'Slight! get one of the* silenced ministers:] Alluding, says Grey, to the non-conformist clergy *silenced* in the year 1604,

Daup. O, by no means; let's do nothing to hinder it now: when 'tis done and finished, I am for you, for any device of vexation.

Cut. And that shall be within this half hour, upon my dexterity, gentlemen. Contrive what you can in the mean time, *bonis avibus.* [*Exit.*

Cler. How the slave doth Latin it![s]

True. It would be made a jest to posterity, sirs, this day's mirth, if ye will.

Cler. Beshrew his heart that will not, I pronounce.

Daup. And for my part. What is it?

True. To translate all La-Foole's company, and his feast thither, to-day, to celebrate this bride-ale.*

after the Hampton-court conference. Calderwood observes, "That in the second year of king James, three hundred ministers "were either silenced, or deprived of their benefices, or ex-"communicated, or cast into prison, or forced to leave their "own country." But Dr. Heylin, and Mr. Foulis, in answer, tell us, "that only forty-nine were deprived upon all occasions, "as appears by the rolls brought in to archbishop Bancroft "before his death; which in a realm containing nine thousand "parishes, was no great matter."

This statement, which is abridged from a former note, though imperfect, and, I suspect, inaccurate, may yet suffice for a general view of Jonson's meaning. It may perhaps be added, that however great the number of silenced non-conformists might be, it was surpassed in a ten-fold degree by that of the deprived ministers of the church during the puritanical persecution which followed. Dissenters (of whatever denomination) have seldom "borne their faculties meekly," in the day of success, or thought it necessary to copy the moderation and forbearance which they experienced while yet the feebler party.

[s] *How the slave doth* Latin *it!*] This is an artful preparation for the part which Cutbeard is destined to play in the last Act. See also what is said of captain Otter below.

* *To celebrate this bride-ale.*] This marriage festival. Our old writers frequently use *ale*, in composition, for a merry-meeting. Separately, it commonly stands for an *ale-house.*

Daup. Ay, marry; but how will't be done?

True. I'll undertake the directing of all the lady-guests thither, and then the meat must follow.

Cler. For God's sake, let's effect it; it will be an excellent comedy of affliction, so many several noises.

Daup. But are they not at the other place already, think you?

True. I'll warrant you for the college-honours: one of their faces has not the priming colour laid on yet, nor the other her smock sleek'd.

Cler. O, but they'll rise earlier than ordinary to a feast.

True. Best go see, and assure ourselves.

Cler. Who knows the house?

True. I'll lead you: Were you never there yet?

Daup. Not I.

Cler. Nor I.

True. Where have you lived then? not know Tom Otter!

Cler. No: for God's sake, what is he?

True. An excellent animal, equal with your Daw or La-Foole, if not transcendant; and does Latin it as much as your barber: He is his wife's subject; he calls her princess, and at such times as these follows her up and down the house like a page, with his hat off, partly for heat, partly for reverence. At this instant he is marshalling of his bull, bear, and horse.

Daup. What be those, in the name of Sphynx?[9]

True. Why, sir, he has been a great man at the

[9] *What be those in the name of* Sphynx?] In the name of *ignorance*, says Upton, who is followed as usual, by Whalley. This is another instance of the inutility of learning without judgment. That Sphynx is sometimes typical of ignorance is certain, as Jonson himself has shewn in one of his Masques; but she is here introduced in the character by which she is vul-

Bear-garden in his time; and from that subtle sport has ta'en the witty denomination of his chief carousing cups. One he calls his bull, another his bear, another his horse. And then he has his lesser glasses, that he calls his deer and his ape; and several degrees of them too; and never is well, nor thinks any entertainment perfect, till these be brought out, and set on the cupboard.

Cler. For God's love!—we should miss this, if we should not go.

True. Nay, he has a thousand things as good, that will speak him all day. He will rail on his wife, with certain common places, behind her back; and to her face——

Daup. No more of him. Let's go see him, I petition you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A room in Otter's *House.*

Enter captain OTTER *with his cups, and mistress* OTTER.

Ott. Nay, good princess, hear me *pauca verba.*

Mrs. Ott. By that light, I'll have you chain'd up, with your bull-dogs and bear-dogs, if you be not civil the sooner. I'll send you to kennel, i'faith. You were best bait me with your bull, bear, and horse. Never a time that the courtiers

garly known, as a dealer in riddles, merely. Why should Dauphine invoke ignorance, when he was in quest of information?—

or collegiates come to the house, but you make it a Shrove-tuesday! I would have you get your Whitsuntide velvet cap, and your staff in your hand, to entertain them; yes, in troth, do.

Ott. Not so, princess, neither; but under correction, sweet princess, give me leave.—— These things I am known to the courtiers by: It is reported to them for my humour, and they receive it so, and do expect it. Tom Otter's bull, bear, and horse is known all over England, *in rerum natura.*

Mrs. Ott. 'Fore me, I will *na-ture* them over to Paris-garden, and *na-ture* you thither too, if you pronounce them again. Is a bear a fit beast, or a bull, to mix in society with great ladies? think in your discretion, in any good policy.

Ott. The horse then, good princess.

Mrs. Ott. Well, I am contented for the horse; they love to be well horsed, I know: I love it myself.

Ott. And it is a delicate fine horse this: *Poetarum Pegasus.* Under correction, princess, Jupiter did turn himself into a—*taurus*, or bull, under correction, good princess.

Enter TRUEWIT, CLERIMONT, *and* DAUPHINE, *behind.*

Mrs. Ott. By my integrity, I'll send you over to the Bank-side; I'll commit you to the master of the Garden, if I hear but a syllable more. Must my house or my roof be polluted with the scent of bears and bulls, when it is perfumed for great ladies? Is this according to the instrument, when I married you? that I would be princess, and reign in mine own house; and you would be my subject, and obey me? What did

you bring me, should make you thus peremptory? do I allow you your half-crown a-day, to spend where you will, among your gamesters, to vex and torment me at such times as these? Who gives you your maintenance, I pray you? who allows you your horse-meat and man's-meat? your three suits of apparel a year? your four pair of stockings, one silk, three worsted? your clean linen, your bands and cuffs, when I can get you to wear them?—'tis marle you have them on now.—Who graces you with courtiers or great personages, to speak to you out of their coaches, and come home to your house? Were you ever so much as look'd upon by a lord or a lady, before I married you, but on the Easter or Whitsun-holidays? and then out at the banqueting-house window, when Ned Whiting or George Stone were at the stake?[1]

True. For God's sake, let's go stave her off him.

Mrs. Ott. Answer me to that. And did not I take you up from thence, in an old greasy buff-doublet, with points, and green velvet sleeves, out at the elbows? you forget this.

True. She'll worry him, if we help not in time. [*They come forward.*

Mrs. Ott. O, here are some of the gallants! Go to, behave yourself distinctly, and with good

[1] *When* Ned Whiting *or* George Stone *were at the stake?*] Two noted bears of that age, who went by the names of their owners. So in the *Widow of Watling-street*, Act iii. a fellow, who has just escaped from the hands of the bailiffs, says, "How "many dogs do you think I had upon me? almost as many as "*George Stone* the bear." WHAL.

Poor George! the dogs were too many for him at last. "A goodly bear" he is called by his keepers, who feelingly lament his loss, in their petition to the court for a renewal of their license.

morality; or, I protest, I'll take away your exhibition.[2]

True. By your leave, fair mistress Otter, I'll be bold to enter these gentlemen in your acquaintance.

Mrs. Ott. It shall not be obnoxious, or difficil, sir.

True. How does my noble captain? is the bull, bear, and horse in *rerum natura* still?

Ott. Sir, *sic visum superis.*

Mrs. Ott. I would you would but intimate them, do. Go your ways in, and get toasts and butter made for the woodcocks: that's a fit province for you. [*Drives him off.*

Cler. Alas, what a tyranny is this poor fellow married to!

True. O, but the sport will be anon, when we get him loose.

Daup. Dares he ever speak?

True. No Anabaptist ever rail'd[3] with the like license: but mark her language in the mean time, I beseech you.

Mrs. Ott. Gentlemen, you are very aptly come. My cousin, sir Amorous, will be here briefly.

True. In good time, lady. Was not sir John Daw here, to ask for him, and the company?

Mrs. Ott. I cannot assure you, master Truewit. Here was a very melancholy knight in a ruff, that demanded my subject for somebody, a gentleman, I think.

Cler. Ay, that was he, lady.

[2] *I'll take away your* exhibition.] i. e. your allowance for pocket money; the "half-crown a-day" mentioned above.

[3] *No Anabaptist ever rail'd*, &c] It may be just worth observing that this sect, which has now been so long noted for its mild and decorous conduct, was, at its original formation, turbulent, frantic, and mischievous, above all others.

Mrs. Ott. But he departed straight, I can resolve you.

Daup. What an excellent choice phrase this lady expresses in!

True. O, sir, she is the only authentical courtier, that is not naturally bred one, in the city.

Mrs. Ott. You have taken that report upon trust, gentlemen.

True. No, I assure you, the court governs it so, lady, in your behalf.

Mrs. Ott. I am the servant of the court and courtiers, sir.

True. They are rather your idolaters.

Mrs. Ott. Not so, sir.

Enter CUTBEARD.

Daup. How now, Cutbeard! any cross?

Cut. O no, sir, *omnia bene.* 'Twas never better on the hinges; all's sure. I have so pleased him with a curate, that he's gone to't almost with the delight he hopes for soon.

Daup. What is he for a vicar?[4]

Cut. One that has catch'd a cold, sir, and can scarce be heard six inches off: as if he spoke out of a bulrush that were not pick'd, or his throat were full of pith: a fine quick fellow, and an excellent barber of prayers.[5] I came to tell you,

[4] *What is he for a vicar?*] What vicar is he? This is pure German, or, as the authorized phrase seems to be, Saxon, in its idiom, and is very common in our old writers. *Was ist das für ein*—It is somewhat singular that E. K. the commentator on Spenser's *Pastorals*, should think it necessary to explain the expression in his time. On the line "What is he for a lad?" he subjoins, "a strange manner of speaking, q. d. What manner of lad is he?" What is he for a creature, occurs in *Every Man out of his Humour.*

[5] *An excellent* barber *of prayers.*] i. e. one who cuts them

sir, that you might *omnem movere lapidem*, as they say, be ready with your vexation.

Daup. Gramercy, honest Cutbeard! be thereabouts with thy key, to let us in.

Cut. I will not fail you, sir; *ad manum.* [*Exit.*

True. Well, I'll go watch my coaches.

Cler. Do; and we'll send Daw to you, if you meet him not. [*Exit Truewit.*

Mrs. Ott. Is master Truewit gone?

Daup Yes, lady, there is some unfortunate business fallen out.

Mrs. Ott. So I adjudged by the physiognomy of the fellow that came in; and I had a dream last night too of the new pageant, and my lady mayoress, which is always very ominous to me. I told it my lady Haughty t'other day, when her honour came hither to see some China stuffs; and she expounded it out of Artemidorus, and I have found it since very true. It has done me many affronts.

Cler. Your dream, lady?

Mrs. Ott. Yes, sir, any thing I do but dream of the city. It stain'd me a damask table-cloth, cost me eighteen pound, at one time; and burnt me a black satin gown, as I stood by the fire, at my lady Centaure's chamber in the college, another time. A third time, at the lords' masque, it dropt all my wire and my ruff with wax candle, that I could not go up to the banquet. A fourth time, as I was taking coach to go to Wâre, to meet a friend, it dash'd me a new suit all over (a crimson satin doublet, and black velvet skirts) with a brewer's horse, that I was fain to go in and shift me, and kept my chamber a leash of days for the anguish of it.

Daup. These were dire mischances, lady.

short, &c. Rabelais calls friar John an excellent *estropier des Heures*; and the author, perhaps, had this expression in view.

Cler. I would not dwell in the city, an 'twere so fatal to me.

Mrs. Ott. Yes, sir; but I do take advice of my doctor to dream of it as little as I can.

Daup. You do well, mistress Otter.

Enter sir JOHN DAW, *and is taken aside by* CLERIMONT.

Mrs. Ott. Will it please you to enter the house farther, gentlemen?

Daup. And your favour, lady: but we stay to speak with a knight, sir John Daw, who is here come. We shall follow you, lady.

Mrs. Ott. At your own time, sir. It is my cousin sir Amorous his feast——

Daup. I know it, lady.

Mrs. Ott. And mine together. But it is for his honour, and therefore I take no name of it, more than of the place.

Daup. You are a bounteous kinswoman.

Mrs. Ott. Your servant, sir. [*Exit.*

Cler. [*coming forward with Daw.*] Why, do not you know it, sir John Daw?

Daw. No, I am a rook if I do.

Cler. I'll tell you then; she's married by this time. And, whereas you were put in the head, that she was gone with sir Dauphine, I assure you, sir Dauphine has been the noblest, honestest friend to you, that ever gentleman of your quality could boast of. He has discover'd the whole plot, and made your mistress so acknowledging, and indeed so ashamed of her injury to you, that she desires you to forgive her, and but grace her wedding with your presence to-day—She is to be married to a very good fortune, she says, his uncle, old Morose; and she will'd me in private to tell you, that she shall be able to do you

more favours, and with more security now than before.

Daw. Did she say so, i'faith?

Cler. Why, what do you think of me, sir John! ask sir Dauphine.

Daw. Nay, I believe you.—Good sir Dauphine, did she desire me to forgive her?

Daup. I assure you, sir John, she did.

Daw. Nay, then, I do with all my heart, and I'll be jovial.

Cler. Yes, for look you, sir, this was the injury to you. La-Foole intended this feast to honour her bridal day, and made you the property to invite the college ladies, and promise to bring her; and then at the time she would have appear'd, as his friend, to have given you the dor.* Whereas now, sir Dauphine has brought her to a feeling of it, with this kind of satisfaction, that you shall bring all the ladies to the place where she is, and be very jovial; and there, she will have a dinner, which shall be in your name: and so disappoint La-Foole, to make you good again, and, as it were, a saver in the main.

Daw. As I am a knight, I honour her; and forgive her heartily.

Cler. About it then presently. Truewit is gone before to confront the coaches, and to acquaint you with so much, if he meet you. Join with him, and 'tis well.—

Enter sir Amorous La-Foole.

See; here comes your antagonist; but take you no notice, but be very jovial.

La-F. Are the ladies come, sir John Daw, and your mistress? [*Exit Daw.*]—Sir Dauphine!

* *To have given you the* dor.] See vol. ii. p. 328.

you are exceeding welcome, and honest master Clerimont. Where's my cousin? did you see no collegiates, gentlemen?

Daup. Collegiates! do you not hear, sir Amorous, how you are abused?

La-F. How, sir!

Cler. Will you speak so kindly to sir John Daw, that has done you such an affront?

La-F. Wherein, gentlemen? let me be a suitor to you to know, I beseech you.

Cler. Why, sir, his mistress is married to-day to sir Dauphine's uncle, your cousin's neighbour, and he has diverted all the ladies, and all your company thither, to frustrate your provision, and stick a disgrace upon you. He was here now to have enticed us away from you too: but we told him his own, I think.

La-F. Has sir John Daw wrong'd me so inhumanly?

Daup. He has done it, sir Amorous, most maliciously and treacherously: but, if you'll be ruled by us, you shall quit him, i'faith.

La-F. Good gentlemen, I'll make one, believe it. How, I pray?

Daup. Marry, sir, get me your pheasants, and your godwits, and your best meat, and dish it in silver dishes of your cousin's presently; and say nothing, but clap me a clean towel about you, like a sewer; and, bare-headed, march afore it with a good confidence, ('tis but over the way, hard by,) and we'll second you, where you shall set it on the board, and bid them welcome to't, which shall show 'tis yours, and disgrace his preparation utterly: and for your cousin, whereas she should be troubled here at home with care of making and giving welcome, she shall transfer all that labour thither, and be a principal

guest herself; sit rank'd with the college-honours, and be honour'd, and have her health drunk as often, as bare, and as loud as the best of them.

La-F. I'll go tell her presently. It shall be done, that's resolved. [*Exit.*

Cler. I thought he would not hear it out, but 'twould take him.

Daup. Well, there be guests and meat now; how shall we do for music?

Cler. The smell of the venison, going through the street, will invite one noise of fidlers or other.[6]

Daup. I would it would call the trumpeters thither!

Cler. Faith, there is hope; they have intelligence of all feasts. There's good correspondence betwixt them and the London cooks: 'tis twenty to one but we have them.

Daup. 'Twill be a most solemn day for my uncle, and an excellent fit of mirth for us.

Cler. Ay, if we can hold up the emulation betwixt Foole and Daw, and never bring them to expostulate.

Daup. Tut, flatter them both, as Truewit says, and you may take their understandings in a purse-net.[7] They'll believe themselves to be

[6] *One* noise *of fidlers or other.*] This term, which occurs perpetually in our old dramatists, means a *company* or *concert*. In Jonson's days they sedulously attended taverns, ordinaries, &c. and seem to have been very importunate for admission to the guests. They usually consisted of three, and took their name from the leader of their little band. Thus we hear of "Mr. Sneak's *noise*," "Mr. Creak's *noise*," and, in Cartwright, of "Mr. Spindle's *noise*." These names are probably the invention of Shakspeare, and the rest; but they prove the existence of the custom. When this term went out of use, I cannot tell; but it was familiar in Dryden's time, who has it in his *Wild Gallant*, and elsewhere; "I hear him coming, and a whole *noise* of fidlers at his heels." *Maiden Queen.*

[7] *In a* purse-net.] A net, Johnson says, of which the mouth

just such men as we make them, neither more nor less. They have nothing, not the use of their senses, but by tradition.

Re-enter LA-FOOLE, *like a sewer.*

Cler. See! sir Amorous has his towel on already. Have you persuaded your cousin?

La-F. Yes, 'tis very feasible: she'll do any thing, she says, rather than the La-Fooles shall be disgraced.

Daup. She is a noble kinswoman. It will be such a pestling device,[8] sir Amorous; it will pound all your enemy's practices to powder, and blow him up with his own mine, his own train.

La-F. Nay, we'll give fire, I warrant you.

Cler. But you must carry it privately, without any noise, and take no notice by any means——

Re-enter captain OTTER.

Ott. Gentlemen, my princess says you shall have all her silver dishes, *festinate:* and she's gone to alter her tire a little, and go with you——

Cler. And yourself too, captain Otter?

is drawn together by a string. It is mentioned by Decker: "These two conies will we ferret into our purse-net." *Honest Whore.*

[8] *It will be such a* pestling *device,* &c.] Whalley has a portentous note here. "*Pestling* is a colloquial corruption of pestilence, or pestilent, used by our old writers for a sign of the superlative degree." It is certain, as he says, that pestilent is frequently used as an augmentative; but if he had only read to the end of the line, before he undertook to comment on the beginning of it, he would have seen that *pestling* meant simply, pounding with a *pestle.* This over haste is a sore evil with the commentators.

Daup. By any means, sir.

Ott. Yes, sir, I do mean it: but I would entreat my cousin sir Amorous, and you, gentlemen, to be suitors to my princess, that I may carry my bull and my bear, as well as my horse.

Cler. That you shall do, captain Otter.

La-F. My cousin will never consent, gentlemen.

Daup. She must consent, sir Amorous, to reason.

La-F. Why, she says they are no decorum among ladies.

Ott. But they are *decora*, and that's better, sir.

Cler. Ay, she must hear argument. Did not Pasiphae, who was a queen, love a bull? and was not Calisto, the mother of Arcas, turn'd into a bear, and made a star, mistress Ursula, in the heavens?

Ott. O lord! that I could have said as much! I will have these stories painted in the Bear-garden, *ex Ovidii metamorphosi.*

Daup. Where is your princess, captain? pray be our leader.

Ott. That I shall, sir.

Cler. Make haste, good sir Amorous. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A room in Morose's *House.*

Enter MOROSE, EPICŒNE, Parson, *and* CUTBEARD.

Mor. Sir, there's an angel for yourself, and a brace of angels for your cold. Muse not at this manage of my bounty. It is fit we should thank fortune, double to nature, for any benefit she

confers upon us; besides, it is your imperfection, but my solace.

Par. [*speaks as having a cold.*] I thank your worship; so it is mine, now.

Mor. What says he, Cutbeard?

Cut. He says, *præsto*, sir, whensoever your worship needs him, he can be ready with the like. He got this cold with sitting up late, and singing catches with cloth-workers.[9]

Mor. No more. I thank him.

Par. God keep your worship, and give you much joy with your fair spouse!—uh! uh! uh!

Mor. O, O! stay, Cutbeard! let him give me five shillings of my money back. As it is bounty to reward benefits, so it is equity to mulct injuries. I will have it. What says he?

Cler. He cannot change it, sir.

Mor. It must be changed.

Cut. Cough again. [*Aside to Parson.*

Mor. What says he?

Cut. He will cough out the rest, sir.

Par. Uh, uh, uh!

Mor. Away, away with him! stop his mouth! away! I forgive it.——

[*Exit Cut. thrusting out the Par.*

Epi. Fie, master Morose, that you will use this violence to a man of the church.

Mor. How!

Epi. It does not become your gravity, or breeding, as you pretend, in court, to have offer'd this outrage on a waterman, or any more

9 *He got this cold with sitting up late, and singing catches with* cloth-workers.] The Protestants, who came from Flanders, and brought with them the woollen manufactory, were much given to singing at their work. To this Falstaff alludes. "I would I were a *weaver*; I could sing all manner of songs." These are the people whom our author here calls *cloth-workers*. WHAL.

boisterous creature, much less on a man of his civil coat.

Mor. You can speak then!

Epi. Yes, sir.

Mor. Speak out, I mean.

Epi. Ay, sir. Why, did you think you had married a statue, or a motion only? one of the French puppets, with the eyes turn'd with a wire? or some innocent out of the hospital,[1] that would stand with her hands thus, and a plaise mouth,[2] and look upon you?

Mor. O immodesty! a manifest woman! What, Cutbeard!

[1] *Or some* innocent *out of the hospital,*] i. e. some natural fool. In the margin of Whalley's copy I find this extract from the Register of some parish church, probably his own: "Thomas Sole, an *innocent*, about the age of fifty years and upward, buried 19th September 1605." Enough has now been said of this very common expression.

[2] *A plaise mouth,*] A mouth drawn all on one side. WHAL. So in a satire by T. Lodge, reprinted in Beloe's *Anecdotes*, Vol. II. p. 115:

"This makes Amphidius welcome to good cheer,
"And spend his master fortie pounds a yeere,
"And keep his *pleise-mouth'd* wife in welts and gardes."

"Plaise-mouth'd, I presume," the Editor says, "means *foul-mouth'd*, or rather, perhaps, with a mouth as *large* as that of the plaise." But the plaise has a small mouth: and plaise-mouth'd is used by our old writers for primness, affected prudery, or contempt. Thus Decker: "I should have made a *wry mouth* at the world like a playse." *Honest Whore.* And Nashe, in his *Lenten Stuff*, "None woone the day but the Herring whom all their clamorous suffrages saluted with *Vive le roy*, save only the *playse* and the butte, that made *wry mouthes* at him, and for their mocking have *wry* mouths ever since." The Editor is not more fortunate in his explanation of *welts and gardes* in the same line. "Welts and gardes," he says, "are gowns and petticoats." Welts, it is well known, are broad hems, or facings; gardes are borderings of lace, fur, &c. It is better to leave our old terms alone, than to explain them at random.

Epi. Nay, never quarrel with Cutbeard, sir; it is too late now. I confess it doth bate somewhat of the modesty I had, when I writ simply maid: but I hope I shall make it a stock still competent to the estate and dignity of your wife.

Mor. She can talk!

Epi. Yes, indeed, sir.

Enter MUTE.

Mor. What, sirrah! None of my knaves there? where is this impostor Cutbeard?

[*Mute makes signs.*

Epi. Speak to him, fellow, speak to him! I'll have none of this coacted, unnatural dumbness in my house, in a family where I govern. [*Exit Mute.*

Mor. She is my regent already! I have married a Penthesilea, a Semiramis; sold my liberty to a distaff.

Enter TRUEWIT.

True. Where's master Morose?

Mor. Is he come again! Lord have mercy upon me!

True. I wish you all joy, mistress Epicœne, with your grave and honourable match.

Epi. I return you the thanks, master Truewit, so friendly a wish deserves.

Mor. She has acquaintance too!

True God save you, sir, and give you all contentment in your fair choice, here! Before, I was the bird of night to you, the owl; but now I am the messenger of peace, a dove, and bring you the glad wishes of many friends to the celebration of this good hour.

Mor. What hour, sir?

True Your marriage hour, sir. I commend your resolution, that, notwithstanding all the dangers I laid afore you, in the voice of a night-

crow, would yet go on, and be yourself. It shews you are a man constant to your own ends, and upright to your purposes, that would not be put off with left-handed cries.[3]

Mor. How should you arrive at the knowledge of so much?

True. Why, did you ever hope, sir, committing the secrecy of it to a barber, that less than the whole town should know it? you might as well have told it the conduit, or the bake-house, or the infantry that follow the court,* and with more security. Could your gravity forget so old and noted a remnant, as, *lippis et tonsoribus notum?* Well, sir, forgive it yourself now, the fault, and be communicable with your friends. Here will be three or four fashionable ladies from the college to visit you presently, and their train of minions and followers.

Mor. Bar my doors! bar my doors! Where are all my eaters?[4] my mouths, now?—

Enter Servants.

Bar up my doors, you varlets!

[3] *That would not be put off with* left-handed cries.] Inauspicious or unlucky cries; alluding to Virgil:

Sæpe sinistra *cavâ prædixit ab ilice cornix;*

as he had called himself the *night-crow* before. WHAL.

This is Upton's note, with the exception of the conclusion, which seems incorrect. Whatever the *night-crow* may be, it is not the *cornix* of Virgil. Jonson literally translates the Greek word νυκτικοραξ, a species of owl, with which we are not acquainted.

* *The infantry that* follow *the* court,] Meaning, perhaps, the idle train that attended the Progresses, and found accommodation as they could. One of this description is mentioned by Webster: "A lousy knave, that within this twenty years rode with the *blackguards* (vol. ii. 169) in the dukes carriages, amongst spits and dripping pans." *White Devil.*

[4] *Where are all my* eaters?] Eaters, as I have already observed (Vol. II. p. 168,) are servants. In *Antony and Cleopatra*

Epi. He is a varlet that stirs to such an office. Let them stand open. I would see him that

a similar expression occurs—"by one that looks on feeders." i. e. says Dr. Johnson, "by one that looks on while others are eating."—That Dr. Johnson should give a wrong interpretation of the word is not extraordinary, as he totally mistakes the whole drift of the passage. He is followed by Steevens, who, in a few plain words, sets every thing right; and quotes the expression in the text, to justify his sense of the term: Mr. Malone throws aside the judicious interpretation of Steevens, and brings back the egregious blunder of Dr. Johnson. The opportunity of insulting the memory of our poet was not to be lost.—"So *fantastick* and *pedantick* a writer" he says, "as Ben Jonson, having *in one passage* made *one* of his characters call his attendants his *eaters*, appears to *me*, a very slender ground for supposing *feeders* and *servants* to be synonymous." There can be no doubt of it; but Mr. Malone is so imperfectly acquainted with "Ben Jonson," that he constantly hazards his own character for accuracy, (to say nothing more,) whenever he attempts to speak of him on any specific grounds. Eaters, and its synonyms, are used in *more than one place*, and by more than *one character*, in Jonson, for servants. Nor does this sense of the word rest on his authority, as Mr. Malone supposes. I can produce him twenty instances of the same expressions, used in the same sense. Sir W. Davenant was not a *pedantic* writer, yet he has (*the Wits*, A. III.) "tall *eaters* in *blue coats*," the livery of *servants*, as Mr. Malone well knows; nor was Fletcher a *fantastic* one, yet we find in the *Nice Valour*, A. III. S. 1. *servants* he has, lusty tall feeders." And again—but these are so direct to the purpose, that more is unnecessary.

The passage in *Antony and Cleopatra*, which gave rise to these remarks, is contained in the last scene of the third act. Antony enters unexpectedly, and finds Thyreus (Cæsar's messenger) kissing Cleopatra's hand—Upon which, after treating Thyreus with the utmost contempt, and ordering him to be whipt, like a slave—he exclaims,

——————"Ha!
"Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
"Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
"And by a gem of women, to be abused
"By one that looks on feeders?"

Both Dr. Johnson, and Mr. Malone, take the person by whom Antony is *abused*, to be Thyreus. A stranger idea was never

dares move his eyes toward it. Shall I have a barricado made against my friends, to be barr'd of any pleasure they can bring in to me with their honourable visitation? [*Exeunt Ser.*

Mor. O Amazonian impudence!

True. Nay faith, in this, sir, she speaks but reason; and, methinks, is more continent than you. Would you go to bed so presently, sir, afore noon? a man of your head and hair should owe more to that reverend ceremony, and not mount the marriage-bed like a town-bull, or a mountain-goat; but stay the due season; and ascend it then with religion and fear. Those delights are to be steeped in the humour and silence of the night; and give the day to other open pleasures,[5] and jollities of feasting, of music, of revels, of discourse: we'll have all, sir, that may make your Hymen high and happy.

Mor. O my torment, my torment!

conceived. It is Cleopatra. To ask Thyreus, who, by the bye, is out of hearing, whether he had left his wife, &c. to be abused by him, would be an absurdity without a name; but to put the same question to Cleopatra, was perfectly just and natural. Have I abandoned Octavia, "a gem of women," to be abused by a woman so base as to look on servants!—and accordingly he harps on nothing through several speeches, but the indiscriminate lewdness of Cleopatra, and the low and servile occupation of Thyreus.

It was not without surprise that I read Mr. Pye's criticism on this passage: "I think Malone and Johnson right," he says; "I do not see how it can be a reproach to look on servants." *Comm. on Shak.* p. 268. Surely it cannot be necessary to remind Mr. Pye that to *look on* means to affect, to regard with kindness; and if he thinks this no reproach to a queen, and a declared mistress of "the triple pillar of the world," I can only say that he differs much from Shakspeare and Mark Antony.

[5] *Give the day to open pleasures*, &c.] These are the precise delights which attended the nuptials of poor Morose, in Libanius: —— ην μεν γαρ ουδ' εκεινα μετρια, κροτος πολυς, γελως σφοδρος, ορχησις ασχημων, υμεναιος νεν εκ'εχων· κ. τ. ε. p. 303.

True. Nay, if you endure the first half hour, sir, so tediously, and with this irksomeness; what comfort or hope can this fair gentlewoman make to herself hereafter, in the consideration of so many years as are to come——

Mor. Of my affliction. Good sir, depart, and let her do it alone.

True. I have done, sir.

Mor. That cursed barber!

True. Yes faith, a cursed wretch indeed, sir.

Mor. I have married his cittern, that's common to all men.[6] Some plague above the plague——

[6] *I have married his* cittern, *that's* common to all men.] On this expression much has been written, which might easily be spared. It appears from innumerable passages in our old writers, that barbers shops were furnished with some musical instrument, (commonly a cittern,* or guitar,) for the amusement of such customers as chose to strum upon it while waiting for their turn to be shaved, &c.: and this point once established, no farther difficulty remains. It should be recollected that the patience of the customers, if the shop was at all popular, must, in those tedious days of love-locks, and beards of the most fantastic cuts, have been frequently put to very severe trials. Some kind of amusement, therefore, was necessary to beguile the time, and, as newspapers had not then descended to the lower classes, a more innocent or effectual one than an instrument, in pretty general use, could not readily be found. However this may be, the practice is certain. Thus Middleton; "I gave that *barber* a fustian suit, and twice redeemed his *cittern*." *Mayor of Quinborough*, A III. S. 3. And Decker, "A barber's *cittern* for *every serving-man to play upon*." *Honest Whore.* Again: in the first edition of *Every Man in his Humour*; "I can compare him to nothing more happily than a *barber's virginals*,† for *every* man may play upon him." A. III. S 2. And finally, for enough, perhaps, has already been

* The cittern of Jonson's days differed little from the guitar, as to form. It was strung with wire instead of catgut, like the guitar, and seems to have been in great vogue.

† In the subsequent editions this is altered to "a drum."

True. All Egypt's ten plagues.

Mor. Revenge me on him!

True. 'Tis very well, sir. If you laid on a curse or two more, I'll assure you he'll bear them. As, that he may get the pox with seeking to cure it, sir; or, that while he is curling another man's hair, his own may drop off; or, for burning some male-bawd's lock, he may have his brain beat out with the curling-iron.

Mor. No, let the wretch live wretched. May he get the itch, and his shop so lousy, as no man dare come at him, nor he come at no man!

True. Ay, and if he would swallow all his balls for pills, let not them purge him.

Mor. Let his warming-pan be ever cold.

True. A perpetual frost underneath it, sir.

Mor. Let him never hope to see fire again.

True. But in hell, sir.

Mor. His chairs be always empty, his scissars rust, and his combs mould in their cases.

True. Very dreadful that! And may he lose the invention, sir, of carving lanterns in paper.

Mor. Let there be no bawd carted that year, to employ a bason of his:[7] but let him be glad to eat his sponge for bread.

said on the subject, in a *Defence of the Female Sex*, published at a subsequent period, the writer observes of a virtuoso, that "his inventory can be no more compleat without two or three remarkable signatures, than an apothecaries shop without a tortoise and a crocodile, or a *barber's* without a *battered cittern*."

[7] *Let there be no bawd carted, to employ a* bason *of his:*] To make the punishment of these and similar characters more notorious, beadles, and sometimes volunteers among the rabble, attended the progress of the cart, beating *basons*, brass kettles, &c. To this practice there are numerous allusions in our old writers. See the *New Inn*.

True. And drink lotium to it, and much good do him.

Mor. Or, for want of bread——

True. Eat ear-wax, sir. I'll help you. Or, draw his own teeth, and add them to the lute-string.

Mor. No, beat the old ones to powder, and make bread of them.

True. Yes, make meal of the mill-stones.

Mor. May all the botches and burns that he has cured on others break out upon him.

True. And he now forget the cure of them in himself, sir; or, if he do remember it, let him have scraped all his linen into lint for't, and have not a rag left him for to set up with.

Mor. Let him never set up again, but have the gout in his hands for ever!—Now, no more, sir.

True. O, that last was too high set; you might go less with him, i'faith, and be revenged enough: as, that he be never able to new-paint his pole——

Mor. Good sir, no more, I forgot myself.[8]

True. Or, want credit to take up with a comb-maker——

[8] *Good sir, no more, I forgot myself.*] "This (as Upton observes) is a very fine instance of the suspense of character. Morose, through the impetuous desire of revenge, for a while acts out of his real character." WHAL.

Notwithstanding this note is quoted by Whalley with approbation, it does not altogether satisfy me. "Suspense of character" is very fine, and has probably some meaning or other, though I am unable to discover it. I can see, however, that both Upton and Whalley have mistaken the character of Morose: they suppose it to be a dislike of noise; whereas this is an accidental quality altogether dependent upon the master-passion, or "humour," a most inveterate and odious self-love. This will explain his conduct in many places where it has been taxed with inconsistency, and vindicate the deep discernment of the poet.

Mor. No more, sir.

True. Or, having broken his glass in a former despair, fall now into a much greater, of ever getting another——

Mor. I beseech you, no more.

True. Or, that he never be trusted with trimming of any but chimney-sweepers———

Mor. Sir———

True. Or, may he cut a collier's throat with his razor, by chance-medly, and yet be hanged for't.

Mor. I will forgive him, rather than hear any more. I beseech you, sir.

Enter DAW, *introducing lady* HAUGHTY, CENTAURE, MAVIS, *and* TRUSTY.

Daw. This way, madam.

Mor. O, the sea breaks in upon me! another flood! an inundation! I shall be overwhelm'd with noise. It beats already at my shores. I feel an earthquake in my self for't.

Daw. 'Give you joy, mistress.

Mor. Has she servants too![9]

Daw. I have brought some ladies here to see and know you. My lady Haughty— [*as he presents them severally, Epi. kisses them.*] this my lady Centaure—mistress Dol Mavis—mistress Trusty, my lady Haughty's woman. Where's your husband? let's see him: can he endure no noise? let me come to him.

Mor. What nomenclator is this!

True. Sir John Daw, sir, your wife's servant, this.

Mor. A Daw, and her servant! O, 'tis decreed, 'tis decreed of me, an she have such servants. [*Going.*

9. *Has she* servants *too!*] *Authorized admirers;* see vol. i. p. 102.

True. Nay, sir, you must kiss the ladies; you must not go away, now; they come toward you to seek you out.

Hau. I' faith, master Morose, would you steal a marriage thus, in the midst of so many friends, and not acquaint us? Well, I'll kiss you, notwithstanding the justice of my quarrel: you shall give me leave, mistress, to use a becoming familiarity with your husband.

Epi. Your ladyship does me an honour in it, to let me know he is so worthy your favour: as you have done both him and me grace to visit so unprepared a pair to entertain you.

Mor. Compliment! compliment!

Epi. But I must lay the burden of that upon my servant here.

Hau. It shall not need, mistress Morose; we will all bear, rather than one shall be opprest.

Mor. I know it: and you will teach her the faculty, if she be to learn it.

[*Walks aside while the rest talk apart.*

Hau. Is this the Silent Woman?

Cen. Nay, she has found her tongue since she was married, master Truewit says.

Hau. O, master Truewit! 'save you. What kind of creature is your bride here? she speaks, methinks!

True. Yes, madam, believe it, she is a gentlewoman of very absolute behaviour, and of a good race.

Hau. And Jack Daw told us she could not speak!

True. So it was carried in plot, madam, to put her upon this old fellow, by sir Dauphine, his nephew, and one or two more of us: but she is a woman of an excellent assurance, and an extraordinary happy wit and tongue. You shall see her make rare sport with Daw ere night.

Hau. And he brought us to laugh at her!

True. That falls out often, madam, that he that thinks himself the master-wit, is the master-fool. I assure your ladyship, ye cannot laugh at her.

Hau. No, we'll have her to the college: An she have wit, she shall be one of us, shall she not, Centaure? we'll make her a collegiate.

Cen. Yes faith, madam, and Mavis and she will set up a side.[1]

True. Believe it, madam, and mistress Mavis she will sustain her part.

Mav. I'll tell you that, when I have talk'd with her, and tried her.

Hau. Use her very civilly, Mavis.

Mav. So I will, madam. [*Whispers her.*

Mor. Blessed minute! that they would whisper thus ever! [*Aside.*

True. In the mean time, madam, would but your ladyship help to vex him a little: you know his disease, talk to him about the wedding ceremonies, or call for your gloves, or——

Hau. Let me alone. Centaure, help me.—Master bridegroom, where are you?

Mor. O, it was too miraculously good to last! [*Aside.*

Hau. We see no ensigns of a wedding here; no character of a bride-ale: where be our scarves and our gloves? I pray you, give them us. Let us know your bride's colours, and yours at least.

Cen. Alas, madam, he has provided none.

Mor. Had I known your ladyship's painter, I would.

[1] Cen. *Yes faith, madam, and Mavis and she will* set up a side.] Alluding to parties at cards. To *set up a side* was to become partners in the game. See Massinger, Vol. I. p. 150, where several examples of this familiar expression will be found.

Hau. He has given it you, Centaure, i' faith. But do you hear, master Morose? a jest will not absolve you in this manner. You that have suck'd the milk of the court, and from thence have been brought up to the very strong meats and wine of it; been a courtier from the biggen to the night-cap,[2] as we may say, and you to offend in such a high point of ceremony as this, and let your nuptials want all marks of solemnity! How much plate have you lost to-day, (if you had but regarded your profit,) what gifts, what friends, through your mere rusticity!

Mor. Madam——

Hau. Pardon me, sir, I must insinuate your errors to you; no gloves? no garters? no scarves? no epithalamium? no masque?

Daw. Yes, madam, I'll make an epithalamium, I promise my mistress; I have begun it already: will your ladyship hear it?

Hau. Ay, good Jack Daw.

Mor. Will it please your ladyship command a chamber, and be private with your friend? you shall have your choice of rooms to retire to after: my whole house is yours. I know it hath been your ladyship's errand into the city at other times, however now you have been unhappily diverted upon me; but I shall be loth to break any honourable custom of your ladyship's. And therefore, good madam——

Epi. Come, you are a rude bridegroom, to entertain ladies of honour in this fashion.

Cen. He is a rude groom indeed.

True. By that light you deserve to be grafted, and have your horns reach from one side of the

[2] *From the biggen to the* night-cap, *as we may say.*] i. e. from infancy to age. See p. 315.

island to the other.—Do not mistake me, sir; I but speak this to give the ladies some heart again, not for any malice to you.

Mor. Is this your bravo, ladies?

True. As God [shall] help me, if you utter such another word, I'll take mistress bride in, and begin to you in a very sad cup; do you see? Go to, know your friends, and such as love you.

Enter CLERIMONT, *followed by a number of musicians.*

Cler. By your leave, ladies. Do you want any music? I have brought you variety of noises.[3] Play, sirs, all of you.

[*Aside to the musicians, who strike up all together.*

Mor. O, a plot, a plot, a plot, a plot, upon me! this day I shall be their anvil to work on, they will grate me asunder. 'Tis worse than the noise of a saw.

Cler. No, they are hair, rosin, and guts: I can give you the receipt.

True. Peace, boys!

Cler. Play! I say.

True. Peace, rascals! You see who's your friend now, sir: take courage, put on a martyr's resolution. Mock down all their attemptings with patience: 'tis but a day, and I would suffer heroically. Should an ass exceed me in fortitude? no. You betray your infirmity with your hanging dull ears, and make them insult: bear up bravely, and constantly. [*La Foole passes over the stage as a sewer, followed by servants carrying dishes, and mistress Otter.*]—Look you here, sir,

[3] *I have brought you variety of* noises.] i. e. several little bands of musicians. See above, p. 402.

what honour is done you unexpected by your nephew; a wedding-dinner come, and a knight-sewer before it, for the more reputation: and fine mistress Otter, your neighbour, in the rump or tail of it.

Mor. Is that Gorgon, that Medusa come! hide me, hide me.

True. I warrant you, sir, she will not transform you. Look upon her with a good courage. Pray you entertain her, and conduct your guests in. No!—Mistress bride, will you entreat in the ladies? your bridegroom is so shame-faced, here.

Epi. Will it please your ladyship, madam?

Hau. With the benefit of your company, mistress.

Epi. Servant, pray you perform your duties.

Daw. And glad to be commanded, mistress.

Cen. How like you her wit, Mavis?

Mav. Very prettily, absolutely well.

Mrs. Ott. 'Tis my place.

Mav. You shall pardon me, mistress Otter.

Mrs. Ott. Why, I am a collegiate.

Mav. But not in ordinary.

Mrs. Ott. But I am.

Mav. We'll dispute that within. [*Exeunt Ladies.*

Cler. Would this had lasted a little longer.

True. And that they had sent for the heralds.

Enter captain OTTER.

—Captain Otter! what news?

Ott. I have brought my bull, bear, and horse, in private, and yonder are the trumpeters without, and the drum, gentlemen.

[*The drum and trumpets sound within.*

Mor. O, O, O!

Ott. And we will have a rouse in each of them, anon, for bold Britons, i'faith. [*They sound again*
Mor. O, O, O! [*Exit hastily.*
Omnes. Follow, follow, follow! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in Morose's *House.*

Enter TRUEWIT *and* CLERIMONT.

True. Was there ever poor bridegroom so tormented? or man, indeed?

Cler. I have not read of the like in the chronicles of the land.

True. Sure, he cannot but go to a place of rest, after all this purgatory.

Cler. He may presume it, I think.

True. The spitting, the coughing, the laughter, the neezing, the farting, dancing, noise of the music, and her masculine and loud commanding, and urging the whole family, makes him think he has married a fury.[5]

[4] *And we will have a* rouse *in each of them,*] A *rouse*, it may be just necessary to observe, is a full glass, a bumper, and was usually drank to some toast. See more of this in *Massinger*, Vol. I. 237. Whalley justly observes that this scene is conducted with consummate art and judgment: the gradual accumulation and swell of the several noises, from the speaking of Epicœne to the grand finale, or chorus of boisterous shouts, drums, and trumpets, which drives Morose off the stage, is highly comic, and, in action, must be singularly amusing.

[5] *He has married a fury.*] This, with what precedes it, is

Cler. And she carries it up bravely.

True. Ay, she takes any occasion to speak: that's the height on't.

Cler. And how soberly Dauphine labours to satisfy him, that it was none of his plot!

True. And has almost brought him to the faith, in the article. Here he comes.—

Enter sir DAUPHINE.

Where is he now? what's become of him, Dauphine?

Daup. O, hold me up a little, I shall go away in the jest else.[6] He has got on his whole nest of night-caps, and lock'd himself up in the top of the house, as high as ever he can climb from the noise. I peep'd in at a cranny, and saw him sitting over a cross-beam of the roof, like him on the sadler's horse in Fleet-street, upright: and he will sleep there.

Cler. But where are your collegiates?

Daup. Withdrawn with the bride in private.

True. O, they are instructing her in the college-grammar. If she have grace with them, she knows all their secrets instantly.

Cler. Methinks the lady Haughty looks well to-day, for all my dispraise of her in the morning. I think, I shall come about to thee again, Truewit.

True Believe it, I told you right. Women ought to repair the losses, time and years have

from Libanius: ἁπαντα πανταχοθεν, ἡνικα ἡγουμην ταυτην την εριννυν, κ. τ. α. See p. 303.

[6] Daup. *O, hold me up a little, I shall go away in the jest else.*] I shall faint, or fall down with laughing. WHAL.

Is it not rather, I shall expire in my fit, i.e. die with laughing?

made in their features, with dressings.' And an intelligent woman, if she know by herself the least defect, will be most curious to hide it: and it becomes her. If she be short,[8] let her sit much, lest, when she stands, she be thought to sit. If she have an ill foot, let her wear her gown the longer, and her shoe the thinner. If a fat hand, and scald nails, let her carve the less, and act in gloves. If a sour breath, let her never discourse fasting, and always talk at her distance. If she have black and rugged teeth,

[7] True. *Believe it, I told you right. Women ought to repair the losses time and years have made in their features, with dressings.*] Truewit, as Upton observes, here resumes the subject of ladies dressings, &c. into which he had entered on his first meeting with Clerimont, (p. 349.) and which he continues to illustrate from Ovid. He certainly could not easily have had recourse to better authority; but the reader, perhaps, will be inclined to think that he has availed himself of it too freely. All that can be said is, that in Jonson's days the original was less familiarly known than at present; that it is copied with elegance and spirit, and adapted to the language and manners of the age with no inconsiderable degree of ingenuity. Upton (for Whalley, who merely copies him, is out of the question) had produced a few of the passages imitated, to which I have added such as readily occurred to me. More might unquestionably be found; but the subject is not of sufficient importance to justify a laborious research.

[8] *If she be short, &c.*]

Rara tamen mendo facies caret; occule mendas,
Quamque potes, vitium corporis abde tui.
Si brevis es, sedeas, ne stans videare sedere,
Inque tuo jaceas quantulacunque toro——
Pes malus in nivea semper celetur aluta
Arida nec vinclis crura resolve suis.—
Exiguo signet gestu quodcunque loquetur,
Cui digiti pingues, et scaber unguis erunt.
Cui gravis oris odor, nunquam jejuna loquatur,
Et semper spatio distet ab ore viri.
Si niger, aut ingens, aut non erit ordine natus
Dens tibi, ridendo maxima damna feres.

Art. Amand. Lib. iii. 260.

let her offer the less at laughter, especially if she laugh wide and open.

Cler. O, you shall have some women,[9] when they laugh, you would think they brayed, it is so rude and——

True. Ay, and others, that will stalk in their gait like an estrich, and take huge strides.[1] I cannot endure such a sight. I love measure in the feet, and number in the voice: they are gentlenesses, that oftentimes draw no less than the face.

Daup. How camest thou to study these creatures so exactly? I would thou wouldst make me a proficient.

True. Yes, but you must leave to live in your chamber, then, a month together upon Amadis de Gaul, or Don Quixote, as you are wont; and come abroad where the matter is frequent, to court, to tiltings, public shows and feasts, to plays, and church sometimes: thither they come to shew their new tires too, to see, and to be seen.[2] In these places a man shall find whom to

[9] O, you shall have some women, &c.]
Illa sonat raucam, quiddam inamabile stridet,
Ut rudit ad scabram turpis asella molam." Ibid.

[1] Ay, and others that will take huge strides, &c.]
Est et in incessu pars non temnenda decoris:
Allicit ignotos ille fugatque viros,
Hæc movet arte latus, tunicisque fluentibus auras
Excipit; extensos fertque refertque pedes, &c.
Ibid. v. 300.

[2] Thither they come to shew their new tires, to see and be seen, &c.]
Sic ruit ad celebres cultissima fœmina ludos,
Copia judicium sæpe morata meum:
Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ;
Ille locus casti damna pudoris habet.—
Sed tu præcipue curvis venare theatris;
Hæc loca sunt voto fertiliora tuo.
Illic invenies quod ames, quod ludere possis,
Quodque semel tangas, quodque tenere velis. Lib. i. 90.

love, whom to play with, whom to touch once, whom to hold ever. The variety arrests his judgment. A wench to please a man comes not down dropping from the ceiling, as he lies on his back droning a tobacco-pipe.[3] He must go where she is.

Daup. Yes, and be never the nearer.

True. Out, heretic! That diffidence makes thee worthy it should be so.

Cler. He says true to you, Dauphine.

Daup. Why?

[3] *A wench to please a man comes not down dropping from the ceiling, as he lies on his back* droning a tobacco-pipe.] When I first observed this passage quoted by Upton, I turned to it with some curiosity, in the hope of discovering the meaning of *droning a tobacco-pipe*, an expression which had puzzled me in a former play, (Vol. II. 139,) and was not a little confounded at meeting with the following note, which may perhaps amuse the reader: "A *wench, puella*: so the word was used formerly." Shakspeare is then quoted for the fact—and the critic proceeds: "The etymology of the word seems to me to come from *juvenca, juvencula, per aphæresin; uti* uncle *ab avunculus*, belly *ab umbilicus, pars pro toto*"! (p. 81.) There was not a person in the kingdom who wanted any information concerning the meaning of *wench*; (which, by the way, is not given after all;) whereas many, perhaps, would have thanked him for an explanation of "droning a tobacco-pipe." Whether this alludes to inhaling the smoke with a monotonous sound, imitative of the sleepy hum of a drone; or simply, to using the pipe with the characteristic indolence of this insect, or to both, as I have never met with the expression in any other writer, I cannot tell; but think the last not improbable. As to Upton's ridiculous derivation of wench, it is kept in excellent countenance by Horn Tooke, who brings it from the Saxon pincian, *to wink*: i.e. "one who may be had by a nod or *wink*"! To conclude a note already too long, *wench (wensck)* was used by the Saxons, as it is by their descendants at this day, for a young woman, (generally for a domestic, or one of inferior degree,) and the context, as in all similar cases, determines whether it means any thing more. The idea is from Ovid:

> *Eligе cui dicas, Tu mihi sola places:*
> *Hæc tibi non tenues veniet delapsa per auras;*
> *Quærenda est oculis apta puella tuis.* Ib. v. 678.

True. A man should not doubt to overcome any woman. Think he can vanquish them, and he shall: for though they deny, their desire is to be tempted. Penelope herself cannot hold out long. Ostend, you saw, was taken at last.[4] You must persév, and hold to your purpose. They would solicit us, but that they are afraid. Howsoever, they wish in their hearts we should solicit them. Praise them, flatter them, you shall never want eloquence or trust: even the chastest delight to feel themselves that way rubb'd. With praises you must mix kisses too: if they take them, they'll take more — though they strive, they would be overcome.

Cler. O, but a man must beware of force.

True. It is to them an acceptable violence,[5] and has oft-times the place of the greatest courtesy. She that might have been forced, and you let her go free without touching, though then she seem to thank you, will ever hate you after; and glad in the face, is assuredly sad at the heart.

[4] Penelope *herself cannot hold out long.* Ostend, *you saw, was taken at last.*]

Penelopen ipsam, persta modo, tempore vinces,
Capta vides sero Pergama, capta tamen, &c.

Ibid. v. 477.

"*Ostend,* Upton says, was taken in 1604, by the marquis Spinola, after a siege of three years, and the slaughter of a hundred and twenty thousand men on both sides."

[5] *It is to them an acceptable violence, &c.*]

Vim licet apelles, grata est vis ipsa puellis,
Quod juvat, invitæ sæpe dedisse volunt,
Quæcunque est subita Veneris violata rapina,
Gaudet, et improbitas muneris instar habet.
At quæ cum cogi posset, non tacta recessit,
Ut simulet vultu gaudia, tristis erit. Ibid. v. 678.

Cler. But all women are not to be taken all ways.[6]

True. 'Tis true; no more than all birds, or all fishes. If you appear learned to an ignorant wench, or jocund to a sad, or witty to a foolish, why she presently begins to mistrust herself. You must approach them in their own height, their own line; for the contrary makes many that fear to commit themselves to noble and worthy fellows, run into the embraces of a rascal. If she love wit, give verses, though you borrow them of a friend, or buy them, to have good. If valour, talk of your sword, and be frequent in the mention of quarrels, though you be staunch in fighting.[7] If activity, be seen on your barbary often, or leaping over stools, for the credit of your back. If she love good clothes or dressing, have your learned council about you every morning, your French tailor, barber, linener, &c.

[6] *But all women are not to be taken all ways.*]

Finiturus eram—sed sunt diversa puellis
Pectora; mille animos excipe mille modis—

What follows, is from the same source:

Hi jaculo pisces, illi capiuntur ab hamis;
Hos cava contento retia fune trahunt:
Nec tibi conveniat cunctos modus unus ad annos;
Longius insidias cauta videbit anus.
Si doctus videare rudi, petulansve pudenti;
Diffidet miseræ protinus illa sibi:
Inde fit, ut, quæ se timuit committere honesto,
Vilis in amplexus inferioris eat. Ibid. i. 770.

The remainder is copied with somewhat more freedom; but the reader, perhaps, is already more than satisfied.

[7] *Be frequent in the mention of quarrels, though you be staunch in fighting.*] The sense seems to be:—Though you should really be a brave man, and therefore, not naturally inclined to boast of your valour; yet, to please your mistress, you may often make it the subject of your discourse.

Let your powder, your glass, and your comb be your dearest acquaintance. Take more care for the ornament of your head, than the safety; and wish the commonwealth rather troubled, than a hair about you. That will take her. Then, if she be covetous and craving, do you promise any thing, and perform sparingly; so shall you keep her in appetite still. Seem as you would give, but be like a barren field, that yields little; or unlucky dice to foolish and hoping gamesters. Let your gifts be slight and dainty, rather than precious. Let cunning be above cost. Give cherries at time of year, or apricots; and say, they were sent you out of the country, though you bought them in Cheapside. Admire her tires: like her in all fashions; compare her in every habit to some deity; invent excellent dreams to flatter her, and riddles; or, if she be a great one, perform always the second parts to her: like what she likes, praise whom she praises, and fail not to make the household and servants yours, yea the whole family, and salute them by their names, ('tis but light cost, if you can purchase them so,) and make her physician your pensioner, and her chief woman. Nor will it be out of your gain to make love to her too, so she follow, not usher her lady's pleasure. All blabbing is taken away, when she comes to be a part of the crime.

Daup. On what courtly lap hast thou late slept, to come forth so sudden and absolute a courtling?

True. Good faith, I should rather question you, that are so hearkening after these mysteries. I begin to suspect your diligence, Dauphine. Speak, art thou in love in earnest?

Daup. Yes, by my troth, am I; 'twere ill dissembling before thee.

True. With which of them, I prithee?

Daup. With all the collegiates.

Cler. Out on thee! We'll keep you at home, believe it, in the stable, an you be such a stallion.

True. No; I like him well. Men should love wisely, and all women; some one for the face, and let her please the eye; another for the skin, and let her please the touch; a third for the voice, and let her please the ear; and where the objects mix, let the senses so too. Thou would'st think it strange, if I should make them all in love with thee afore night!

Daup. I would say, thou hadst the best philtre in the world, and couldst do more than madam Medea, or doctor Foreman.[*]

[*] *Doctor Foreman.*] This was a poor stupid wretch, who pretended to deal with spirits for the recovery of lost spoons, &c. Stupid as he was, however, he found employment in his profession, and had credit enough to be implicated in the infamous business of sir Thomas Overbury. Luckily, he died before the transaction became public, and thus escaped the halter. "He lived in Lambeth" (says Lilly, almost as great a knave himself) "with a very good report of the neighbourhood, especially of the poor, unto whom he was charitable. He was a person that in horary questions, especially thefts, was very judicious and fortunate, so also in sicknesses, which indeed was his master-piece. In resolving questions about marriage, he had good success; in other questions, very moderate." Lilly's *Hist.* p. 17. One of his books, written by the devil, fell into the historian's hands. Such things were then too common to excite any astonishment; and therefore Lilly contents himself with copying the doctor's memorandum, "This I made the devil write with his own hand" (should it not be claw?) "in Lambeth Fields, 1596, in June or July, as I now remember." This "worthy person" foretold his own death; and continued in good health so near the appointed period, that his wife became very uneasy, and "twitted him in the teeth."—He saved his time, however, and

True. If I do not, let me play the mountebank for my meat, while I live, and the bawd for my drink.

Daup. So be it, I say.

Enter OTTER, *with his three cups,* DAW, *and* LA-FOOLE.

Ott. O lord, gentlemen, how my knights and I have mist you here!

Cler. Why, captain, what service, what service?

Ott. To see me bring up my bull, bear, and horse to fight.

Daw. Yes, faith, the captain says we shall be his dogs to bait them.

Daup. A good employment.

True. Come on, let's see your course, then.

La-F. I am afraid my cousin will be offended, if she come.

Ott. Be afraid of nothing.—Gentlemen, I have placed the drum and the trumpets, and one to give them the sign when you are ready. Here's my bull for myself,[9] and my bear for sir John Daw, and my horse for sir Amorous. Now set your foot to mine, and yours to his, and———

La-F. Pray God my cousin come not.

Ott. St. George and St. Andrew, fear no cousins. Come, sound, sound! [*Drum, and trumpets sound.*] *Et rauco strepuerunt cornua cantu.*

[*They drink.*

died with more honesty than he had lived, according to his promise: "a most sad storm of wind immediately following." *Ibid.* p. 23.

9 *Here's my bull for myself, &c.*] These cups probably were distinguished, not only by their sizes, and forms, but by some kind of representation of the different animals, on their covers. The *bull* was undoubtedly the largest, and therefore appropriated by the captain to his own use.

True. Well said, captain, i'faith; well fought at the bull.

Cler. Well held at the bear.

True. Low, low! captain.

Daup. O, the horse has kick'd off his dog already.

La-F. I cannot drink it, as I am a knight.

True. Ods so! off with his spurs, somebody.

La-F. It goes against my conscience. My cousin will be angry with it.

Daw. I have done mine.

True. You fought high and fair, sir John.

Cler. At the head.

Daup. Like an excellent bear-dog.

Cler. You take no notice of the business, I hope?

Daw. Not a word, sir; you see we are jovial.

Ott. Sir Amorous, you must not equivocate. It must be pull'd down, for all my cousin.

Cler. 'Sfoot, if you take not your drink, they'll think you are discontented with something; you'll betray all, if you take the least notice.

La-F. Not I; I'll both drink and talk then.

Ott. You must pull the horse on his knees, sir Amorous; fear no cousins. *Jacta est alea.*

True. O, now he's in his vein, and bold. The least hint given him of his wife now, will make him rail desperately.

Cler. Speak to him of her.

True. Do you, and I'll fetch her to the hearing of it. [*Exit.*

Daup. Captain He-Otter, your She-Otter is coming, your wife.

Ott. Wife! buz! *titivilitium!*[1] There's no such

[1] *Titivilitium!*] Not a "word of *no signification*," as Whalley repeats from Upton, but a term strongly expressive of con-

thing in nature. I confess, gentlemen, I have a cook, a laundress, a house-drudge, that serves my necessary turns, and goes under that title; but he's an ass that will be so uxorious to tie his affections to one circle. Come, the name dulls appetite. Here, replenish again; another bout. [*Fills the cups again.*] Wives are nasty, sluttish animals.

Daup. O, captain.

Ott. As ever the earth bare, *tribus verbis.*— Where's master Truewit.

Daw. He's slipt aside, sir.

Cler. But you must drink and be jovial.

Daw. Yes, give it me.

La-F. And me too.

Daw. Let's be jovial.

La-F. As jovial as you will.

Ott. Agreed. Now you shall have the bear, cousin, and sir John Daw the horse, and I'll have the bull still. Sound, Tritons of the Thames! [*Drum, and trumpets sound again.*] *Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero*——

Mor. [*above.*] Villains, murderers, sons of the earth, and traitors, what do you there?

Cler. O, now the trumpets have waked him, we shall have his company.

Ott. A wife is a scurvy clogdogdo, an unlucky thing, a very foresaid bear-whelp, without any good fashion or breeding, *mala bestia.*

Re-enter TRUEWIT *behind, with mistress* OTTER.

Daup. Why did you marry one then, captain?

tempt:—"paltry, good for nothing," as Ainsworth says. It is used by Plautus, in a passage which Jonson evidently had in view:

Non ego istud verbum emissim titivilitio. Cas. A. II. S. 5.

Ott. A pox!——I married with six thousand pound, I. I was in love with that. I have not kissed my Fury these forty weeks.

Cler. The more to blame you, captain.

True. Nay, mistress Otter, hear him a little first.

Ott. She has a breath worse than my grandmother's, *profecto.*

Mrs. Ott. O treacherous liar! kiss me, sweet master Truewit, and prove him a slandering knave.

True. I'll rather believe you, lady.

Ott. And she has a peruke that's like a pound of hemp, made up in shoe-threads.

Mrs. Ott. O viper, mandrake!

Ott. A most vile face! and yet she spends me forty pound a year in mercury and hogs-bones. All her teeth were made in the Black-friars, both her eye-brows in the Strand, and her hair in Silver-street. Every part of the town owns a piece of her.

Mrs. Ott. [*comes forward.*] I cannot hold.

Ott. She takes herself asunder still when she goes to bed, into some twenty boxes; and about next day noon is put together again, like a great German clock:[2] and so comes forth, and

[2] *Like a great German clock:*] These and similar allusions to the cumbrous and complicated machinery of the first clocks, (which we received from Germany,) are very frequent in our old dramatists. Thus Middleton:

> "What is she took asunder from her clothes?
> Being ready, she consists of hundred pieces,
> Much like a *German* clock, and near ally'd."
> *A mad World my Masters.*

And Shakspeare:

> "A woman that is like a *German clock,*
> Still a repairing, ever out of frame!"
> *Love's Labour Lost.*

rings a tedious larum to the whole house, and then is quiet again for an hour, but for her quarters —Have you done me right, gentlemen?

Mrs. Ott. [*Falls upon him, and beats him.*] No, sir, I'll do you right with my quarters, with my quarters.

Ott. O, hold, good princess.

True. Sound, sound!

[*Drum and trumpets sound.*

Cler. A battle, a battle!

Mrs. Ott. You notorious stinkardly bearward, does my breath smell?

Ott. Under correction, dear princess.—Look to my bear and my horse, gentlemen.

Mrs. Ott. Do I want teeth, and eyebrows, thou bull-dog?

True. Sound, sound still. [*They sound again.*

Ott. No, I protest, under correction—

Mrs. Ott. Ay, now you are under correction, you protest: but you did not protest before correction, sir. Thou Judas, to offer to betray thy princess! I'll make thee an example—

[*Beats him.*

Enter MOROSE *with his long sword.*

Mor. I will have no such examples in my house, lady Otter.

Mrs. Ott. Ah!——

[*Mrs. Otter, Daw, and La-Foole run off.*

Mor. Mistress Mary Ambree,[3] your examples are

[3] *Mistress Mary Ambree,*] Of this celebrated Amazon, who "fought at the siege of Ghent," 1584, Jonson makes frequent mention. In the 2d vol. of Percy's *Antient Poetry*, there is a ballad of her achievements, which must have been very popular, as it is often quoted by our old writers, who, like Jonson, "call any remarkable virago by her name." See the *Fortunate Isle.*

dangerous.—Rogues, hell-hounds, Stentors! out of my doors, you sons of noise and tumult, begot on an ill May-day, or when the galley-foist is afloat to Westminster![4] [*Drives out the musicians.*] A trumpeter could not be conceived but then.

Daup. What ails you, sir?

Mor. They have rent my roof, walls, and all my windows asunder, with their brazen throats. [*Exit.*

True. Best follow him, Dauphine.

Daup. So I will. [*Exit.*

Cler. Where's Daw and La-Foole?

Ott. They are both run away, sir. Good gentlemen, help to pacify my princess, and speak to the great ladies for me. Now must I go lie with the bears this fortnight, and keep out of the way, till my peace be made, for this scandal she has taken. Did you not see my bull-head, gentlemen?[5]

Cler. Is't not on, captain?

True. No; but he may make a new one, by that is on.

Ott. O, here it is. An you come over, gentlemen, and ask for Tom Otter, we'll go down to Ratcliff, and have a course i'faith, for all these disasters. There is *bona spes* left.

[4] *Sons of noise and tumult, begot on an* ill May-day, *or when the* galley-foist *is afloat to Westminster!*] Alluding to the sports which were anciently used on May-day: and particularly to the insurrection of the apprentices in London, against foreigners and aliens, upon May-day 1517; which on that account was afterwards called *Evil May-day*.——The *galley-foist* is the city-barge, which was used upon the lord mayor's day, when he was sworn into his office at Westminster. WHAL.

[5] *Did you not see my bull-head, gentlemen?*] This seems to confirm the conjecture (p. 429), that the animals which gave name to the captain's cups, were described on the respective covers. The answer of Clerimont evidently alludes to the bull's *horns*.

True. Away, captain, get off while you are well. [*Exit Otter.*

Cler. I am glad we are rid of him.

True. You had never been, unless we had put his wife upon him. His humour is as tedious at last, as it was ridiculous at first. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A long open Gallery in the same.

Enter lady HAUGHTY, *mistress* OTTER, MAVIS, DAW, LA-FOOLE, CENTAURE, *and* EPICŒNE.

Hau. We wonder'd why you shriek'd so, mistress Otter.

Mrs. Ott. O lord, madam, he came down with a huge long naked weapon in both his hands, and look'd so dreadfully! sure he's beside himself.

Mav. Why, what made you there, mistress Otter?

Mrs. Ott. Alas, mistress Mavis, I was chastising my subject, and thought nothing of him.

Daw. Faith, mistress, you must do so too: learn to chastise. Mistress Otter corrects her husband so, he dares not speak, but under correction.

La-F. And with his hat off to her: 'twould do you good to see.

Hau. In sadness, 'tis good and mature counsel; practise it, Morose. I'll call you Morose still now, as I call Centaure and Mavis; we four will be all one.

Cen. And you'll come to the college, and live with us?

Hau. Make him give milk and honey.

Mav. Look how you manage him at first, you shall have him ever after.

Cen. Let him allow you your coach, and four horses, your woman, your chamber-maid, your page, your gentleman-usher, your French cook, and four grooms.

Hau. And go with us to Bedlam, to the china-houses, and to the Exchange.

Cen. It will open the gate to your fame.

Hau. Here's Centaure has immortalized herself, with taming of her wild male.

Mav. Ay, she has done the miracle of the kingdom.

Enter CLERIMONT *and* TRUEWIT.

Epi. But, ladies, do you count it lawful to have such plurality of servants, and do them all graces?

Hau. Why not? why should women deny their favours to men? are they the poorer, or the worse?

Daw. Is the Thames the less for the dyers' water, mistress?

La. F. Or a torch for lighting many torches?[6]

[6] *Is the Thames the less for the dyers' water, mistress?* La-F. *Or a torch for lighting many torches?*] The poet, as Upton says, (for Whalley merely copies him,) seems desirous of introducing the whole of Ovid's *Art of Love:*

Quid vetet adposito lumen de lumine sumi,
Quisve cavo vastas in mare servet aquas?
Det tamen ulla viro mulier non expedit, inquis;
Quid, nisi quam subtes, dic mihi, perdis aquam? Lib. iii. v. 96.

And again:

Tempus erit, quo tu, quæ nunc excludis amantes,
Frigida desertâ nocte jacebis anus.

True. Well said, La-Foole; what a new one he has got!

Cen. They are empty losses women fear in this kind.

Hau. Besides, ladies should be mindful of the approach of age, and let no time want his due use. The best of our days pass first.[7]

Mav. We are rivers, that cannot be call'd back, madam: she that now excludes her lovers, may live to lie a forsaken beldam, in a frozen bed.

Cen. 'Tis true, Mavis: and who will wait on us to coach then? or write, or tell us the news then, make anagrams of our names, and invite us to the Cockpit, and kiss our hands all the play-time, and draw their weapons for our honours?

Hau. Not one.

Daw. Nay, my mistress is not altogether unintelligent of these things; here be in presence have tasted of her favours.

Cler. What a neighing hobby-horse is this!

Epi. But not with intent to boast them again, servant.—And have you those excellent receipts, madam, to keep yourselves from bearing of children?

Hau. O yes, Morose: how should we maintain our youth and beauty else? Many births of a woman make her old, as many crops make the earth barren.

[7] *The best of our days pass first.*] This is humorously applied, or rather misapplied, from Virgil:

Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi
Prima fugit. *Geor. lib. 3. v. 66.*

The lady president's next speech (but one) is from Ovid.

Enter MOROSE *and* DAUPHINE.

Mor. O my cursed angel, that instructed me to this fate![8]

Daup. Why, sir?

Mor. That I should be seduced by so foolish a devil as a barber will make!

Daup. I would I had been worthy, sir, to have partaken your counsel; you should never have trusted it to such a minister.

Mor. Would I could redeem it with the loss of an eye, nephew, a hand, or any other member.

Daup. Marry, God forbid, sir, that you should geld yourself, to anger your wife.

Mor. So it would rid me of her!—and, that I did supererogatory penance in a belfry, at Westminster-hall, in the Cockpit, at the fall of a stag, the Tower-wharf—what place is there else?—London-bridge, Paris-garden, Billinsgate, when the noises are at their height, and loudest. Nay, I would sit out a play,[9] that were nothing but fights at sea, drum, trumpet, and target.

[8] *O my cursed angel, that* instructed *me to this fate!*] i. e. designed, appointed me, &c. This harsh latinism occurs also in *Sejanus*.

[9] *Nay, I would sit out a play*, &c.] This is the passage which has furnished the commentators with such abundant materials for convicting Jonson of "the most inveterate malignity to Shakspeare;" it may not therefore be improper to examine it. After recapitulating a variety of tumultuous noises, the poet adds —"Nay, I would sit out a play that were NOTHING *but fights at sea*;"—evidently meaning one, of which these should form the principal or characteristic incidents.

It affords a melancholy picture of human nature to look upon the base drudgery to which men will stoop for the gratification of any vile propensity. After toiling, to no purpose, through nine huge volumes of the *Variorum Shakspeare*, the commentators fortunately stumble, about the middle of the tenth, on a

Daup. I hope there shall be no such need, sir. Take patience, good uncle. This is but a day, and 'tis well worn too now.

stage direction, "Firing heard at sea."* There is not a syllable more on the subject; for the dialogue immediately commences, with a description of night! and thus it is fully proved that Jonson made it the chief business of his life "to tear the wreath from the brow of Shakspeare." It turns out, however, that the play in which these words appear, was not written by Shakspeare, but by Christopher Marlowe: this untoward circumstance, (which is prudently overlooked by Mr. Steevens,) forces Mr. Malone, who had previously admitted the fact, to go further a-field for the object of Jonson's "malignity," which is now found to be *Antony and Cleopatra*. Here, as before, the attack is confined to a simple stage direction: "Alarum *afar off*, as at a sea-fight:"—and on this admirable foundation is the poet accused—not in one or two—but in a hundred places, of "calumniating ALL the historic plays of Shakspeare." No:—I am wrong; there is yet another word produced to substantiate the charge, namely *target:* "fights at sea," it seems, (which were merely made known to the audience by letting off a cracker behind the scenes,) being solely carried on by this defensive implement.

Long before the *Silent Woman* was written, nay, before Shakspeare was known to the stage, the theatres were in possession of many rude pieces founded on the remarkable events of our history, of which battles, &c. always formed a prominent feature. The miserable attempts to represent these favourite scenes, were often made a subject of mirth by succeeding writers; and it is not easy to discover why Jonson might not venture to allude to them as freely as sir Philip Sidney, Nash, Greene, and almost every author of the times; unless it be that the commentators are determined to accumulate upon Shakspeare's head every possible absurdity, for the mere gratification of venting their spleen on Jonson for exposing them.

I shall, as usual, be reprehended for enlarging too frequently on the subject: assuredly, I should not have entered upon the task of reprinting Jonson, unless I had been prepared for this, and more. I know how much pleasanter it is for the gentle reader to listen to calumny, than to a laborious investigation of facts; but I shall nevertheless pursue my course on every fitting occasion. If I cannot silence malice, I will at least shame it:

* *Henry VI. Second Part.* A. IV. S. 1.

Mor. O, 'twill be so for ever, nephew, I foresee it, for ever. Strife and tumult are the dowry that comes with a wife.[1]

True. I told you so, sir, and you would not believe me.

Mor. Alas, do not rub those wounds, master Truewit, to blood again; 'twas my negligence. Add not affliction to affliction. I have perceived the effect of it, too late, in madam Otter.

Epi. How do you, sir?

Mor. Did you ever hear a more unnecessary question? as if she did not see! Why, I do as you see, empress, empress.

Epi. You are not well, sir; you look very ill: something has distemper'd you.

Mor. O horrible, monstrous impertinencies! would not one of these have served, do you think, sir? would not one of these have served?

True. Yes, sir; but these are but notes of female kindness, sir;[2] certain tokens that she has a voice, sir.

Mor. O, is it so! Come, an't be no otherwise ——What say you?

Epi. How do you feel yourself, sir?

Mor. Again that!

True. Nay, look you, sir, you would be friends with your wife upon unconscionable terms; her silence.

if I cannot disencumber the pages of Shakspeare from the scurrility, and falsehood, with which they are disgraced, I will, at all events, show that nothing but the grossest stupidity can, in future, attend to them with decency or credit.

[1] *Strife and tumult are the dowry that comes with a wife.*]

Hoc decet uxores: dos est uxoria lites. Ibid. l. ii. v. 155.

[2] *These are but notes of female kindness, sir, &c.*] This is the consolation which Morose receives in Libanius: αναγας απειμι παρα την προμνηστριαν, και τι τουτο εστιν ερωτων· νυμφη ρηματα αφιησιν· και φησι, φιλτρα σημειον τουτο εστι, και αμα της φωνης επιδειξις. *Ibid.* p. 303.

Epi. They say you are run mad, sir.

Mor. Not for love, I assure you, of you; do you see?

Epi. O lord, gentlemen! lay hold on him, for God's sake. What shall I do? who's his physician, can you tell, that knows the state of his body best, that I might send for him? Good sir, speak; I'll send for one of my doctors else.

Mor. What, to poison me, that I might die intestate, and leave you possest of all!

Epi. Lord, how idly he talks, and how his eyes sparkle! he looks green about the temples! do you see what blue spots he has![3]

Cler. Ay, 'tis melancholy.

Epi. Gentlemen, for heaven's sake, counsel me. Ladies;—servant, you have read Pliny and Paracelsus; ne'er a word now to comfort a poor gentlewoman? Ay me, what fortune had I, to marry a distracted man!

Daw. I'll tell you, mistress——

True. How rarely she holds it up!

[*Aside to Cler.*

Mor. What mean you, gentlemen?

Epi. What will you tell me, servant?

Daw. The disease in Greek is called μανια, in Latin *insania, furor, vel ecstasis melancholica,* that

[3] *He looks green about the temples! do you see what blue* spots *he has?*] "A plain imitation (as Upton remarks) of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus:"

Mul. *Viden' tu illi oculos virere? ut viridis exoritur color*
Ex temporibus atque fronte, ut oculi scintillant, vide!

A passage, he adds, which Shakspeare had also in view in the *Comedy of Errors;* "though the imitation lies more concealed:"

"Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!"

Concealed indeed! The commentators surely imagine that Shakspeare was born without eyes.

is, *egressio*, when a man *ex melancholico evadit fanaticus.*

Mor. Shall I have a lecture read upon me alive?

Daw. But he may be but *phreneticus* yet, mistress; and *phrenetis* is only *delirium*, or so.

Epi Ay, that is for the disease, servant; but what is this to the cure? We are sure enough of the disease.

Mor. Let me go.

True. Why, we'll entreat her to hold her peace, sir.

Mor. O no, labour not to stop her. She is like a conduit-pipe,[4] that will gush out with more force when she opens again.

Hau. I'll tell you, Morose, you must talk divinity to him altogether, or moral philosophy.

La-F. Ay, and there's an excellent book[5] of moral philosophy, madam, of Reynard the Fox, and all the beasts, called Doni's Philosophy.

Cen. There is indeed, sir Amorous La-Foole.

Mor. O misery!

[4] *She is like a conduit-pipe*, &c.] This is improved from Libanius: ὡσπερ γαρ οἱ της κρουνης επισχοντες, ειτ' αφειλοντες το κωλυον, σφοδροτεραν εἰργασαντο την φοραν· ὑτως εγω μικρον αναστειλας την φωνην μειζον επισπασαμην το ρειθρον. *Ibid.* p. 111.

[5] *There's an excellent book*, &c.] There was a very old collection of Oriental apologues, called *Calilah u Dumnah*, (better known as the *Fables of Pilpay*,) which was translated about the middle of the 11th century, out of the Persian or Arabic into Greek, by Simeon Seth: it was afterwards turned into Latin, and subsequently into Italian, by one Doni. This last was rendered into English by sir Thomas North, 1605, under the title of *Doni's Moral Philosophy:* and to this sir Amorous alludes, though he ignorantly confounds it with the popular history of *Reynard the Fox.* We have now the good fortune to possess a very complete and elegant translation of this curious work from the original language, by sir William Jones.

La-F. I have read it, my lady Centaure, all over, to my cousin here.

Mrs. Ott. Ay, and 'tis a very good book as any is, of the moderns.

Daw. Tut, he must have Seneca read to him, and Plutarch, and the ancients; the moderns are not for this disease.

Cler. Why, you discommended them too, to-day, sir John.

Daw. Ay, in some cases: but in these they are best, and Aristotle's ethics.

Mav. Say you so, sir John? I think you are deceived; you took it upon trust.

Hau. Where's Trusty, my woman? I'll end this difference. I prithee, Otter, call her. Her father and mother were both mad, when they put her to me.

Mor. I think so.—Nay, gentlemen, I am tame. This is but an exercise, I know, a marriage ceremony, which I must endure.

Hau. And one of them, I know not which, was cured with the Sick Man's Salve,[6] and the other with Green's Groat's-worth of Wit.[7]

[6] *One was cured with the* Sick Man's Salve,] This was a devotional tract, written by Thomas Becon, an old calvinistical divine, and published about 1591. From the quaintness of its title, (which yet was not uncommon,) or some other cause, it was a frequent subject of ridicule with the wits of those days. The repentant Quicksilver, in *Eastward Hoe*, could "speak it all without book;" as could many others. The *Sick Man's Salve* is in the list of suspected books found in the library of lord Cobham; which, if it does nothing else, will, at least, prove that our old dramatists were not apt to be turned out of their way by an anachronism more or less. In this catalogue, the *Bible* is, with some humour, set down as "a book of heresie." *First Part of Sir John Oldcastle.* A. IV. S. 2.

[7] *And the other with Green's Groat's-worth of Wit.*] This was one of the last works of this popular writer; and was published after his death, under the title of Robert Greenes *Groat's-worth of witte,*

True. A very cheap cure, madam.

Enter TRUSTY.

Hau. Ay, 'tis very feasible.

Mrs. Ott. My lady call'd for you, mistress Trusty: you must decide a controversy.

Hau. O, Trusty, which was it you said, your father, or your mother, that was cured with the Sick Man's Salve?

Trus. My mother, madam, with the Salve.

True. Then it was the sick woman's salve?

Trus. And my father with the Groat's-worth of Wit. But there was other means used: we had a preacher that would preach folk asleep still; and so they were prescribed to go to church, by an old woman that was their physician, thrice a week——

Epi. To sleep?

Trus. Yes, forsooth: and every night they read themselves asleep on those books.

Epi. Good faith, it stands with great reason. I would I knew where to procure those books.

Mor. Oh!

La-F. I can help you with one of them, mistress Morose, the Groat's-worth of Wit.

Epi. But I shall disfurnish you, sir Amorous: can you spare it?

bought with a million of repentance. To judge from some of the titles of his numerous works, Greene must have experienced many checks of conscience in his profligate career: He has the *Repentance*, the *Last Vision*, the *Farewell to Folie*, &c. &c. His "witte" was, indeed, dearly bought, for Greene served a hard taskmaster. Health, credit, and excellent talents were miserably prostituted to purchase nothing but beggary, contempt, and an early grave. His contrition, however, was very bitter; and his last moments, it is just to hope, were neither unprofitable to himself nor others.

La-F. O yes, for a week, or so; I'll read it myself to him.

Epi. No, I must do that, sir; that must be my office.

Mor. Oh, oh!

Epi. Sure he would do well enough, if he could sleep.

Mor. No, I should do well enough, if you could sleep. Have I no friend that will make her drunk,[8] or give her a little laudanum, or opium?

True. Why, sir, she talks ten times worse in her sleep.

Mor. How!

Cler. Do you not know that, sir? never ceases all night.

True. And snores like a porpoise.

Mor. O redeem me, fate; redeem me, fate! For how many causes may a man be divorced, nephew?

Daup. I know not, truly, sir.

True. Some divine must resolve you in that sir, or canon-lawyer.

Mor. I will not rest, I will not think of any other hope or comfort, till I know.

[*Exit with Dauphine.*

Cler. Alas, poor man!

True. You'll make him mad indeed, ladies, if you pursue this.

Hau. No, we'll let him breathe now, a quarter of an hour, or so.

Cler. By my faith, a large truce!

Hau. Is that his keeper, that is gone with him?

Daw. It is his nephew, madam.

[8] *Have I no friend that will make her drunk*, &c.] From Libanius: ουκ εστιν η γυνη μοι μεθυσος· τουτο γαρ εστι το δεινον; ει γαρ μεθυσοι, εκαθευδεν· ει δε εκαθευδεν, ισως εσιγα. *Ibid.*, 308.

La-F. Sir Dauphine Eugenie.

Cen. He looks like a very pitiful knight——

Daw. As can be. This marriage has put him out of all.

La-F. He has not a penny in his purse, madam.

Daw. He is ready to cry all this day.

La-F. A very shark; he set me in the nick t'other night at Primero.

True. How these swabbers talk!

Cler. Ay, Otter's wine has swell'd their humours above a spring-tide.

Hau. Good Morose, let's go in again. I like your couches exceeding well; we'll go lie and talk there.

[*Exeunt Hau. Cen. Mav. Trus. La-Foole, and Daw.*

Epi. [*following them.*] I wait on you, madam.

True. [*stopping her.*] 'Slight, I will have them as silent as signs, and their post too, ere I have done. Do you hear, lady-bride? I pray thee now, as thou art a noble wench, continue this discourse of Dauphine within; but praise him exceedingly: magnify him with all the height of affection thou canst;—I have some purpose in't:—and but beat off these two rooks, Jack Daw and his fellow, with any discontentment, hither, and I'll honour thee for ever.

Epi. I was about it here. It angered me to the soul, to hear them begin to talk so malepert.

True. Pray thee perform it, and thou winn'st me an idolater to thee everlasting.

Epi. Will you go in and hear me do't?

True. No, I'll stay here. Drive them out of your company, 'tis all I ask; which cannot be any way better done, than by extolling Dauphine, whom they have so slighted.

Epi. I warrant you; you shall expect one of them presently. [*Exit.*

Cler. What a cast of kestrils are these,[9] to hawk after ladies, thus!

True. Ay, and strike at such an eagle as Dauphine.

Cler. He will be mad when we tell him. Here he comes.

Re-enter DAUPHINE.

Cler. O sir, you are welcome.

True. Where's thine uncle?

Daup. Run out of doors in his night-caps, to talk with a casuist about his divorce. It works admirably.

True. Thou wouldst have said so, an thou hadst been here! The ladies have laugh'd at thee most comically, since thou went'st, Dauphine.

Cler. And ask'd, if thou wert thine uncle's keeper.

True. And the brace of baboons answer'd, Yes; and said thou wert a pitiful poor fellow, and didst live upon posts, and hadst nothing but three suits of apparel, and some few benevolences that the lords gave thee to fool to them, and swagger.

Daup. Let me not live, I'll beat them: I'll bind them both to grand-madam's bed-posts, and have them baited with monkies.

True. Thou shalt not need, they shall be beaten to thy hand, Dauphine. I have an execution to serve upon them, I warrant thee, shall serve; trust my plot.

[9] *What a cast of* kestrils *are these, &c.*] A kestril, (see Vol. I. p. 109,) is a base, degenerate hawk. It occurs in all our old writers, as an expression of strong contempt. *Cast*, I scarcely need inform the reader, is the fowler's term for a couple.

Daup. Ay, you have many plots! so you had one to make all the wenches in love with me.

True. Why, if I do it not yet afore night, as near as 'tis, and that they do not every one invite thee, and be ready to scratch for thee, take the mortgage of my wit.

Cler. 'Fore God, I'll be his witness thou shalt have it, Dauphine: thou shalt be his fool for ever, if thou dost not.

True. Agreed. Perhaps 'twill be the better estate. Do you observe this gallery, or rather lobby indeed? Here are a couple of studies, at each end one: here will I act such a tragi-comedy between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines,[1] Daw and La-Foole——which of them comes out first, will I seize on;—you two shall be the chorus behind the arras,[2] and whip out

[1] *The Guelphs and the Ghibellines,*] Two factions that, in the twelfth and thirteen centuries, harassed Italy with great animosity and violence; the former taking part with the Pope, and the latter with the Emperor. The origin of their names is uncertain. WHAL.

[2] *You two shall be the chorus behind the arras, and whip out between the acts, and speak.*] This passage also, is brought forward with great exultation by the commentators on Shakspeare, as a manifest sneer at two of his best plays; and by Mr. Malone, in particular, to show that Jonson viewed "our great poet with *scornful yet with* jealous eyes." The fact itself is proved in the established mode, wherever our author is concerned. There is a piece of *arras* in *Hamlet*, and there is a *chorus* in *Henry V.* Can any thing be plainer? But the arras in *Hamlet* is without a chorus, and the chorus in *Henry V.* is without an arras. No matter: if, as lord Peter says, the accusation cannot be proved *totidem verbis*, it must be made out *totidem literis*; and so the reputation of Jonson is juggled away! How long will the reader's good sense be imposed upon by such deplorable stupidity? How long will his candour be warped by such grovelling malice? What is there in the use of these words that can lead to a suspicion of a "sneer" at any thing? *Arras* was then the constant furniture of the stage, and formed a screen or hiding

between the acts and speak—If I do not make them keep the peace for this remnant of the day, if not of the year, I have failed once——I hear Daw coming: hide, [*they withdraw.*] and do not laugh, for God's sake.

Re-enter DAW.

Daw. Which is the way into the garden, trow?

True. O, Jack Daw! I am glad I have met with you. In good faith, I must have this matter go no further between you: I must have it taken up.

Daw. What matter, sir? between whom?

True. Come, you disguise it: sir Amorous and you. If you love me, Jack, you shall make use of your philosophy now, for this once, and deliver me your sword. This is not the wedding the Centaurs were at, though there be a she one here. [*takes his sword.*] The bride has entreated me I will see no blood shed at her bridal: you saw her whisper me erewhile.

Daw. As I hope to finish Tacitus, I intend no murder.

True. Do you not wait for sir Amorous?

Daup. Not I, by my knighthood.

True. And your scholarship too?

Daw. And my scholarship too.

True. Go to, then I return you your sword, and ask you mercy; but put it not up, for you

place in almost every drama in existence. A *chorus* was by no means unfrequent; and, indeed, appears in the greater number of Jonson's own plays. Did he ridicule himself? or was he debarred the use of the words, because they were found in Shakspeare? Had the expression in the text been used by any one but Jonson, it would be termed, as it really is, an application of a familiar phrase, with the speaker's characteristic sprightliness and good humour.

will be assaulted. I understood that you had apprehended it, and walked here to brave him; and that you had held your life contemptible, in regard of your honour.[4]

Daw. No, no; no such thing, I assure you. He and I parted now, as good friends as could be.

True. Trust not you to that visor. I saw him since dinner with another face: I have known many men in my time vex'd with losses, with deaths, and with abuses; but so offended a wight as sir Amorous, did I never see or read of. For taking away his guests, sir, to-day, that's the cause; and he declares it behind your back with such threatenings and contempts—— He said to Dauphine, you were the arrant'st ass——

Daw. Ay, he may say his pleasure.

True. And swears you are so protested a coward, that he knows you will never do him any manly or single right; and therefore he will take his course.

Daw. I'll give him any satisfaction, sir—but fighting.

True. Ay, sir: but who knows what satisfaction he'll take: blood he thirsts for, and blood he will have; and whereabouts on you he will have it, who knows but himself?

Daw. I pray you, master Truewit, be you a mediator.

True. Well, sir, conceal yourself then in this study till I return. [*puts him into the study.*] Nay, you must be content to be lock'd in; for, for

[4] *That you had held your life contemptible in regard of your honour.*] This application of Virgil's fine lines to poor sir John is highly humorous:

Est hic, est animus lucis contemptor, et istum
Qui vita bene credat emi, quo tendis, honorem!

mine own reputation, I would not have you seen to receive a public disgrace, while I have the matter in managing. Ods so, here he comes; keep your breath close, that he do not hear you sigh.—In good faith, sir Amorous, he is not this way; I pray you be merciful, do not murder him; he is a Christian, as good as you: you are arm'd as if you sought revenge on all his race. Good Dauphine, get him away from this place. I never knew a man's choler so high, but he would speak to his friends, he would hear reason. —Jack Daw, Jack! asleep!

Daw. [*within.*] Is he gone, master Truewit?

True. Ay; did you hear him?

Daw. O lord! yes.

True. What a quick ear fear has!

Daw. [*Comes out of the closet.*] But is he so arm'd, as you say?

True. Arm'd! did you ever see a fellow set out to take possession?[5]

Daw. Ay, sir.

True. That may give you some light to conceive of him; but 'tis nothing to the principal. Some false brother in the house has furnish'd him strangely; or, if it were out of the house, it was Tom Otter.

Daw. Indeed he's a captain, and his wife is his kinswoman.

True. He has got some body's old two-hand sword, to mow you off at the knees: and that sword hath spawn'd such a dagger!—But then

[5] *Did you ever see a fellow*
Set out to take possession?] When estates were litigated, or, as was too frequently the case formerly, transferred to a hungry favourite, this was a service of some danger; and the new owner set forth with his attendants and friends well armed. This is not an uncommon case in Ireland at this day; in this country the practice has happily been long obsolete.

he is so hung with pikes, halberds, petronels, calivers [6] and muskets, that he looks like a justice of peace's hall: a man of two thousand a year is not cess'd at so many weapons as he has on. There was never fencer challenged at so many several foils. You would think he meant to murder all St. Pulchre's parish. If he could but victual himself for half a year in his breeches,[7] he is sufficiently arm'd to over-run a country.

Daw. Good lord! what means he, sir? I pray you, master Truewit, be you a mediator.

[6] *Petronels and calivers.*] These weapons seem to answer to our blunderbusses or horse pistols, and fowling pieces respectively. Whalley says that the caliver was a larger kind of musquet; but this is contrary to the description given of it in the *Soldier's Accidence*, and other books of the time.

[7] *If he could but victual himself for half a year in his breeches*, &c.] Thus Butler:

> "With a huge pair of round-trunk hose,
> In which he carried as much meat
> As he and all his knights could eat."

This is not the only idea which the author of Hudibras has taken from this play. What is more to Jonson's honour, Shakspeare himself has condescended to be obliged to it; for there can be no doubt but that the attempt of Sir Toby and Fabian to bring on a quarrel between Aguecheek and Viola, is imitated from this scene. It is really edifying to see the complacency with which Mr. Malone resigns his best arguments to his *friend*. He first proves, beyond the reach of cavil, that *Twelfth Night* could not be written before 1614; yet, because Steevens, with equal folly and malignity, asserts that Jonson "took every opportunity to find fault with Shakspeare, and ridiculed the conduct of that comedy in *Every Man out of his Humour*," which, as I have already shewn (vol. ii. p. 111) preceded it by a dozen years or more, Mr. Malone calmly subjoins to this contemptible trash, "I *had* supposed this play (*Twelfth Night*) to be written in 1614, if, however, the foregoing passage from *Every Man &c. be* levelled at it, my speculation falls to the ground." Condescension worthy of all praise. To renounce a rational certainty—to embrace a senseless impossibility—and

True. Well, I'll try if he will be appeased with a leg or an arm; if not, you must die once.

Daw. I would be loth to lose my right arm, for writing madrigals.

True. Why, if he will be satisfied with a thumb or a little finger, all's one to me. You must think, I'll do my best. [*Shuts him up again.*

Daw. Good sir, do.

[*Clerimont and Dauphine come forward.*

Cler. What hast thou done?

True. He will let me do nothing, he does all afore; he offers his left arm.

Cler. His left wing, for a Jack Daw.

Daup. Take it by all means.

True. How! maim a man for ever, for a jest? What a conscience hast thou!

Daup. 'Tis no loss to him; he has no employment for his arms, but to eat spoon-meat. Beside, as good maim his body as his reputation.

True. He is a scholar and a wit, and yet he does not think so. But he loses no reputation with us; for we all resolved him an ass before. To your places again.

Cler. I pray thee, let me be in at the other a little.

True. Look, you'll spoil all; these be ever your tricks.

Cler. No, but I could hit of some things that thou wilt miss, and thou wilt say are good ones.

True. I warrant you. I pray forbear, I'll leave it off, else.

Daup. Come away, Clerimont.

[*Daup. and Cler. withdraw as before.*

for what?—for nothing higher or better than the hopeless chance of heaping another absurd calumny on the memory of Jonson: So much can prejudice do—

—tantum potuit suadere malorum!

Enter LA-FOOLE.

True. Sir Amorous!

La-F. Master Truewit.

True. Whither were you going?

La-F. Down into the court to make water.

True. By no means, sir; you shall rather tempt your breeches.

La-F. Why, sir?

True. Enter here, if you love your life.

[*Opening the door of the other study.*

La-F. Why? why?

True. Question till your throat be cut, do: dally till the enraged soul find you.

La-F. Who is that?

True. Daw it is: will you in?

La-F. Ay, ay, I'll in: what's the matter?

True. Nay, if he had been cool enough to tell us that, there had been some hope to atone you;[8] but he seems so implacably enraged!

La-F. 'Slight, let him rage! I'll hide myself.

True. Do, good sir. But what have you done to him within, that should provoke him thus? You have broke some jest upon him afore the ladies.

La-F. Not I, never in my life, broke jest upon any man. The bride was praising sir Dauphine, and he went away in snuff,[9] and I followed him; unless he took offence at me in his drink erewhile, that I would not pledge all the horse full.

[8] *There had been some hope to* atone *you.*] To make you friends, to set you *at one* again. WHAL.

[9] *Went away in snuff,*] i. e. in anger: alluding, I presume, to the offensive manner in which a candle goes out. The word is frequent in our old writers, and furnishes Shakspeare with many playful opportunities of confounding it with the dust of tobacco.

True. By my faith, and that may be; you remember well: but he walks the round up and down,[1] through every room o' the house, with a towel in his hand, crying, *Where's La-Foole? Who saw La-Foole?* And when Dauphine and I demanded the cause, we can force no answer from him, but—*O revenge, how sweet art thou! I will strangle him in this towel* —which leads us to conjecture, that the main cause of his fury is, for bringing your meat to day, with a towel about you, to his discredit.

La-F. Like enough. Why, an he be angry for that, I'll stay here till his anger be blown over.

True. A good becoming resolution, sir; if you can put it on o' the sudden.

La-F. Yes, I can put it on: or, I'll away into the country presently.

True. How will you go out of the house, sir? he knows you are in the house, and he'll watch this se'ennight, but he'll have you: he'll outwait a serjeant for you.[2]

La-F. Why, then I'll stay here.

True. You must think how to victual yourself in time then.

La-F. Why, sweet master Truewit, will you entreat my cousin Otter to send me a cold venison pasty, a bottle or two of wine, and a chamber-pot.

[1] *But he walks the* round *up and down.*] A phrase taken from the army; where it was the business of certain inferior officers to go round to the centinels and outguards, who from thence were called *gentlemen of the round.* WHAL.

To watch, in short. See vol. I. p. 85.

[2] *He'll outwait a* serjeant *for you.*] The perseverance of *serjeants* (sheriffs' officers) in watching their prey, is well known. Our old poets, who had but too many proofs of it, mention it, either in mirth or anger, upon all occasions.

True. A stool were better, sir, of sir Ajax his invention.[3]

La-F. Ay, that will be better, indeed; and a pallat to lie on.

True. O, I would not advise you to sleep by any means.

La-F. Would you not, sir? why, then I will not.

True. Yet there's another fear ——

La-F. Is there! what is't?

True. No, he cannot break open this door with his foot, sure.

La-F. I'll set my back against it, sir. I have a good back.

True. But then if he should batter.

La-F. Batter! if he dare, I'll have an action of battery against him.

True. Cast you the worst. He has sent for powder already, and what he will do with it, no man knows: perhaps blow up the corner of the

[3] *A stool were better, sir, of sir* Ajax *his invention.*] Sir Ajax seems to have been a title familiarly imposed on sir John Harrington, for a very meritorious attempt to introduce cleanliness into our dwellings, at a period when the sweetest of them would have offended the dullest nose of modern times. In 1596 he published, under the name of Misacmos, a little treatise called, *A new discourse of a stale subject, or the metamorphosis of Ajax*, of which the object was to point out the propriety of adopting something like the water-closets of the present day, in the place of the wretched utensils which were then common in every house. As the nature of his subject led him to lay open the interior of our palaces and great houses, offence was taken at his freedom: he lost, at least for a time, the favour of Elizabeth, (his godmother,) and was banished from court. His gains, from his well-timed labours, were apparently confined to the honour of contributing to the merriment of the wits, Shakspeare, Jonson, Nabbes, and many others, who took advantage of his own pun, (a-jakes,) and dubbed him a knight of the stool; under which title he frequently appears in their pages. Even the grave Camden condescends to be facetious at his expense—but enough on the subject.

house where he suspects you are. Here he comes; in quickly. [*Thrusts in La-Foole and shuts the door.*]—I protest, sir John Daw, he is not this way: what will you do? Before God, you shall hang no petard here: I'll die rather. Will you not take my word? I never knew one but would be satisfied.—Sir Amorous, [*speaks through the key-hole,*] there's no standing out: he has made a petard of an old brass pot, to force your door. Think upon some satisfaction, or terms to offer him.

La-F. [*within,*] Sir, I'll give him any satisfaction: I dare give any terms.

True. You'll leave it to me then?

La-F. Ay, sir: I'll stand to any conditions.

True. [*beckoning forward Cler. and Dauph.*] How now, what think you, sirs? were't not a difficult thing to determine which of these two fear'd most?

Cler. Yes, but this fears the bravest: the other a whiniling dastard, Jack Daw! But La-Foole, a brave heroic coward! and is afraid in a great look and a stout accent; I like him rarely.

True. Had it not been pity these two should have been concealed?

Cler. Shall I make a motion?

True. Briefly: for I must strike while 'tis hot.

Cler. Shall I go fetch the ladies to the catastrophe?

True. Umph! ay, by my troth.

Daup. By no mortal means. Let them continue in the state of ignorance, and err still; think them wits and fine fellows, as they have done. 'Twere sin to reform them.

True. Well, I will have them fetch'd, now I think on't, for a private purpose of mine: do,

Clerimont, fetch them, and discourse to them all that's past, and bring them into the gallery here.

Daup. This is thy extreme vanity, now: thou think'st thou wert undone, if every jest thou mak'st were not published.

True. Thou shalt see how unjust thou art presently. Clerimont, say it was Dauphine's plot. [*Exit Clerimont.*] Trust me not, if the whole drift be not for thy good. There is a carpet* in the next room, put it on, with this scarf over thy face, and a cushion on thy head, and be ready when I call Amorous. Away! [*Exit Daup.*] John Daw! [*Goes to Daw's closet, and brings him out.*]

Daw. What good news, sir?

True. Faith, I have followed and argued with him hard for you. I told him you were a knight, and a scholar, and that you knew fortitude did consist *magis patiendo quam faciendo, magis ferendo quam feriendo.*

Daw. It doth so indeed, sir.

True. And that you would suffer, I told him: so at first he demanded by my troth, in my conceit, too much.

Daw. What was it, sir?

True. Your upper lip, and six of your foreteeth.

Daw. 'Twas unreasonable.

True. Nay, I told him plainly, you could not spare them all. So after long argument *pro et*

* *There is a* carpet, &c.] i. e. a table-cover. Formerly these ornamental pieces of tapestry, furnished employment for the ladies, in the long nights of winter. I have seen several of them in our old mansion-houses. Carpets, were not at this period laid on the floor; except, occasionally, to kneel on, or for purposes of state.

con, as you know, I brought him down to your two butter-teeth, and them he would have.

Daw. O, did you so? Why, he shall have them.

True. But he shall not, sir, by your leave. The conclusion is this, sir: because you shall be very good friends hereafter, and this never to be remembered or upbraided; besides, that he may not boast he has done any such thing to you in his own person; he is to come here in disguise, give you five kicks in private, sir, take your sword from you, and lock you up in that study during pleasure: which will be but a little while, we'll get it released presently.

Daw. Five kicks! he shall have six, sir, to be friends.

True. Believe me, you shall not over-shoot yourself, to send him that word by me.

Daw. Deliver it, sir; he shall have it with all my heart, to be friends.

True. Friends! Nay, an he should not be so, and heartily too, upon these terms, he shall have me to enemy while I live. Come, sir, bear it bravely.

Daw. O lord, sir, 'tis nothing.

True. True: what's six kicks to a man that reads Seneca?

Daw. I have had a hundred, sir.

True. Sir Amorous!

Re-enter DAUPHINE *disguised.*

No speaking one to another, or rehearsing old matters.

Daw. [*as Daup. kicks him.*] One, two, three, four, five. I protest, sir Amorous, you shall have six.

Tru. Nay, I told you, you should not talk.

Come, give him six, an he will needs. [*Dauphine kicks him again.*]—Your sword. [*takes his sword.*] Now return to your safe custody; you shall presently meet afore the ladies, and be the dearest friends one to another. [*Puts Daw into the study.*] —Give me the scarf now, thou shalt beat the other bare-faced. Stand by: [*Dauphine retires, and Truewit goes to the other closet, and releases La-Foole.*]—sir Amorous!

La-F. What's here! A sword?

True. I cannot help it, without I should take the quarrel upon myself. Here he has sent you his sword——

La-F. I'll receive none on't.

True. And he wills you to fasten it against a wall, and break your head in some few several places against the hilts.

La-F. I will not: tell him roundly. I cannot endure to shed my own blood.

True. Will you not?

La-F. No. I'll beat it against a fair flat wall, if that will satisfy him: if not, he shall beat it himself, for Amorous.

True. Why, this is strange starting off, when a man undertakes for you! I offer'd him another condition; will you stand to that?

La-F. Ay, what is't?

True. That you will be beaten in private.

La-F. Yes, I am content, at the blunt.[4]

Enter, above, HAUGHTY, CENTAURE, MAVIS, *mistress* OTTER, EPICŒNE, *and* TRUSTY,

True. Then you must submit yourself to be hoodwinked in this scarf, and be led to him, where

[4] *At the blunt,*] i. e. with the flat side of the sword.

he will take your sword from you, and make you bear a blow over the mouth, gules, and tweaks by the nose *sans nombre.*

La-F. I am content. But why must I be blinded?

True. That's for your good, sir; because, if he should grow insolent upon this, and publish it hereafter to your disgrace, (which I hope he will not do,) you might swear safely, and protest, he never beat you, to your knowledge.

La-F. O, I conceive.

True. I do not doubt but you'll be perfect good friends upon't, and not dare to utter an ill thought one of another in future.

La-F. Not I, as God help me, of him.

True. Nor he of you, sir. If he should, [*binds his eyes.*]—Come, sir. [*leads him forward.*]—*All hid,* sir John!

Enter DAUPHINE, *and tweaks him by the nose.*

La-F. Oh, sir John, sir John! Oh, o-o-o-o-o-Oh——

True. Good sir John, leave tweaking, you'll blow his nose off.—'Tis sir John's pleasure, you should retire into the study. [*Puts him up again.*]—Why, now you are friends. All bitterness between you, I hope is buried; you shall come forth by and by, Damon and Pythias upon't, and embrace with all the rankness of friendship that can be.—I trust, we shall have them tamer in their language hereafter. Dauphine, I worship thee.—God's will, the ladies have surprised us!

Enter HAUGHTY, CENTAURE, MAVIS, *mistress* OTTER, EPICŒNE, *and* TRUSTY *behind.*

Hau. Centaure, how our judgments were imposed on by these adulterate knights!

Cen. Nay, madam, Mavis was more deceived than we; 'twas her commendation utter'd them in the college.

Mav. I commended but their wits, madam, and their braveries. I never look'd toward their valours.

Hau. Sir Dauphine is valiant, and a wit too, it seems.

Mav. And a bravery too.

Hau. Was this his project?

Mrs. Ott. So master Clerimont intimates, madam.

Hau. Good Morose, when you come to the college, will you bring him with you? he seems a very perfect gentleman.

Epi. He is so, madam, believe it.

Cen. But when will you come, Morose?

Epi. Three or four days hence, madam, when I have got me a coach and horses.

Hau. No, to-morrow, good Morose; Centaure shall send you her coach.

Mav. Yes faith, do, and bring sir Dauphine with you.

Hau. She has promised that, Mavis.

Mav. He is a very worthy gentleman in his exteriors, madam.

Hau. Ay, he shews he is judicial in his clothes.

Cen. And yet not so superlatively neat as some, madam, that have their faces set in a brake.[5]

[5] *Not so superlatively neat as some that have their faces set in a* brake.] A *brake*, amongst other acceptations, is a sort of

Hau. Ay, and have every hair in form.

Mav. That wear purer linen than ourselves, and profess more neatness than the French hermaphrodite!

Epi. Ay ladies, they, what they tell one of us, have told a thousand; and are the only thieves of our fame, that think to take us with that perfume, or with that lace, and laugh at us unconscionably when they have done.

Hau. But sir Dauphine's carelessness becomes him.

Cen. I could love a man for such a nose.

Mav. Or such a leg.

Cen. He has an exceeding good eye, madam.

Mav. And a very good lock.[6]

bridle, which they made use of to young horses, in order to make them carry their heads steady, and in a proper place. WHAL.

A *brake* is a powerful iron curb, by which the tongue and jaws of restive horses are so compressed as to prevent their *taking the bit:* but the *brake* which seems to be meant here is a strong wooden frame in which the feet of young and vicious horses are frequently confined by farriers, preparatory to their being shod. Jonson uses the word again in his beautiful poem to Charis, and in a similar sense:

"Drest, you still for man should take him;
"And not think he'd eat a stake,
"Or were set up in a *brake.*"

[6] *A very good* lock.] A favourite *lock* of hair, which it was the fashion of those times to nourish. WHAL.

To make it more conspicuous, a rose or knot of ribands was sometimes attached to it. Thus Shirley:

"Who knows but he
"May lose the riband by it, in his *lock?*" *Coronation.*

And Davenant:

"A *lock* on the left side, so rarely hung
"With ribanding." *Love and Honour.*

This practice was so rooted, that it flourished for near a century, in spite of all the ridicule of the stage, and all the thunder

Cen. Good Morose, bring him to my chamber first.

Mrs. Ott. Please your honours to meet at my house, madam.

True. See how they eye thee, man! they are taken, I warrant thee. [*Haughty comes forward.*

Hau. You have unbraced our brace of knights here, master Truewit.

True. Not I, madam; it was sir Dauphine's ingine: who, if he have disfurnish'd your ladyship of any guard or service by it, is able to make the place good again in himself.

Hau. There is no suspicion of that, sir.

Cen. God so, Mavis, Haughty is kissing.

Mav. Let us go too, and take part.

[*They come forward.*

Hau. But I am glad of the fortune (beside the discovery of two such empty caskets) to gain the knowledge of so rich a mine of virtue as sir Dauphine.

of the press. From the following curious passage in *Mydas*, it appears that the form of these love-locks was as various and capricious as that of the beards, already noticed: "How will you be trimmed, sir? Will you have your beard like a spade, or a bodkin? A penthouse on your upper lip, or an alley on your chin? A low curle on your heade like a ball, or dangling locks like a spaniell? Your mustachoes sharp at the ends like shoemakers aules, or hanging downe to your mouth like goates flakes? Your *love*-locks wreathed with a silken twist, or shaggie to fall on your shoulders?" A. III. S. 2. Certainly, an assemblage of "braveries," at this time, must have presented a very amusing spectacle, as far as the head was concerned. From the prints of the unfortunate Charles, it appears that he and his courtiers wore love-locks. The king, it is said, cut off his in 1646. His favourites, probably, followed his example. Business of higher import than considering whether their "*locks* should be wreathed with silk, or left shaggie to fall on the shoulders," now occupied their attention; and in the hateful times which immediately succeeded, the fashion went to decay with a thousand better things.

Cen. We would be all glad to style him of our friendship, and see him at the college.

Mav. He cannot mix with a sweeter society, I'll prophesy; and I hope he himself will think so.

Daup. I should be rude to imagine otherwise, lady.

True. Did not I tell thee, Dauphine! Why, all their actions are govern'd by crude opinion, without reason or cause; they know not why they do anything; but, as they are inform'd, believe, judge, praise, condemn, love, hate, and in emulation one of another, do all these things alike. Only they have a natural inclination sways them generally to the worst, when they are left to themselves. But pursue it, now thou hast them.

Hau. Shall we go in again, Morose?

Epi. Yes, madam.

Cen. We'll entreat sir Dauphine's company.

True. Stay, good madam, the interview of the two friends, Pylades and Orestes: I'll fetch them out to you straight.

Hau. Will you, master Truewit?

Daup. Ay; but noble ladies, do not confess in your countenance, or outward bearing to them, any discovery of their follies, that we may see how they will bear up again, with what assurance and erection.

Hau. We will not, sir Dauphine.

Cen. Mav. Upon our honours, sir Dauphine.

True. [*goes to the first closet.*] Sir Amorous, sir Amorous! The ladies are here.

La-F. [*within.*] Are they?

True. Yes; but slip out by and by, as their backs are turn'd, and meet sir John here, as by

chance, when I call you. [*Goes to the other.*]—Jack Daw!

Daw. [*within.*] What say you, sir?

True. Whip out behind me suddenly, and no anger in your looks to your adversary. Now, now! [*La-Foole and Daw slip out of their respective closets, and salute each other.*

La-F. Noble sir John Daw! where have you been?

Daw. To seek you, sir Amorous.

La-F. Me! I honour you.

Daw. I prevent you, sir.

Cler. They have forgot their rapiers.

True. O, they meet in peace, man.

Daup. Where's your sword, sir John?

Cler. And your's, sir Amorous?

Daw. Mine! my boy had it forth to mend the handle, e'en now.

La-F. And my gold handle was broke too, and my boy had it forth.

Daup. Indeed, sir!—How their excuses meet!

Cler. What a consent there is in the handles!

True. Nay, there is so in the points too, I warrant you.

Enter MOROSE, *with the two swords, drawn, in his hands.*

Mrs. Ott. O me! madam, he comes again, the madman! Away!

[*Ladies, Daw, and La-Foole run off.*

Mor. What make these naked weapons here, gentlemen?

True. O, sir! here hath like to have been murder since you went; a couple of knights fallen out about the bride's favours! We were

fain to take away their weapons; your house had been begg'd by this time else.[7]

Mor. For what?

Cler. For man-slaughter, sir, as being accessary.

Mor. And for her favours?

True. Ay, sir, heretofore, not present—Clerimont, carry them their swords now. They have done all the hurt they will do.

[*Exit Cler. with the two swords.*

Daup. Have you spoke with the lawyer, sir?

Mor. O, no! there is such a noise in the court,[8] that they have frighted me home with more violence than I went! such speaking and counter-speaking, with their several voices of citations, appellations, allegations, certificates, attachments, intergatories, references, convictions, and afflictions indeed, among the doctors and proctors, that the noise here is silence to't, a kind of calm midnight!

True. Why, sir, if you would be resolved indeed, I can bring you hither a very sufficient lawyer, and a learned divine, that shall enquire into every least scruple for you.

Mor. Can you, master Truewit?

True. Yes, and are very sober, grave persons, that will dispatch it in a chamber, with a whisper or two.

[7] *Your house had been begg'd by this time else.*] For a riot, &c. for which it would have fallen, as a deodand, to the crown. The quick-scented rapacity of James's courtiers is well marked by this expression, which, though used in jest, contains little more than the simple fact.

[8] *O no! there is such a noise in the court, &c.*] This, with the legal terms which follow, is adapted, with considerable humour, from Libanius: *των εκκλησιων ὁ μαλα κοινωνων, ὁ δια το των κοινη συμφεροντων αμελειν, αλλα δια τας των ὁ δυναμενων σιγησαι βοας ῥητορων. εις αγοραν ὁ σφοδρα εμβαλλων, δια τα πολλα ταυτα των δικων ονοματα, φασις, ενδειξις, απαγωγη, διαδικασια, παραγραφη, ἁ και ὁις ωδεν εστι πραγμα φιλεσιν ονομασειν.* Ibid. p. 301-2.

Mor. Good sir, shall I hope this benefit from you, and trust myself into your hands?

True. Alas, sir! your nephew and I have been ashamed and oft-times mad, since you went, to think how you are abused. Go in, good sir, and lock yourself up till we call you; we'll tell you more anon, sir.

Mor. Do your pleasure with me, gentlemen: I believe in you, and that deserves no delusion. [*Exit.*

True. You shall find none, sir;—but heap'd, heap'd plenty of vexation.

Daup. What wilt thou do now, Wit?

True. Recover me hither Otter and the barber, if you can, by any means, presently.

Daup. Why? to what purpose?

True. O, I'll make the deepest divine, and gravest lawyer, out of them two, for him——

Daup. Thou canst not, man; these are waking dreams.

True. Do not fear me. Clap but a civil gown with a welt[9] on the one, and a canonical cloke with sleeves on the other, and give them a few terms in their mouths, if there come not forth as able a doctor and complete a parson, for this turn, as may be wish'd, trust not my election: and I hope, without wronging the dignity of either profession, since they are but persons put on, and for mirth's sake, to torment him. The barber smatters Latin, I remember.

Daup. Yes, and Otter too.

True. Well then, if I make them not wrangle

[9] *Clap but a* civil *gown with a welt*, &c.] A *civil* gown is the gown of a civilian: a *welt*, as I have already observed, is a hem or border, of fur, &c. In the conclusion of this speech, Jonson shews himself yet sore of the censure passed on him for his alleged reflection on the law, in the *Poetaster*.

out this case to his no comfort, let me be thought a Jack Daw or La-Foole or anything worse. Go you to your ladies, but first send for them.

Daup. I will. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in Morose's *House.*

Enter LA-FOOLE, CLERIMONT, *and* DAW.

La-F. Where had you our swords, master Clerimont?

Cler. Why, Dauphine took them from the madman.

La-F. And he took them from our boys, I warrant you.

Cler. Very like, sir.

La-F. Thank you, good master Clerimont. Sir John Daw and I are both beholden to you.

Cler. Would I knew how to make you so, gentlemen!

Daw. Sir Amorous and I are your servants, sir.

Enter MAVIS.

Mav. Gentlemen, have any of you a pen and ink? I would fain write out a riddle in Italian, for sir Dauphine to translate.

Cler. Not I, in troth, lady; I am no scrivener.

Daw. I can furnish you, I think, lady.

[*Exeunt Daw and Mavis.*

Cler. He has it in the haft of a knife, I believe.

La-F. No, he has his box of instruments.

Cler. Like a surgeon!

La-F. For the mathematics: his square, his compasses, his brass pens, and black-lead, to

draw maps of every place and person where he comes.

Cler. How, maps of persons!

La-F. Yes, sir, of Nomentack, when he was here,[1] and of the prince of Moldavia, and of his mistress, mistress Epicœne.

Re-enter DAW.

Cler. Away! he hath not found out her latitude, I hope.

La-F. You are a pleasant gentleman, sir.

Cler. Faith, now we are in private, let's wanton it a little, and talk waggishly.—Sir John, I am telling sir Amorous here, that you two govern the ladies wherever you come; you carry the feminine gender afore you.

Daw. They shall rather carry us afore them, if they will, sir.

Cler. Nay, I believe that they do, withal[2]—

[1] *Yes, sir, of Nomentack, when he was here,* &c.] Nomentack was an Indian chief, from Virginia, who was brought to England some years before this was written. Of the prince of Moldavia, I can give no account.

[2] *Nay, I believe that they do, withal*—] I quote these words, merely because the collocation of them recalls to my mind an expression in Shakspeare, on which I have something to say. In one of the prettiest speeches surely that ever was penned, that of Portia (*Merchant of Venice*, A. iii. S. 4.) to Nerissa, she describes the appearance she shall make, and the language she shall hold when "accoutred like a man:"

> "——— I'll speak of frays
> "Like a fine bragging youth, and tell quaint lies,
> "How *honourable ladies* sought my love,
> "Which I denying, they fell sick, and died;
> "*I could not do withal:*———

This last line, or rather, a corruption of it, the commentators, who are always routing in the mire of impurity, explain in the most indecent manner. I will not say of Portia, as of Desde-

but, that you are the prime men in their affections, and direct all their actions———

Daw. Not I; sir Amorous is.

La-F. I protest, sir John is.

Daw. As I hope to rise in the state, sir Amorous, you have the person.

mona, that her "motion blushed at herself," yet she was assuredly a woman of modesty, and therefore little likely to use the language of a brothel, or to attribute the manners of one, to the "*honourable ladies* who sought her love." The fact is, that the phrase, so shamelessly misinterpreted, is, in itself, perfectly innocent, and means neither more nor less than, I COULD NOT HELP IT. In *Morte Arthur*—where Guinever is accused of poisoning one of the knights of the round table, the king says to her, "None of them will say well of you, nor none of them will doe battle for you, and that shall be great slaunder for you in this court. Alas! said the queen, *I cannot doe withall*," (I cannot help it,) "and now I miss sir Launcelot," Part III. c. 108. In the trial of Udall, lord Anderson says: "You had as good say you were the author." *Udall.* "That will not follow, my lord: but if you think so, *I cannot do withal*," (I cannot help it.) *State Trials*, fol. Vol. I. p. 162. And in that excellent old play, the *Little French Lawyer*, Dinant, who is reproached by Clerimont, for not silencing the music, which endangered his safety, replies:

"*I cannot do withal;*" (I cannot help it;)
"I have spoke and spoke; I am betrayed and lost too.

I make no apology for this long note, irrelevant as it will, perhaps, be thought. Shakspeare is in every hand; and it is therefore incumbent on all those who feel a due respect for youth and innocence, to take every opportunity of removing the impurities with which his pages are wantonly overcharged. As the sense of the words is now fully ascertained, we have a right to expect that the stupid and indecent comments of Collins and others on it, shall be henceforth omitted. "*Withal*, the reading of the old copies," Mr. Malone tells us, "was *corrected*" (corrected, with a vengeance!) "to *with all*, (as it stands in his and Steevens' editions,) by Mr. Pope." Notwithstanding this cheering assurance, the future editors of Shakspeare will do well to let him speak his own language, and to print the line as it stands above, and as it ought always to have stood: "I could not do withal." *Withal*, in Jonson, is a mere expletive.

La-F. Sir John, you have the person, and the discourse too.

Daw. Not I, sir. I have no discourse—and then you have activity beside.

La-F. I protest, sir John, you come as high from Tripoly as I do, every whit:[3] and lift as many join'd stools, and leap over them, if you would use it.

Cler. Well, agree on't together, knights; for between you, you divide the kingdom or commonwealth of ladies affections: I see it, and can perceive a little how they observe you, and fear you, indeed. You could tell strange stories, my masters, if you would, I know.

Daw. Faith, we have seen somewhat, sir.

La-F. That we have——velvet petticoats, and wrought smocks, or so.

Daw. Ay, and——

Cler. Nay, out with it, sir John; do not envy

[3] *I protest, sir John, you* come *as high* from Tripoly *as I do, every whit:*] "A phrase, (Upton says,) to signify feats of activity, vaulting, leaping, &c. Jonson has it again in his Epigrams, (cxv.)

"Can come from *Tripoly*, leap stools, and wink."

And so likewise his contemporaries:

"Get up to the window there, and presently,
"Like a most compleat gentleman, come from *Tripoly*."
Monsieur Thomas, A. iv. S. 2.

Tripoly, Whalley subjoins, "was famous for the justs and tournaments held there in the days of chivalry, and from those feats perhaps the phrase was derived." I think not: "justs and tournaments," wherever held, were grave and serious amusements, and could scarcely give name to such apish tricks, as leaping over sticks, &c. It seems far more probable, that the phrase grew out of one of those *jests nominal*, (as Owen Feltham calls them,) of which our ancestors were so fond; and that the sole claim which Tripoly has to the honour conferred upon it, lies in the first part of its name.

your friend the pleasure of hearing, when you have had the delight of tasting.

Daw. Why—a—Do you speak, sir Amorous.

La-F. No, do you, sir John Daw.

Daw. I' faith, you shall.

La-F. I' faith, you shall.

Daw. Why, we have been———

La-F. In the great bed at Ware together in our time. On, sir John.

Daw. Nay, do you, sir Amorous.

Cler. And these ladies with you, knights?

La-F. No, excuse us, sir.

Daw. We must not wound reputation.

La-F. No matter—they were these, or others. Our bath cost us fifteen pound when we came home.

Cler. Do you hear, sir John? You shall tell me but one thing truly, as you love me.

Daw. If I can, I will, sir.

Cler. You lay in the same house with the bride here?

Daw. Yes, and conversed with her hourly, sir.

Cler. And what humour is she of? Is she coming and open, free?

Daw. O, exceeding open, sir. I was her servant, and sir Amorous was to be.

Cler. Come, you have both had favours from her: I know, and have heard so much.

Daw. O, no, sir.

La-F. You shall excuse us, sir; we must not wound reputation.

Cler. Tut, she is married now, and you cannot hurt her with any report; and therefore speak plainly: how many times, i' faith? which of you led first? ha!

La-F. Sir John had her maidenhead, indeed.

Daw. O, it pleases him to say so, sir; but sir Amorous knows what's what, as well.

Cler. Dost thou, i' faith, Amorous?

La-F. In a manner, sir.

Cler. Why, I commend you, lads. Little knows don Bridegroom of this; nor shall he, for me.

Daw. Hang him, mad ox!

Cler. Speak softly; here comes his nephew, with the lady Haughty: he'll get the ladies from you, sirs, if you look not to him in time.

La-F. Why, if he do, we'll fetch them home again, I warrant you.

[*Exit with Daw. Cler. walks aside.*

Enter DAUPHINE *and* HAUGHTY.

Hau. I assure you, sir Dauphine, it is the price and estimation of your virtue only, that hath embark'd me to this adventure; and I could not but make out to tell you so: nor can I repent me of the act, since it is always an argument of some virtue in our selves, that we love and affect it so in others.

Daup. Your ladyship sets too high a price on my weakness.

Hau. Sir, I can distinguish gems from pebbles—

Daup. Are you so skilful in stones? [*Aside.*

Hau. And howsoever I may suffer in such a judgment as yours, by admitting equality of rank or society with Centaure or Mavis——

Daup. You do not, madam; I perceive they are your mere foils.

Hau. Then are you a friend to truth, sir; it makes me love you the more. It is not the outward,

but the inward man that I affect. They are not apprehensive of an eminent perfection, but love flat and dully.

Cen. [*within.*] Where are you, my lady Haughty?

Hau. I come presently, Centaure.—My chamber, sir, my page shall shew you; and Trusty, my woman, shall be ever awake for you: you need not fear to communicate any thing with her, for she is a Fidelia. I pray you wear this jewel for my sake, sir Dauphine.—

Enter CENTAURE.

Where's Mavis, Centaure?

Cen. Within, madam, a writing. I'll follow you presently: [*Exit Hau.*] I'll but speak a word with sir Dauphine.

Daup. With me, madam?

Cen. Good sir Dauphine, do not trust Haughty, nor make any credit to her[4] whatever you do besides. Sir Dauphine, I give you this caution, she is a perfect courtier, and loves no body but for her uses; and for her uses she loves all. Besides, her physicians give her out to be none o' the clearest, whether she pay them or no, heaven knows; and she's above fifty too, and pargets![5] See her in a forenoon. Here comes

[4] *Do not trust* Haughty, *nor make any credit to her.*] *i. e.* Nor give her any credit; from the Latin idiom, *fidem facere.* Jonson is too bold in introducing phrases from the learned languages. WHAL.

It was the vice, or rather the fashion of the times. Shakspeare has as many words, if not phrases, as Jonson. I do not recollect to have yet marked a latinism in him, which is not to be found in his contemporaries, except, perhaps, in *Sejanus.*

[5] *She's above fifty too, and* pargets!] i. e. daubs, or plasters her face: see Vol. II. p. 380.

Mavis, a worse face than she! you would not like this by candle-light.

Re-enter MAVIS.

If you'll come to my chamber one o' these mornings early, or late in an evening, I'll tell you more. Where's Haughty, Mavis?

Mav. Within, Centaure.

Cen. What have you there?

Mav. An Italian riddle for sir Dauphine,—you shall not see it, i' faith, Centaure.—[*Exit Cen.*] Good sir Dauphine, solve it for me: I'll call for it anon. [*Exit.*

Cler. [*coming forward.*] How now Dauphine! how dost thou quit thy self of these females?

Daup. 'Slight, they haunt me like fairies, and give me jewels here; I cannot be rid of them.

Cler. O, you must not tell though.[6]

Daup. Mass, I forgot that: I was never so assaulted. One loves for virtue, and bribes me with this; [*shews the jewel.*]—another loves me

[6] *O, you must not tell, though.*] It was the received opinion, that it was extremely dangerous to betray the confidence of the fairies: the loss of all future favour from them was the least part of the evil; personal or family misfortune usually followed the indiscretion. To this the old Clown in the *Winter's Tale* cunningly alludes: "'Tis *fairy gold*, boy, and will prove so. Up with it; *keep it close.*" And so, in the *Honest Man's Fortune:*

"*Mont.* Your ladyship cannot tell me when I kiss'd her.
Lady. But *she* can, sir.
Mont. But she will not, madam;
For when they talk once, tis like *fairy money*,
They get no more close kisses."

And again:

"A prince's secrets are like fairy favours;
"Wholesome if kept; but poison if discover'd."

with caution, and so would possess me; a third brings me a riddle here, and all are jealous, and rail each at other.

Cler. A riddle! pray let me see it. [*Reads.*

Sir Dauphine, I chose this way of intimation for privacy. The ladies here, I know, have both hope and purpose to make a collegiate and servant of you. If I might be so honour'd, as to appear at any end of so noble a work, I would enter into a fame of taking physic to-morrow, and continue it four or five days, or longer, for your visitation. MAVIS.

By my faith, a subtle one! Call you this a riddle? what's their plain-dealing, trow?

Daup. We lack Truewit to tell us that.

Cler. We lack him for somewhat else too: his knights reformadoes are wound up as high and insolent as ever they were.

Daup. You jest.

Cler. No drunkards, either with wine or vanity, ever confess'd such stories of themselves. I would not give a fly's leg in balance against all the women's reputations here, if they could be but thought to speak truth: and for the bride, they have made their affidavit against her directly——

Daup. What, that they have lain with her?

Cler. Yes; and tell times and circumstances, with the cause why, and the place where. I had almost brought them to affirm that they had done it to-day.

Daup. Not both of them?

Cler. Yes, faith; with a sooth or two more I had effected it. They would have set it down under their hands.

Daup. Why, they will be our sport, I see, still, whether we will or no.

Enter TRUEWIT.

True. O, are you here? Come, Dauphine; go call your uncle presently: I have fitted my divine and my canonist, dyed their beards and all. The knaves do not know themselves, they are so exalted and altered. Preferment changes any man. Thou shalt keep one door and I another, and then Clerimont in the midst, that he may have no means of escape from their cavilling, when they grow hot once again. And then the women, as I have given the bride her instructions, to break in upon him in the l'envoy.[7] O, 'twill be full and twanging! Away! fetch him.

[*Exit Dauphine.*

Enter OTTER *disguised as a divine, and* CUTBEARD *as a canon lawyer.*

Come, master doctor, and master parson, look to your parts now, and discharge them bravely; you are well set forth, perform it as well. If you chance to be out, do not confess it with standing still, or humming, or gaping one at another; but go on, and talk aloud and eagerly; use vehement action, and only remember your terms, and you are safe. Let the matter go where it will: you have many will do so. But at first be very solemn and grave, like your garments, though you loose your selves after, and skip out like a brace of jugglers on a table. Here he comes: set your faces, and look superciliously, while I present you.

[7] *In the l'envoy.*] i. e. in the conclusion. See Massinger, Vol. IV. p. 417.

Re-enter DAUPHINE *with* MOROSE.

Mor. Are these the two learned men?

True. Yes, sir; please you salute them.

Mor. Salute them! I had rather do any thing, than wear out time so unfruitfully, sir. I wonder how these common forms,[8] as *God save you*, and *You are welcome*, are come to be a habit in our lives: or, *I am glad to see you!* When I cannot see what the profit can be of these words, so long as it is no whit better with him whose affairs are sad and grievous, that he hears this salutation.

True. 'Tis true, sir; we'll go to the matter then.—Gentlemen, master doctor, and master parson, I have acquainted you sufficiently with the business for which you are come hither; and you are not now to inform your selves in the state of the question, I know. This is the gentleman who expects your resolution, and therefore, when you please, begin.

Ott. Please you, master doctor.

Cut. Please you, good master parson.

Ott. I would hear the canon-law speak first.

Cut. It must give place to positive divinity, sir.

Mor. Nay, good gentlemen, do not throw me into circumstances. Let your comforts arrive quickly at me, those that are. Be swift in affording me my peace, if so I shall hope any. I love not your disputations, or your court-tumults. And

[8] *I wonder how these common forms*, &c.] From Libanius: Και μην εκεινο δειν εξελασαι της αγορας, το της προσρησεως, εκ οιδ' οθεν εις τον βιον επελθον, τον δεινα χαιρειν· ε γαρ εγωγε μα τας θεας ορω τι ρηματος το κερδος· ε γαρ ωγε λυπης αξιως εχει τα πραγματα, βελτιω παρα το χαιρειν ακουσαι γιγνεται. *Ibid.* p. 302.

that it be not strange to you, I will tell you: My father, in my education, was wont to advise me,[9] that I should always collect and contain my mind, not suffering it to flow loosely; that I should look to what things were necessary to the carriage of my life, and what not; embracing the one and eschewing the other: in short, that I should endear my self to rest, and avoid turmoil; which now is grown to be another nature to me. So that I come not to your public pleadings, or your places of noise; not that I neglect those things that make for the dignity of the commonwealth; but for the mere avoiding of clamours and impertinences of orators, that know not how to be silent. And for the cause of noise, am I now a suitor to you. You do not know in what a misery I have been exercised this day, what a torrent of evil! my very house turns round with the tumult! I dwell in a windmill: the perpetual motion is here, and not at Eltham.[1]

True. Well, good master doctor, will you break the ice? master parson will wade after.

[9] *My father, in my education, was wont to advise me,* &c.] This also is from Libanius. Ἐμοι δ' ὁ πατηρ, ω Βελη, παρηνει, τον νεν αει συναγειν και συνεχειν, και μη συγχωρειν διαχεισθαι· διορᾳν των εν τω βιω τα τε αναγκαια και τα μη, και των μεν ἐχεσθαι, των δ' απεχεσθαι· τιμᾳν την ἡσυχιαν, φευγειν τας ταραχας· ἁ και ποιων, ω βελη, διατελω· των εκκλησιων ε μαλα κοινωνων, ε δια το των κοινη συμφεροντων αμελειν, αλλα δια τας των ε δυναμενων σιγησαι ζοας ῥητορων. *Ibid.* p. 301.

[1] *The perpetual motion is here, and not at Eltham.*] Here was a puppet-show of great celebrity in our author's time. It is called, in Peacham's verses to Coryat, "that *divine motion* at Eltham;" so that it was, probably, some piece of scripture history. Jonson introduces it again, in his Epigrams, and in very bad company:

"See you yon motion? not the old Fa-ding,
"Nor captain Pod, nor yet the *Eltham* thing," &c.

Cut. Sir, though unworthy, and the weaker, I will presume.

Ott. 'Tis no presumption, *domine* doctor.

Mor. Yet again!

Cut. Your question is, For how many causes a man may have *divortium legitimum*, a lawful divorce? First, you must understand the nature of the word, divorce, *à divertendo*———

Mor. No excursions upon words, good doctor; to the question briefly.

Cut. I answer then, the canon-law affords divorce but in few cases; and the principal is in the common case, the adulterous case: But there are *duodecim impedimenta*, twelve impediments, as we call them, all which do not *dirimere contractum*, but *irritum reddere matrimonium*, as we say in the canon law, *not take away the bond, but cause a nullity therein.*

Mor. I understood you before: good sir, avoid your impertinency of translation.

Ott. He cannot open this too much, sir, by your favour.

Mor. Yet more!

True. O, you must give the learned men leave, sir.—To your impediments, master doctor.

Cut. The first is *impedimentum erroris.*

Ott. Of which there are several species.

Cut. Ay, as *error personæ.*

Ott. If you contract yourself to one person, thinking her another.

Cut. Then, *error fortunæ.*

Ott. If she be a beggar, and you thought her rich.

Cut. Then, *error qualitatis.*

Ott. If she prove stubborn or head-strong, that you thought obedient.

Mor. How! is that, sir, a lawful impediment? One at once, I pray you, gentlemen.

Ott. Ay, *ante copulam*, but not *post copulam*, sir.

Cut. Master parson says right. *Nec post nuptiarum benedictionem.* It doth indeed but *irrita reddere sponsalia*, annul the contract; after marriage it is of no obstancy.

True. Alas, sir, what a hope are we fallen from[2] by this time!

Cut. The next is *conditio:* if you thought her free born, and she prove a bond-woman, there is impediment of estate and condition.

Ott. Ay, but, master doctor, those servitudes are *sublatæ* now, among us Christians.

Cut. By your favour, master parson——

Ott. You shall give me leave, master doctor.

Mor. Nay, gentlemen, quarrel not in that question; it concerns not my case: pass to the third.

Cut. Well then, the third is *votum:* if either party have made a vow of chastity. But that practice, as master parson said of the other, is taken away among us, thanks be to discipline.[3] The fourth is *cognatio;* if the persons be of kin within the degrees.

Ott. Ay: do you know what the degrees are, sir?

Mor. No, nor I care not, sir; they offer me no comfort in the question, I am sure.

Cut. But there is a branch of this impediment may, which is *cognatio spiritualis:* if you were her godfather, sir, then the marriage is incestuous.

[2] *What a hope are we fallen from!*] Literally from Terence: *Quanta de spe decidi!* WHAL.

[3] *Thanks be to* discipline.] This was a term much affected by the puritans, when they spoke of the reformation of the church. In *Bartholomew Fair*, it is termed the *beauteous discipline.*

Ott. That comment is absurd and superstitious, master doctor: I cannot endure it. Are we not all brothers and sisters, and as much akin in that, as godfathers and god-daughters?

Mor. O me! to end the controversy, I never was a godfather, I never was a godfather in my life, sir. Pass to the next.

Cut. The fifth is *crimen adulterii;* the known case. The sixth, *cultus disparitas,* difference of religion: Have you ever examined her, what religion she is of?

Mor. No, I would rather she were of none, than be put to the trouble of it.

Ott. You may have it done for you, sir.

Mor. By no means, good sir; on to the rest: shall you ever come to an end, think you?

True. Yes, he has done half, sir. On to the rest.—Be patient, and expect, sir.

Cut. The seventh is, *vis:* if it were upon compulsion or force.

Mor. O no, it was too voluntary, mine; too voluntary.

Cut. The eighth is, *ordo;* if ever she have taken holy orders.

Ott. That's superstitious too.

Mor. No matter, master parson; Would she would go into a nunnery yet.

Cut. The ninth is, *ligamen;* if you were bound, sir, to any other before.

Mor. I thrust myself too soon into these fetters.

Cut. The tenth is, *publica honestas;* which is *inchoata quædam affinitas.*

Ott. Ay, or *affinitas orta ex sponsalibus;* and is but *leve impedimentum.*

Mor. I feel no air of comfort blowing to me, in all this.

Cut. The eleventh is, *affinitas ex fornicatione.*

Ott. Which is no less *vera affinitas*, than the other, master doctor.

Cut. True, *quæ oritur ex legitimo matrimonio.*

Ott. You say right, venerable doctor: and, *nascitur ex eo, quod per conjugium duæ personæ efficiuntur una caro*———

True. Hey-day, now they begin!

Cut. I conceive you, master parson: *ita per fornicationem æquè est verus pater, qui sic generat*——

Ott. *Et vere filius qui sic generatur*——

Mor. What's all this to me?

Cler. Now it grows warm.

Cut. The twelfth and last is, *si forte coire nequibis.*

Ott. Ay, that is *impedimentum gravissimum:* it doth utterly annul, and annihilate, that. If you have *manifestam frigiditatem*, you are well, sir.

True. Why, there is comfort come at length, sir. Confess yourself but a man unable, and she will sue to be divorced first.

Ott. Ay, or if there be *morbus perpetuus, et insanabilis;* as *paralysis, elephantiasis,* or so——

Daup. O, but *frigiditas* is the fairer way, gentlemen.

Ott. You say troth, sir, and as it is in the canon, master doctor—

Cut. I conceive you, sir.

Cler. Before he speaks!

Ott. That a boy, or child, under years, is not fit for marriage, because he cannot *reddere debitum.* So your *omnipotentes*———

True. Your *impotentes*, you whoreson lobster! [*Aside to Ott.*

Ott. Your *impotentes*, I should say, are *minime apti ad contrahenda matrimonium.*

True. *Matrimonium!* we shall have most un-

matrimonial Latin with you: *matrimonia*, and be hang'd.

Daup. You put them out, man.

Cut. But then there will arise a doubt, master parson, in our case, *post matrimonium*: that *frigiditate præditus*—do you conceive me, sir?

Ott. Very well, sir.

Cut. Who cannot *uti uxore pro uxore*, may *habere eam pro sorore.*

Ott. Absurd, absurd, absurd, and merely apostatical!

Cut. You shall pardon me, master parson, I can prove it.

Ott. You can prove a will, master doctor, you can prove nothing else. Does not the verse of your own canon say,

Hæc socianda vetant connubia, facta retractant?[4]

Cut. I grant you; but how do they *retractare*, master parson?

[4] *Does not the verse of your own canon say,*
Hæc socianda vetant connubia, facta retractant?]
"The following (as Upton observes) are the verses alluded to;

1 2 3 4 5
Error, conditio, votum, cognatio, crimen,
6 7 8 9 10
Cultûs disparitas, vis, ordo, ligamen, honestas,
11 12
Si sis affinis, si forte coire nequibis;
Si parochi et duplicis desit præsentia testis,
Raptave sit mulier, nec parti reddita tutæ.
Hæc facienda vetant connubia, facta retractant.

The canon law allows fourteen impediments, which are comprehended in the verses above, though only twelve of them are enumerated by our author's casuists."

It is scarcely possible to read this humourous discussion, without adverting to one of a serious kind, which took place on the divorce of lord Essex. If it were not ascertained beyond a doubt, that the *Silent Woman* appeared, on the stage, in

Mor. O, this was it I feared.

Ott. *In æternum*, sir.

Cut. That's false in divinity, by your favour.

Ott. 'Tis false in humanity, to say so. Is he not *prorsus inutilis ad thorum?* Can he *præstare fidem datam?* I would fain know.

Cut. Yes; how if he do *convalere?*

Ott. He cannot *convalere*, it is impossible.

True. Nay, good sir, attend the learned men; they'll think you neglect them else.

Cut. Or, if he do *simulare* himself *frigidum, odio uxoris*, or so?

Ott. I say, he is *adulter manifestus* then.

Daup. They dispute it very learnedly, i'faith.

Ott. And *prostitutor uxoris;* and this is positive.

Mor. Good sir, let me escape.

True. You will not do me that wrong, sir?

Ott. And, therefore, if he be *manifeste frigidus*, sir—

Cut. Ay, if he be *manifeste frigidus*, I grant you—

Ott. Why, that was my conclusion.

Cut. And mine too.

True. Nay, hear the conclusion, sir.

Ott. Then, *frigiditatis causa*——

Cut. Yes, *causa frigiditatis*——

Mor. O, mine ears!

Ott. She may have *libellum divortii* against you.

Cut. Ay, *divortii libellum* she will sure have.

1609, four years, at least, prior to the date of that most infamous transaction; it would be difficult to persuade the reader that a strong burlesque of it was not here intended. The bishops, Neal and Andrews, are the very counterparts of Otter and Cutbeard; nor does Morose himself display more anxiety for the fortunate termination of his extraordinary suit, than the credulous and ever-meddling James exhibited, on that occasion, for the success of his unworthy favourite.

Mor. Good echoes forbear.
Ott. If you confess it.———
Cut. Which I would do, sir———
Mor. I will do any thing.
Ott. And clear myself in *foro conscientiæ*———
Cut. Because you want indeed———
Mor. Yet more!
Ott. Exercendi potestate.

EPICŒNE *rushes in, followed by* HAUGHTY, CENTAURE, MAVIS, *Mistress* OTTER, DAW, *and* LA-FOOLE.

Epi. I will not endure it any longer. Ladies, I beseech you, help me. This is such a wrong as never was offered to poor bride before: upon her marriage-day to have her husband conspire against her, and a couple of mercenary companions to be brought in for form's sake, to persuade a separation! If you had blood or virtue in you, gentlemen, you would not suffer such earwigs about a husband, or scorpions to creep between man and wife.

Mor. O the variety and changes of my torment!

Hau. Let them be cudgell'd out of doors by our grooms.

Cen. I'll lend you my footman.

Mav. We'll have our men blanket them in the hall.

Mrs. Ott. As there was one at our house, madam, for peeping in at the door.

Daw. Content, i' faith.

True. Stay, ladies and gentlemen; you'll hear before you proceed?

Mav. I'd have the bridegroom blanketted too.

Cen. Begin with him first.

Hau. Yes, by my troth.

Mor. O mankind generation![5]

Daup. Ladies, for my sake forbear.

Hau. Yes, for sir Dauphine's sake.

Cen. He shall command us.

La-F. He is as fine a gentleman of his inches, madam, as any is about the town, and wears as good colours when he lists.

True. Be brief, sir, and confess your infirmity; she'll be a-fire to be quit of you, if she but hear that named once, you shall not entreat her to stay: she'll fly you like one that had the marks upon him.[6]

Mor. Ladies, I must crave all your pardons—

True. Silence, ladies.

Mor. For a wrong I have done to your whole sex, in marrying this fair and virtuous gentlewoman——

Cler. Hear him, good ladies.

Mor. Being guilty of an infirmity, which, before I conferred with these learned men, I thought I might have concealed—

True. But now being better informed in his conscience by them, he is to declare it, and give satisfaction, by asking your public forgiveness.

Mor. I am no man, ladies.

All. How!

Mor. Utterly unabled in nature, by reason of

[5] *O* mankind *generation!*] i. e. simply, masculine, always a term of reproach, when applied to a female. Upton quotes several passages to prove that it means *wicked*, in every one of which it means *mannish*. That the word, however, is sometimes used in an ill sense as an augmentative, for violent, outrageous, &c. is certain: Cotgrave calls some fierce animal "a *mankind* wild beast;" and Hall (Mass. vol. iv. p. 53) speaks of "stripes for the correction of a *mankind* ass."

[6] *She'll fly you like one that had the* marks *upon him.*] Of the plague, or some contagious distemper. WHAL.

frigidity, to perform the duties, or any the least office of a husband.

Mav. Now out upon him, prodigious creature!

Cen. Bridegroom uncarnate!

Hau. And would you offer it to a young gentlewoman?

Mrs. Ott. A lady of her longings?

Epi. Tut, a device, a device, this! it smells rankly, ladies. A mere comment of his own.

True. Why, if you suspect that, ladies, you may have him search'd—

Daw. As the custom is, by a jury of physicians.

La-F. Yes faith, 'twill be brave.

Mor. O me, must I undergo that?

Mrs. Ott. No, let women search him, madam; we can do it ourselves.

Mor. Out on me! worse.

Epi. No, ladies, you shall not need, I'll take him with all his faults.

Mor. Worst of all!

Cler. Why then, 'tis no divorce, doctor, if she consent not?

Cut. No, if the man be *frigidus*, it is *de parte uxoris*, that we grant *libellum divortii*, in the law.

Ott. Ay, it is the same in theology.

Mor. Worse, worse than worst!

True. Nay sir, be not utterly disheartened; we have yet a small relick of hope left, as near as our comfort is blown out. Clerimont, produce your brace of knights. What was that, master parson, you told me *in errore qualitatis*, e'en now? —Dauphine, whisper the bride, that she carry it as if she were guilty, and ashamed. [*Aside.*

Ott. Marry, sir, *in errore qualitatis*, (which master doctor did forbear to urge,) if she be found *corrupta*, that is, vitiated or broken up,

that was *pro virgine desponsa*, espoused for a maid——

Mor. What then, sir?

Ott. It doth *dirimere contractum*, and *irritum reddere* too.

True. If this be true, we are happy again, sir, once more. Here are an honourable brace of knights, that shall affirm so much.

Daw. Pardon us, good master Clerimont.

La-F. You shall excuse us, master Clerimont.

Cler. Nay, you must make it good now, knights, there is no remedy; I'll eat no words for you, nor no men: you know you spoke it to me.

Daw. Is this gentleman-like, sir?

True. Jack Daw, he's worse than sir Amorous; fiercer a great deal. [*Aside to Daw.*]—Sir Amorous, beware, there be ten Daws in this Clerimont. [*Aside to La-Fool.*

La-F. I'll confess it, sir.

Daw. Will you, sir Amorous, will you wound reputation?

La-F. I am resolved.

True. So should you be too, Jack Daw: what should keep you off? she's but a woman, and in disgrace: he'll be glad on't.

Daw. Will he? I thought he would have been angry.

Cler. You will dispatch, knights; it must be done, i'faith.

True. Why, an it must, it shall, sir, they say: they'll ne'er go back.—Do not tempt his patience. [*Aside to them.*

Daw. It it true indeed, sir.

La-F. Yes, I assure you, sir.

Mor. What is true, gentlemen? what do you assure me?

Daw. That we have known your bride, sir——

La-F. In good fashion. She was our mistress, or so——

Cler. Nay, you must be plain, knights, as you were to me.

Ott. Ay, the question is, if you have *carnaliter*, or no?

La-F. Carnaliter! what else, sir?

Ott. It is enough; a plain nullity.

Epi. I am undone, I am undone!

Mor. O let me worship and adore you, gentlemen!

Epi. I am undone! [*Weeps.*

Mor. Yes, to my hand, I thank these knights. Master parson, let me thank you otherwise.

[*Gives him money.*

Cen. And have they confess'd?

Mav. Now out upon them, informers!

True. You see what creatures you may bestow your favours on, madams.

Hau. I would except against them as beaten knights, wench, and not good witnesses in law.

Mrs. Ott. Poor gentlewoman, how she takes it!

Hau. Be comforted, Morose, I love you the better for't.

Cen. So do I, I protest.

7 *I would except against them, as beaten knights, wench, and not good witnesses in law.*] When the method of determining causes by *wager*, or *trial* of battle, subsisted, either on a writ of right, or in an appeal, or an approvement, if either of the combatants, and particularly the appellant, became *recreant*, and pronounced the horrible word *craven*, he became infamous, and was no longer accounted *liber et legalis homo*; and being by the event supposed to be forsworn, he was never put upon a jury, or admitted as a witness in any cause. It is to this custom that our poet here alludes. See *Blackstone's Commentaries*, vol. iii, p. 337, and vol. iv. p. 340, with Mr. Reed's note on Ford's *'Tis pity she's a Whore*, A. I. WHAL.

Cut. But, gentlemen, you have not known her since *matrimonium?*

Daw. Not to-day, master doctor.

La-F. No, sir, not to-day.

Cut. Why, then I say, for any act before, the *matrimonium* is good and perfect; unless the worshipful bridegroom did precisely, before witness, demand, if she were *virgo ante nuptias.*

Epi. No, that he did not, I assure you, master doctor.

Cut. If he cannot prove that, it is *ratum conjugium,* notwithstanding the premisses; and they do no way *impedire.* And this is my sentence, this I pronounce.

Ott. I am of master doctor's resolution too, sir; if you made not that demand *ante nuptias.*

Mor. O my heart! wilt thou break? wilt thou break? this is worst of all worst worsts that hell could have devised! Marry a whore, and so much noise!

Daup. Come, I see now plain confederacy in this doctor and this parson, to abuse a gentleman. You study his affliction. I pray be gone, companions.—And, gentlemen, I begin to suspect you for having parts with them.—Sir, will it please you hear me?

Mor. O do not talk to me; take not from me the pleasure of dying in silence, nephew.[8]

[8] *Take not from me the pleasure of dying in silence, nephew:*] Thus Morose in Libanius: Δοτε δη, δοτε την χαριν, ω βελη, πεμψατε με ταχεως εις την τελειαν ησυχιαν. ibid. 312. In conclusion, he meditates an escape from the loquacity of his wife, by a dose of hemlock, though somewhat alarmed at the tales which he has heard of law-suits, and other clamorous affairs among the ghosts. Upon the whole, however, he resolves, in opposition to Hamlet, that it is better to venture on an uncertain evil, than to bear a certain one; and he winds up his long harangue with a supplication which, for a sophist, must be allowed to possess a

Daup. Sir, I must speak to you. I have been long your poor despised kinsman, and many a hard thought has strengthened you against me: but now it shall appear if either I love you or your peace, and prefer them to all the world beside. I will not be long or grievous to you, sir. If I free you of this unhappy match absolutely, and instantly, after all this trouble, and almost in your despair, now——

Mor. It cannot be.

Daup. Sir, that you be never troubled with a murmur of it more, what shall I hope for, or deserve of you?

Mor. O, what thou wilt, nephew! thou shalt deserve me, and have me.

Daup. Shall I have your favour perfect to me, and love hereafter?

Mor. That, and any thing beside. Make thine own conditions. My whole estate is thine; manage it, I will become thy ward.

Daup. Nay, sir, I will not be so unreasonable.

Epi. Will sir Dauphine be mine enemy too?

Daup. You know I have been long a suitor to you, uncle, that out of your estate, which is fifteen hundred a year, you would allow me but five hundred during life, and assure the rest upon me after; to which I have often, by myself and friends, tendered you a writing to sign, which you would never consent or incline to. If you please but to effect it now——

Mor. Thou shalt have it, nephew: I will do it, and more.

Daup. If I quit you not presently, and for

considerable degree of humour: Ω θεοι παντες και πασαι, ει λογω μετεστι τοις απειλθυσι, δοιητε τη γυναικι προς εσχατον γηρως ελθειν, ως τε με τυχειν ιν ἀδω τελειους αναπαυσεως. ibid p. 314.

ever, of this cumber, you shall have power instantly, afore all these, to revoke your act, and I will become whose slave you will give me to, for ever.

Mor. Where is the writing? I will seal to it, that, or to a blank, and write thine own conditions.

Epi. O me, most unfortunate, wretched gentlewoman!

Hau. Will sir Dauphine do this?

Epi. Good sir, have some compassion on me.

Mor. O, my nephew knows you, belike; away, crocodile!

Cen. He does it not sure without good ground.

Daup. Here, sir. [*Gives him the parchments.*

Mor. Come, nephew, give me the pen; I will subscribe to any thing, and seal to what thou wilt, for my deliverance. Thou art my restorer. Here, I deliver it thee as my deed. If there be a word in it lacking, or writ with false orthography, I protest before [heaven] I will not take the advantage. [*Returns the writings.*

Daup. Then here is your release, sir. [*takes off Epicœne's peruke and other disguises.*] You have married a boy, a gentleman's son, that I have brought up this half year at my great charges, and for this composition, which I have now made with you.—What say you, master doctor? This is *justum impedimentum*, I hope, *error personæ?*

Ott. Yes, sir, *in primo gradu.*

Cut. *In primo gradu.*

Daup. I thank you, good doctor Cutbeard, and parson Otter. [*pulls their false beards and gowns off.*] You are beholden to them, sir, that have taken this pains for you; and my friend, master Truewit, who enabled them for the business. Now you may go in and rest; be as private as you

will, sir. [*Exit Morose.*] I'll not trouble you, till you trouble me with your funeral, which I care not how soon it come.—Cutbeard, I'll make your lease good. *Thank me not, but with your leg, Cutbeard.* And Tom Otter, your princess shall be reconciled to you.—How now, gentlemen, do you look at me?

Cler. A boy!

Daup. Yes, mistress Epicœne.

True. Well, Dauphine, you have lurch'd your friends of the better half of the garland, by concealing this part of the plot:[9] but much good do

[9] True. *Well, Dauphine, you have lurch'd your friends of the better half of the garland*, &c.] "I formerly" (says Mr. Malone) "thought this a *sneer* at Shakspeare, but have lately met with nearly the same phrase in a pamphlet written by Nashe, and suppose it to have been a common phrase of the time." A better specimen of the manner with which Jonson is commonly criticised, or, more properly, calumniated, cannot be desired. If Mr. Malone, whose reading is not universal, had not fortunately met with another example of this expression, he would, it seems, have continued to think (i. e. to call) it a *sneer* at Shakspeare! I can furnish Mr. Malone with several examples of it: but—suppose none had existed, why must it be "*a sneer*"? It is not an inelegant phrase; it is used in the text with perfect sincerity, and with a degree of taste and propriety, which admits of no dispute.—The words, if really taken from Shakspeare, might indeed, be construed into a compliment to our great bard; but could appear only to a jaundiced eye, and perverted mind, as a designed ridicule upon him. They were, however, public property, and as free for Jonson as for any of his contemporaries.—Much more might be said on the subject; but I gladly turn from such splenetic revilings, to the just and liberal observation with which Upton concludes his strictures on this play. "Hardly, I believe, can be given a better instance of a happy discovery, and unravelling of the whole plot, than we have now before us. The persons of the play are all met together, and all in the highest suspense of the catastrophe: by concealing this part of the plot, Dauphine has lurched his friends of the better half of the garland. And let this praise which Truewit gives to his friend, be returned back again to our poet."

it thee, thou deserv'st it, lad. And, Clerimont, for thy unexpected bringing these two to confession, wear my part of it freely. Nay, sir Daw and sir La-Foole, you see the gentlewoman that has done you the favours! we are all thankful to you, and so should the woman-kind here, specially for lying on her, though not with her! you meant so, I am sure. But that we have stuck it upon you to day, in your own imagined persons, and so lately, this Amazon, the champion of the sex, should beat you now thriftily, for the common slanders which ladies receive from such cuckoos as you are. You are they that, when no merit or fortune can make you hope to enjoy their bodies, will yet lie with their reputations, and make their fame suffer. Away, you common moths of these, and all ladies honours. Go, travel to make legs and faces, and come home with some new matter to be laugh'd at; you deserve to live in an air as corrupted as that wherewith you feed rumour. [*Exeunt Daw and La-Foole.*]—Madams, you are mute, upon this new metamorphosis! But here stands she that has vindicated your fames. Take heed of such insectæ hereafter. And let it not trouble you, that you have discovered any mysteries to this young gentleman: he is almost of years, and will make a good visitant within this twelvemonth. In the mean time, we'll all undertake for his secrecy, that can speak so well of his silence. [*Coming forward.*]—*Spectators, if you like*

[1] *You are they, &c.*]

Parva queror: fingunt quidam, quæ vera negarent,
Et nulli non se concubuisse ferunt.
Corpora si nequeant, quæ possint nomina tractant,
Famæque, non tacto corpore, crimen habet.

Art. Aman. ii. v. 633.

arrive to any poem, and which he himself could never compass above thrice in all his plays; viz. the making choice of some signal and long-expected day, whereon the action of the play is to depend. This day was that designed by Dauphine for the settling of his uncle's estate upon him; which, to compass, he contrives to marry him. That the marriage had been plotted by him long beforehand, is made evident, by what he tells Truewit in the second act, that in one moment he had destroyed what he had been raising many months

"There is another artifice of the poet, which I cannot here omit, because by the frequent practice of it in his comedies, he has left it to us almost as a rule; that is, when he has any character or humour wherein he would shew a *coup de maître*, or his highest skill, he recommends it to your observation, by a pleasant description of it before the person first appears. Thus, in *Bartholomew Fair*, he gives you the pictures of Numps and Cokes, and in this, those of Daw, La-Foole, Morose, and the Collegiate Ladies; all which you hear described before you see them. So that before they come upon the stage, you have a longing expectation of them, which prepares you to receive them favourably; and when they are there, even from their first appearance you are so far acquainted with them, that nothing of their humour is lost to you."

"I will observe yet one thing further of this admirable plot; the business of it rises in every act. The second is greater than the first; the third than the second; and so forward to the fifth. There too you see, till the very last scene, new difficulties arising to obstruct the action of the play; and when the audience is brought into despair that the business can naturally be effected, then, and not before, the discovery is made. But that the poet might entertain you with more variety all this while, he reserves some new characters to shew you, which he opens not till the second and third act. In the second, Morose, Daw, the Barber, and Otter; in the third, the Collegiate Ladies; all which he moves afterwards in bye-walks, or underplots, as diversions to the main design, lest it should grow tedious, though they are still naturally joined with it, and somewhere or other subservient to it. Thus, like a skilful chess-player, by little and little he draws out his men, and makes his pawns of use to his greater persons." *Essay on Dramatic Poesy;* Dryden's *Works*, Vol. XV. p. 354.

It appears that Dryden, as well as the modern critics, who have favoured us with their remarks on this play, was utterly ignorant of the source from which the character of

Morose was derived. The poet's "actual acquaintance with such a man," is now placed upon certain grounds:—and those who accuse him of dealing in illiberal personalities, or extravagancies peculiar to himself, may, if they please, derive a lesson of forbearance from the instance in the text, and not eagerly press, as they always do, to decide every point against Jonson, before the smallest part of the question has been examined. Not only the name of *Morose*, (which Dryden seems to think so happily allusive,) but the whole frame and contexture of his character, our poet found in Libanius. He has, however, rendered him far more natural and interesting than he appears in the sophist of Antioch, and thrown him into situations calculated, with admirable address, to place the peculiarities of his humour in the strongest light, and render them at once instructive and amusing.

It is somewhat singular that Dryden should dismiss the Collegiates with a bare mention. They merited more of his care. The comic stage cannot boast of more legitimate objects of satire: and while their profligacy is treated with unmixed severity, their absurd pretensions to literature are advanced with such serious mockery, ridiculed with such natural and easy dexterity, and exposed with such sarcastic and overwhelming contempt, that though we hear of some combinations of this kind, about the period of the *Silent Woman's* appearance, no traces of them, as here drawn, are afterwards discoverable. "They vanished at the crowing of the cock"—Our days have witnessed an attempt to revive the Collegiates———but this was a watersuchy club, merely ridiculous; and so unsubstantial as not to require the clarion of the cock; but to "melt into thin air," at the twittering of a wren.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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